

# PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

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## THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

By COUNT ZEPPELIN

The timeliness of the following article is indicated by a letter from its London correspondent which appeared in the *New York Sun* of April 11th. In this the writer said:—

Before the British public has had time to recover from the scare caused by the revelation that in 1912 Germany will have as many Dreadnoughts as Great Britain, the aeronautical correspondent of the *Times* raises a fresh alarm by announcing that Germany in the same year will be in possession of more than enough airships to make short work of at least ten British Dreadnoughts. In that year, we are told, Germany will have twenty-four mammoth Zeppelin ships, each capable of oversea excursions and probably speedier than any naval vessel. In the present year she will have four Zeppelins, and the magnificent factory at Friedrichshafen, endowed with over \$1,500,000 by the German nation, will be able to turn out at least eight vessels a year after this autumn. Thus by 1912 Germany can have twenty-four Zeppelins, and her other military dirigibles will number at least a dozen.

On March 10th the *Zeppelin I* ascended with twenty-six passengers and manœuvred for nearly four hours over a distance of about 150 miles. The German authorities regard this flight as of immense value from a strategic point of view; but Prince Henry of Prussia is disposed to be somewhat skeptical as to the military possibilities of the airship in its present stage of development. The correspondent quoted above believes that the war balloons will be equipped with Unge's twenty-two-pound aerial torpedoes, of which one hundred have been ordered by Messrs. Krupp from the inventor at Stockholm.



STRICTLY speaking, the phrase "The Conquest of the Air" comprises many different ideas; for instance, the property of the atmosphere of spreading electric waves for electrical intercommunication at great distances; the taking from the air of its gaseous property, and reducing it to liquid; its decomposition into its constituent

parts, and the creation therefrom of substances and forces of tremendous import for various physical and technical processes. Furthermore, during the last few decades meteorologists have been sending aloft balloons, free and captive, and kites bearing delicate instruments which register and record the once imperfectly known properties of the upper air.

But the most important item in this list of conquests of the air is the construction of vessels in which men

raise themselves, no longer as mere playthings subject to the wind's caprices, but choosing their own paths and destinations. It was when this was first accomplished that the command of God was realized, that all Creation should be subject to Man.

In expounding here the extent to which we are already masters of the air, and the extent to which we may aspire to develop this mastery, I hope to make it plain that I reject all unscientific delusions, and confine myself to strictly attainable ends. In studying this question, I recommend everyone to consider the best achievements in the various domains of air-navigation, as regards reliability, speed, radius of action and lifting capacity. By dealing with such best achievements at once, we shall learn what is the highest yet attainable in the mastery of the air. At present I leave all small airships out of consideration, though I recognize that these, like small steamers, may be of great use within narrow limits.

As regards reliability, the first thing necessary for a long airship voyage is two independently working engines—that is, two motors with their respective propellers. There is not, and never will be, a motor absolutely free from risk of failure. The best of railroad locomotives is not above an occasional breakdown. However, whereas a train suffers no damage from stopping, and a steamer at worst remains afloat, an airship, should its single motor stop working suddenly, must immediately descend, and remain down until repairs are effected. Where there is a suitable landing-place this is by no means serious; but should the airship float over uninhabited, marshy or rocky country, over seas or deserts, or over an enemy's territory, the stopping of its engines might mean destruction both for ship and crew.

The same disaster would occur if the gasbag of the airship should lose its shape, thereby rendering the whole vessel unsteerable; and equally serious would be the result if the

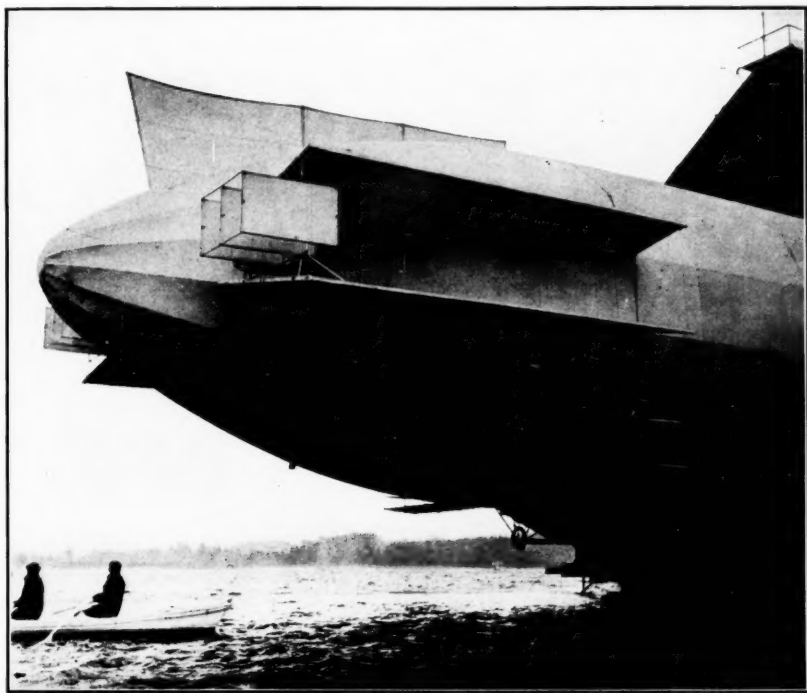
supply of fuel ran out before a suitable landing-place could be reached.

Reliability in all these three respects is enjoyed—as I shall proceed to show in detail—by airships built on the rigid system which I have adopted.

The first thing I have to point out is that, once an airship's proper speed is greater than any opposing wind—about thirteen yards a second,—speed becomes of secondary importance as compared with radius of action. An airship which can fly at thirty-three miles an hour for fifty hours covers 1650 miles, whereas an airship which flies only twenty-seven miles an hour but maintains its flight for a hundred hours will cover 2700 miles. These speeds, which I give by way of example, were already attained by my airships in 1906 and 1907 with the use of only one of their motors. My later airships will all at least attain these speeds, if they do not exceed them. It must be understood that speed in these calculations means speed through the air, which is a different thing from speed in relation to the country underneath. The latter depends upon the swiftness and direction of the wind.

#### THE BALLOON IN A STORM

Everyone knows that while there is no wind a balloon, floating unattached, remains motionless; when it moves, its movements are entirely dependent upon the strength and direction of the wind at any given moment. During the most violent storm the balloon will keep the same external shape which it has during a period of calm. During a storm, aerial navigators in a motorless balloon feel not the slightest breath of air. This is due to the fact that the balloon is practically part of the air; only in the event of a difference in the speed of the balloon and that of the wind is there any pressure on the latter. In this respect the mightiest balloon is in the same position as a soap-bubble. So long as the soap-bubble is attached to the straw through which it is blown, it takes wonderful gherkin-like shapes under



A REAR VIEW OF THE GERMAN MILITARY AIRSHIP "ZEPPELIN I"

the pressure of every breath or draught. But once it is carried free through the air, it becomes a perfect sphere. This is evidence that it is subject to no unequal pressures or resistances. This comparison between balloons and soap-bubbles proves that it is immaterial whether a motorless balloon is big or small. In bodies free from pressure, the cubic contents play no rôle whatever.

From this may be deduced an enormously important factor in aerial navigation. When a motored airship, floating free, sets its engines and propellers to work, it can move through the surrounding air in any direction with equal speed, as in no direction does it suffer any resistance other than that of the air. The struggle with wind and even with storms which many regard as serious factors, especially in such big airships as mine, is therefore nothing.

Many laymen object that such monstrous airships as mine cannot ascend to such great altitudes as smaller and lighter ships. However, the size of an airship has nothing to do with this; the real question is how far the ship can spare weight or ballast in relation to its original carrying capacity. Every time an airship sacrifices a hundredth part of its original weight it will rise about ninety yards. Take, for instance, a small airship weighing only 4800 pounds. Such a ship, equipped with an eighty-five horse-power motor, will at most be able to carry 1000 pounds of benzine for a twenty-hours' voyage. If it wishes to ascend to 1350 yards, it must leave behind or sacrifice 720 pounds of benzine, or it must have already consumed that quantity, thereby reducing its further capacity for flight to five hours, which for practical purposes and reliability is hardly

enough. A great airship weighing 32,000 pounds, with a normal benzine supply for one hundred hours, though it rise to 1350 yards, will still have a reserve supply of thirty-six hours' benzine, or nearly twice as much as the smaller airship can carry even when flying close to the ground. For that reason, for travelling at great elevations a big airship will always have advantages over a small one.



COUNT ZEPPELIN AT RIGHT, WALKING WITH THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, WHO IS SALUTING HIS SUBJECTS

Any mathematician can easily calculate the height to which a particular airship can rise without too much reducing its carrying capacity; there is not the least need for him to check his computations by practical experiment.

Airships destined for long voyages ought to be able to land not only upon the water but at any other spot prepared for their reception. Doubt has often been expressed whether rigid airships of my system can do this. Here, however, the landing I accomplished on 17 January, 1906, proves that the landing qualities

of such airships are excellent. The airship suffered no damage during landing; its first injuries resulted when the strong wind developed into a violent storm which caught the ship sideways owing to an anchor not holding in the frozen soil, the result of which was that it became impossible to keep the ship's head to the wind. The tendency to break from moorings, which lost the French

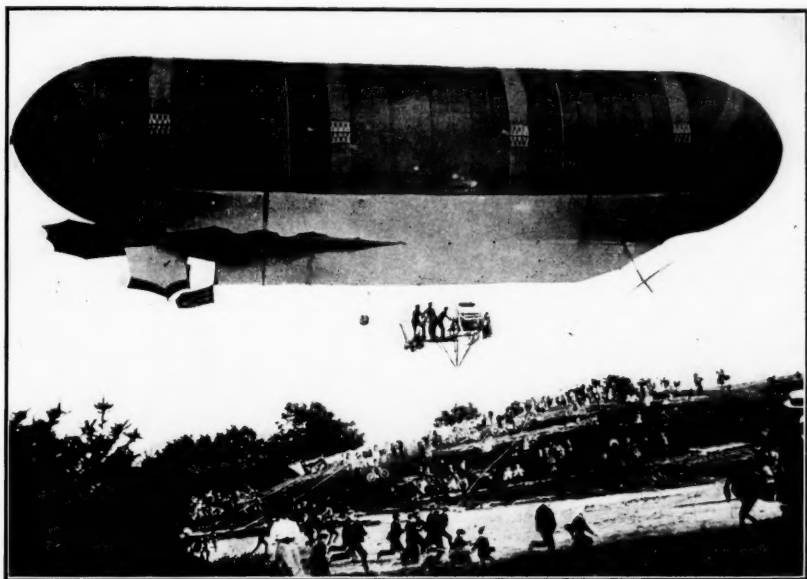
airship *La Patrie*, was overcome by immediately letting out gas. Once the ship was properly anchored with cables, it became needless for the crew to hold it down. The fact is that a strongly built airship with weather-proof outer skin, anchored in a fairly sheltered position—a narrow valley, for instance, or behind high buildings,—could be kept for weeks or even months without a covered hall. Be

it added that where such halls are built, there is no need to place them upon a rotary foundation, as many seem to suppose.

#### FEASIBILITY OF LONG FLIGHTS

The radius of movement of my airships is limited, I should explain, only by their capacity for carrying benzine. The greatest possible loss of gas through diffusion or escape would not amount to one tenth of the weight saved through consumption of fuel in the same time. As my airships contain two entirely inde-





THE BRITISH MILITARY DIRIGIBLE NO. 1

pendent motors, only one being used during long journeys, it is inconceivable that both motors should be out of order without its being possible to set one going before a landing became necessary. Moreover—and this important fact is sometimes ignored,—as a crew twice as strong as necessary can be carried, whose members therefore are never overworked, there is a certainty of reaching the destination which no other airships present. Airships of this construction and equipment will function as long as their supply of benzine holds out, in much the same way as a steamer travels as long as it has coal for its engines.

Thus, in my newest type of airship I have a vessel which can rise from the Lake of Constance with twelve persons on board, and remain four days in the air, covering in this period some 2500 miles. If I were to start from a point in low-lying Northern Germany—somewhere, for instance, near Berlin—I could carry twenty men. Should I desire to

make a shorter voyage—of only three hours, say,—I could take even more passengers, or the same weight in goods (mail matter, money, valuables, instruments, etc.)—in short, a large quantity of valuable articles of light weight; and in time of war I could transport munitions or, in case of need, distribute infantry ammunition to the army I was fighting with.

The great advantage of the rigid airship is the extent to which it can be developed. It is not true, as certain newspapers have affirmed, that I propose to build an airship which will carry a hundred passengers, although such a monster is by no means beyond the resources of modern technical science. But it is quite certain that in a future already visible there will be airships running forty miles an hour, which will cover 2000 miles in two days, or, if travelling at a lower speed, 4000 miles in four and one-half days; and if we admit that the conquest of the air is becoming a fact, we must reckon with airships at least as powerful as this. Once

we consider what has already been achieved, we must believe in the future, although that future is but dimly in sight.

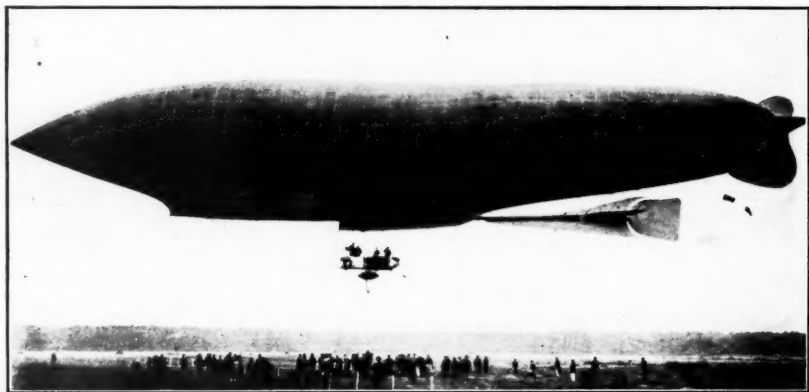
#### THE PROBLEM OF NAVIGATION

Navigation of the air to a definite destination presents difficulties, of course, which do not confront those who sail only on rivers and seas. Seamen need to know only their course, with its currents, rocks and shoals; and captains of sailing ships must know, in addition, the regularly blowing winds which have long been registered and can readily be learned. Beyond this the seaman must be able to determine his position if out of sight of land. But he has the great advantage of moving only on one plane.

Quite other is the problem before the air-sailor. So long as he crosses land on a sunshiny day he can tell whither to steer by keeping his eyes open; and so long as he does not have to cross or circumvent high mountains, his difficulties as a navigator are negligible. But if a storm rushes down from the mountains, with its surprising changes, its alternate strength and weakness, he must practise the utmost caution, experience and skill, and demonstrate an intimate knowledge of the func-

tioning of his airship, its steering qualities and the speed with which it obeys when its engines are set going ahead or astern to avoid the threatening gusts. At night or during a fog he must guide his ship either high above or far from threatening land. Maps are now obtainable showing clearly all elevations. Caution demands that in crossing mountains the lowest and broadest passes shall be chosen. These the majority of airships will choose in order, by avoiding higher altitudes, to save their gas, as in the higher, more rarefied air the gas will expand and escape through the safety-valves. For such traffic regulations will have to be made, once airships cease to be a novelty.

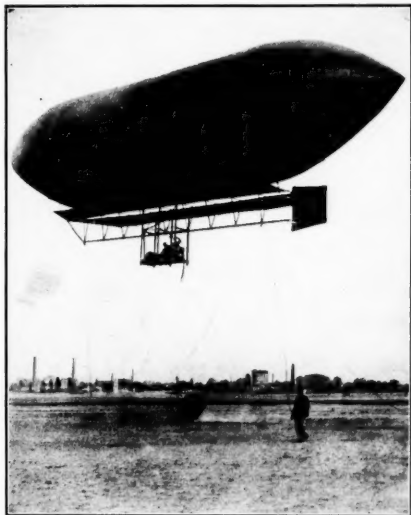
Where there are no good maps on a scale of at least 1:200,000, air navigators, supplying their own needs, will make photographic records. Science, indeed, is already exploiting the topographical material collected by airships. The problem of finding a landing station in darkness and fog does not present great difficulties, because here the air-currents are not very irregular; but it has the inherent greater difficulty that, in travelling between mountains, avoiding a fixed spot is always easier than approaching one. In both cases lighting by powerful projectors is essential; and the



THE FRENCH DIRIGIBLE, "LA PATRIE," CONSTRUCTED BY THE LEBAUDY BROTHERS FROM M. JULLIOT'S PLANS

pilot must have some knowledge, acquired during daylight, of the topography.

I have now dealt with some of the immediate problems in air-navigation, some of them easy to solve, some much more difficult. I have no doubt that these latter will find a satisfactory solution. But meantime no untrained person should venture on airship voyages under bad conditions. On the other hand, the most timorous need not reject the chance of a voyage on a sunny day, or even a clear night.



SKYWARD HO! MALLECOT'S COMBINATION DIRIGIBLE AND AÉROPLANE  
AT ISSY-LES-MOLINEAUX, PARIS, 1908

And now, out into the heights and expanses of our conquered domain! My last airship could attain a height of 3300 yards; but there would have remained little benzine for going any distance; nearly all would have been either consumed, or sacrificed as ballast. As a practical elevation limit, I set 1650 yards (nearly one mile), as on attaining this height it would still be possible to carry enough fuel for a three-days' voyage. If before the ascent were begun the journey had already lasted a whole day and night, one fourth of the fuel thus being consumed, 1650 yards' height could be reached without further sacrifice of fuel. But even if the prior journey had been shorter, it would be possible, without sacrificing ballast, but simply by using dynamic force and directing the airship's nose upward, to drive her to this height, and keep her there as long as the fuel held out. Through

the greater use of benzine in this operation, the equilibrium between weight and ascensional force would soon be restored. If, owing to a longer journey, more benzine had been consumed, or if any circumstances, such as the danger of an enemy's fire during war, justified the sacrificing of further ballast, of course a much greater height could be attained. In laying a course and determining how far one can travel, one must not measure a bee-line to one's destination, if mountains more than 5000 feet high lie in the way. The necessary ascension must be taken into account.

Already I have shown how important is the question of the speed of the wind through which the motor airship is travelling. Just as a steamer moving in an oblique current is carried sideways, so an airship will be carried by the wind. If the steamer is to reach a point lying ahead it must allow for this drift and make for a point as far above its destination as the current, in the time of the passage, would carry it below. With a wind blowing athwart, an airship must be worked in exactly the same way. If the destination lies in the path of the wind, the airship will of course be helped or hindered according to whether the wind blows towards or from its destination. If the speed of a contrary wind is exactly equal to the speed of the airship, then the airship will cease to move forward in relation to the earth underneath; and if

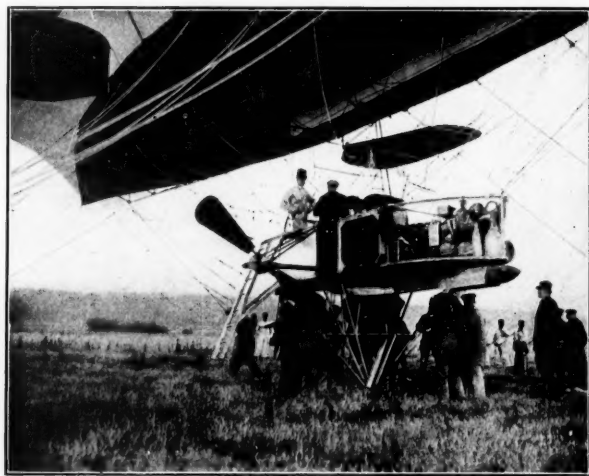
the wind is the swifter it will carry the airship backwards in relation to the earth.

#### AIR-LINE EXPRESS ROUTES

In order to ascertain how far, in the most unfavorable circumstances, my airship could travel with its speed of forty feet a second, or twenty-eight miles an hour, and its capacity of travelling 2650 miles through the air, I had to find out what is the strength and duration of the strongest winds that could blow against it. Exact compilations made from the hour-by-hour records of meteorological observatories, counting the longest duration of strong winds on stormy days, led me to the conclusion that—in Central Europe, at any rate—the worst that an airship could have to overcome would be a wind in one direction with an average speed of nineteen and a half feet a second during four successive days. In these specially chosen unfavorable conditions my airship would

from Berlin to St. Petersburg, Moscow or Constantinople—in the case of the last two cities, in approximately four days. With average conditions the journey would take only forty hours, and under favorable conditions only thirty hours, or much less than the present best railroad time. My newest airship will be able to cover the same distances in from fifty-five to twenty-two hours, according to wind.

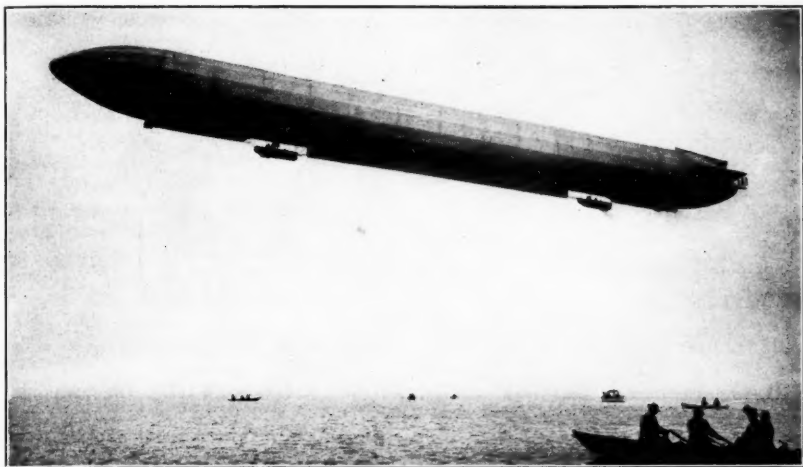
Once a certain distance ahead in a straight line can be counted on, the half of that distance is all that the aerial navigator can cover if he has to return to the place whence he has started. If flight is to be attempted over the ocean or into an enemy's country, this limit must be exactly known. For my *Zeppelin II* as originally constructed the radius of action was 570 miles, and for *Zeppelin III* 770 miles, that being what could be done in unfavorable circumstances. A flight could have been undertaken from Mayence to Danzig and back, or from Metz to Königsberg and back. I say "could have been,"



THE CAR OF THE FRENCH DIRIGIBLE, "LA REPUBLIQUE"

cover at least 1130 miles in four days, and still have a considerable reserve of fuel. I could, therefore, even in the worst time of the year, travel

because for the present such long flights will not be undertaken, as they would entail only a minimum crew being carried, in order to save



THE "ZEPPELIN I" ABOVE LAKE CONSTANCE, SWITZERLAND

weight. The conditions would differ widely, of course, if a landing were to be made in Danzig or Königsberg; or if a shorter return journey were to be chosen—for instance, Berlin-Frankfort-on-Main, Berlin-Danzig, Munich-Vienna or Cologne-Hamburg. In the latter cases fuel could be obtained *en route*, and the weight thus saved would allow the carrying over these shorter distances of twenty passengers, in addition to the crew. The shorter the distance the greater the lifting power. Ample extra weight remains, therefore, for the carrying of a better equipment and better fitting-up. The airship I am at present building will carry a completely closed-in room for sleep and work.

All these calculations apply to Central Europe and its lower altitudes. They apply also, probably, to the whole Mediterranean basin, European Russia and Siberia, a great part of China, Eastern and Central North America, most of South America, and in general all land-locked seas, and countries without too great expanses of lofty mountains.

From the coasts or interior of civilized lands, whence airships can be transported in pieces if they cannot

travel by their own power, it will be possible to explore unknown countries and consolidate colonies where there are no railroads, by moving the airships in stages of 200 miles. For such short journeys including the return the airship will require little fuel, so that it can carry a large number of men and equipment for stations and a supply of reserve fuel for its own use in case it be found necessary to penetrate farther into the interior. By such means the airship will enable civilized men to open up and annex remote parts of the globe.

#### AS THE WIND LISTETH

It should be noted—though this I have so far left out of account—that airships will probably be able to make use of favorable winds. The winds increase in general an airship's power. In the first place, half the winds are favorable; in the second, an airship by ascending or taking an indirect course will often discover a favorable current; and, thirdly, before setting out on a voyage it is often possible to wait for a favoring wind.

Meteorology has already made great progress in predicting the direction

of winds. The International Commission for Scientific Air Navigation, under the direction of its President, Professor Hergesell of Strasburg, is working for the continued increase of observation-stations over the whole civilized world, and advocating the rapid collection and collation of reports, which at once find publicity through the telegraph and press. The chief of the meteorological station of Lindenberg in the neighborhood of Berlin, Privy Councillor Ussmann, makes special observations for the service of airships, thanks to which German airships will be able to rise in the ether without fear of meeting with sudden storms in the higher air strata.

Knowledge of the prevailing winds at sea is still more important. These alone decide an airship's course over the ocean. The airships of the immediate future are not likely to adventure much more than 700 miles over the sea. The exception to this rule is in localities where the prevailing wind blows towards the coast, as for instance on the west coast of Europe, where prevail westerly winds, and on the east coast of Central America, where the east-blowing trade-winds prevail. It is possible to calculate approximately the greatest possible flights over the ocean from the tables issued by meteorological bureaux, and from knowledge of the trade-winds, monsoons and calms. I leave this, however, to the future, when airships will be much more powerful. I recommend to the attention of meteorologists the observing of the winds blowing at a moderate elevation, in addition to those near the earth and those at great heights, which are already studied by means of kites and captive balloons and by observation of flying clouds.

It is not enough to possess airships which can reliably make their way along appointed paths; we must also have the art and means to guide them by these paths. Much may be learned from seamanship, but the handling of airships, being concerned with various elevations, is much harder,

and once the earth becomes invisible it is impossible to say what drift is being made owing to side-winds. Hence it will much oftener be necessary to determine the navigator's position astronomically. Once the direction and speed of the journey with relation to the earth are ascertained by this means, I am able to tell, by means of a little instrument I have invented, to which point of the compass to direct the airship, and—so long as the same wind blows steadily—to keep to my course with known speed. In this matter science has come to the aid of a practised art. Dr. Marcuse of the Berlin Technical High School has discovered a very simple and speedy means of finding one's position astronomically while sailing through the air. A great balloon overhead, cutting off the view, does not make the operation easier; but it is one of the incidental advantages of the rigid system, that it allows a lookout man to ascend to the top between two gas cells.

#### THE QUESTION OF EXPENSE

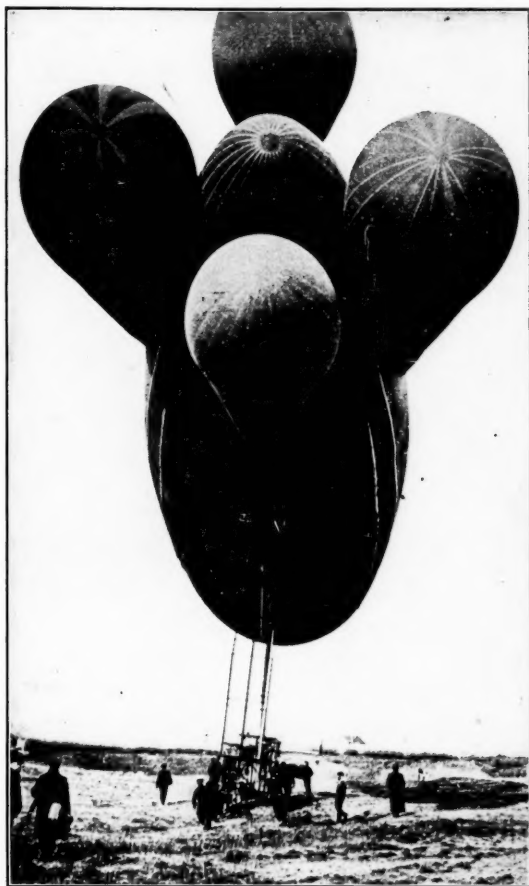
Objection has been raised that my airships are too expensive to allow of their frequent use. Certainly only a few very rich men could use them for pleasure, but the number will be greater than those who can purchase ocean-going steam-yachts. An airship cannot be too costly, however, which in all weathers, by day or by night, can inform the general or admiral of his foe's doings, which can pass to the extreme frontiers of the enemy's domain, and thus materially assist towards final victory. The fact is that the costliness of airships is much exaggerated; the smallest warship, a squadron of cavalry, a battery of artillery, costs considerably more. And nothing will be thought of the outlay on an airship when by its means a colony can be acquired, and unexplored territory opened up to civilization.

As commercial undertakings, airships will prove perfectly practical.



I assume, for instance, the foundation of airship communication between Berlin and Copenhagen. The capital needed for one airship, a main station at Berlin and a landing station at Copenhagen, would be about \$250,000. The revenue, allowing for one hundred flights to Copenhagen and back to Berlin each year (the time of the trip one half that of the present system), with an average of twenty-five travellers each paying \$12.50, would amount to \$62,500 a year. For insurance, depreciation and cost of running, the outlay would be \$37,500. This would leave a profit of \$25,000, or ten per cent. on the capital.

Better still, I can imagine a line from Stuttgart to Lucerne, passing over the monuments of Germany's former greatness, the ruins of the Hohenstaufen and Hapsburg imperial seats, and the newly restored Hohenzollern burg, with its proud towers rising in the sky, the symbol of Germany's majestic renaissance and glorious future; over the song-famous, poetical Lichtenstein, and thence into Nature's miracle-chamber—Switzerland, with its lakes and mountains. Such a service, at a low estimation, ought to be doubly profitable, as it would need only a main station at Stuttgart (as at Lucerne the lake itself could be used for descent), with intermediate stations, perhaps, on the lakes of Constance and Zurich. For the international public, which wishes to travel in luxury, no fares would be too high.



THE CLEMENT-BAYARD AIR-YACHT

## POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL PROBLEMS

These speculations finally suggest the question whether flight over political frontiers and customs' boundaries will be left free to travellers. As the closing of the air is quite unthinkable, and the landing of passengers and goods in foreign lands cannot be prevented, the prohibition of international airship communication is impossible. The effect of airships will rather be to create a bond of union between the nations. Aerial travel will be regulated by international treaty. This will not be so hard

as it seems at first sight. Already we have international maritime conventions and maritime law. In the same way, treaties will be made fixing the points from which airships bound for foreign countries must start, and those where they must land. Air navigators before starting will obtain from consuls regular ship's-papers, giving the number of passengers carried, and the amount of mail matter, merchandise, etc. Inter-communication on these lines will be easily regulated, without, as many suppose, the destruction of existing frontiers, passport systems and customs' provisions. Naturally, the main principles I have mentioned

will expand into many complicated regulations and laws. With wise foresight, jurists in various countries are already handling this question. In Germany, for instance, I have come upon the excellent manual of Gruenwald, "The Airship in Civil and Criminal Juristic Relations."

But, finally, why do I thus make my confession of faith in airships? Further, why do I trouble to bring thus to the public understanding the overwhelming value, the extraordinary development of the rigid airship system? It is because the time is close at hand when concrete achievements will dissipate all doubts.

## THE AIR—OUR TRUE HIGHWAY

By LIEUTENANT FRANK P. LAHM, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Lahm, who has an international reputation as an expert in aerial navigation, and has taken a prominent part in the military experiments at Fort Myer that have demonstrated the fact that the atmosphere can be used as a route for travel, traces in this article the history of various air-craft from the standpoint of a scientific expert, and predicts what we may expect as a result of the development of mechanical means of flight up to the present time. Lieutenant Lahm was the winner of the James Gordon Bennett cup in the international balloon race, Paris, 1906.—THE EDITOR.



HE experimental stage in aerial navigation is past. Not only has the success of the Wright brothers with their aëroplane proved that this problem has been solved, but various types of dirigible balloons have been controlled while aloft for such a length of time and for such a distance as further to verify the conquest of the air that man has achieved. To prove these assertions I need only cite the instance of a dirigible remaining in the air for a period of thirteen hours and covering a distance of 176 miles, and the performance of the American aëroplane in traveling at the rate of forty miles, remaining above ground nearly two hours and a half under perfect control.

Yet only a century and a quarter

has elapsed since the first device conceived by man floated above the earth, when the Montgolfiers, the French bag-makers, filling their silken sack with smoke, sent up a hot-air balloon to a height of fully 6000 feet. That was in 1783; and in a few months two adventurers had dared to make the first aerial voyage from the city of Paris. About three fourths of a century then elapsed before Wise, a Philadelphia carpenter, astonished all America by making his 870-mile journey through the atmosphere at express-train speed. This was the first long-distance balloon voyage in a century of aerial experiments; for it was not equalled until, eight years ago, Count de la Vaulx went from Paris across the Russian frontier, a distance of 1200 miles. The aërostat, or free balloon, was the sole method of navigating the world above us until, in 1884, the French engineer

Renard made his first flight in an electrically propelled balloon. Then began the era of the *aéronat*, or second type in the series of air-craft, which the genius of inventors has since so greatly varied and improved. The *aéronat* is upheld by gas, is provided with a motor and one or more propellers, and can be guided in any direction, not merely drifting with the wind like the ordinary balloon.

The history of aerial navigation since the construction of the first *aéronat* has been interesting indeed. Various nations have vied with one another to produce the most perfect type, and so it is that such experts as Santos-Dumont, Julliot, Zeppelin, Von Gross and Baldwin have each developed designs that prove to the scientific world, not merely the possibility but the entire practicability of this mode of mechanical flight. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian, began his experiments so recently as 1898, and three years later had won the Deutsch prize by controlling his airship during a trip of seven miles, in the course of which he had to steer it around the Eiffel Tower.

In four years he constructed fourteen different designs; Count Zeppelin, who has designed the largest of all *aéronats*, has completed four machines in the score of years he has been giving attention to the subject. One of them had an envelope of the enormous length of 446 feet, holding 460,000 cubic feet of gas, giving it a total lifting power of sixteen tons. With this Count Zeppelin made a voyage from Friedrichshafen over a part of Germany, remaining in the air over twenty hours, covering 378 miles, and carrying with him eleven passengers.



LIEUTENANT FRANK P. LAHM, UNITED STATES ARMY  
SIGNAL CORPS

The Zeppelin design has been accepted by the German Government for military purposes, and eight of the machines are to be completed in the near future. The Gross also has been approved—a dirigible driven by two 75-horse-power motors, which has covered 176 miles in thirteen hours. The Von Parseval, also of German conception, is a late addition. It has several peculiar features; for example, four canvas strips attached to steel arms form the blades of the propeller, the centrifugal force when the propeller revolves causing the canvas to assume the correct shape. This, of course, lightens the weight of the metal required. The car is adjustable and can be moved forward or backward on rollers resting on two cables, thus placing its weight as desired.

The work of Julliot has been appreciated by the French Government,

for his first airship, the *Lebaudy I*, named after his employers, was accepted after a practical trial had demonstrated its success. *La Patrie*, built later by the Lebaudy brothers for the Government, was from Julliot's design. Its gasbag was 200 feet long, and the 70-horse-power motor drove two propellers. *La Patrie* was designed to carry four persons, and to develop a speed of over thirty miles an hour. On its last trip it went to Verdun, a distance of 175 miles, in seven hours; but a few days later a heavy wind broke it away from its moorings, and it was carried out to sea. Other craft of this type have been added to the French military service. M. Henri Deutsch has also given to the public service the *Ville de Paris*, another type of dirigible, and it has been stationed on the German frontier.

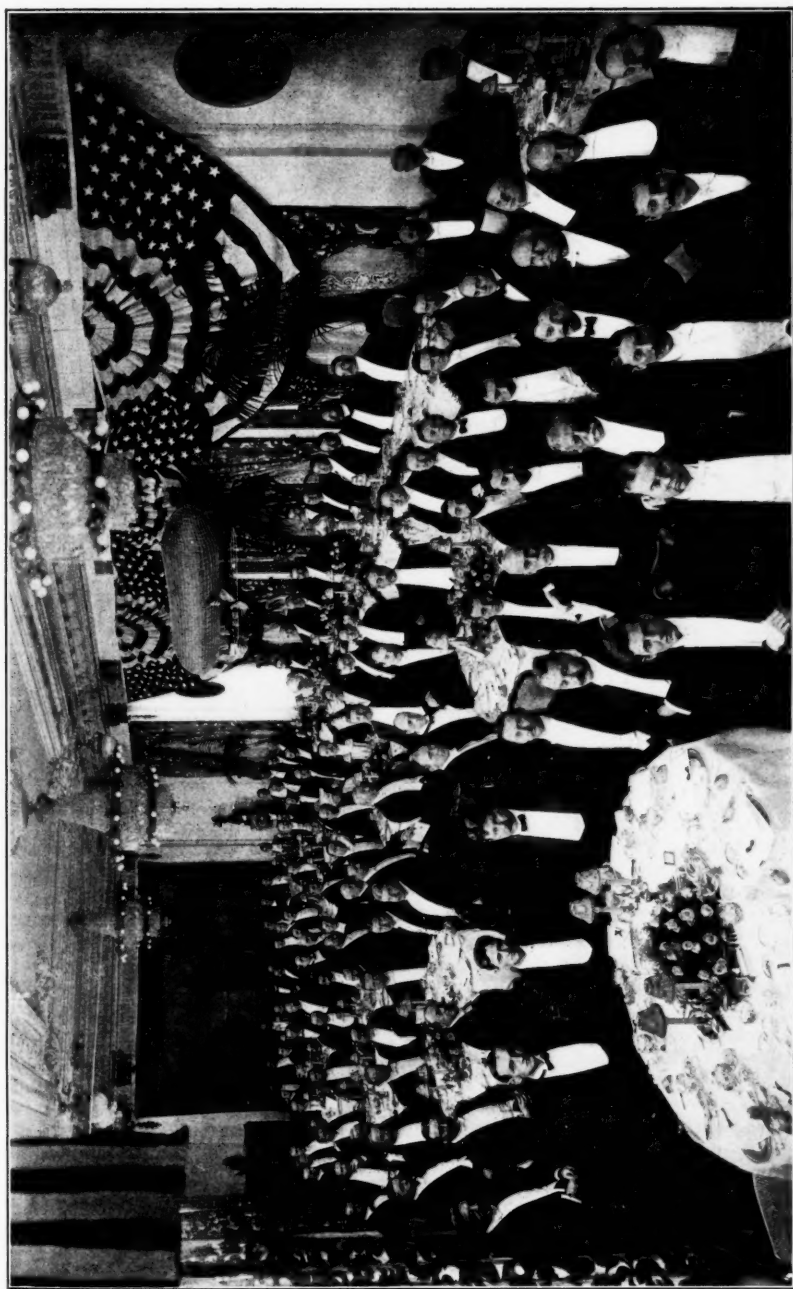
The British have a successful steerable balloon, somewhat smaller than the French and German, but capable of playing an important part in warfare. *Dirigible No. 1* of the British army made its first appearance in 1907. It appeared again, slightly modified, last year, and is now being operated at Aldershot. With a length of 111 feet and capacity of 85,000 cubic feet, it is capable of carrying three persons and making a speed of twenty miles an hour. The gasbag, instead of being of cotton or silk and rubber, is made of eight layers of goldbeater's skin. This is taken from inside cattle, and the skins from about 60,000 animals are required to construct an envelope of this size.

While dirigible balloons have been completed and navigated in the United States for several years, their value being thoroughly demonstrated,



SIGNAL CORPS "DIRIGIBLE NO. 1," AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA

it was impossible for our War Department to encourage inventors to build one for government service until 1908, when specifications were sent out by the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, inviting bids for a balloon of this type. Among the proposals received was that of Captain Thomas Baldwin, and to him the contract was awarded. He delivered his airship in August of last year, and this is the one now known as *Dirigible No. 1*, in operation at Fort Myer near Washington. With a length of 96 feet, a maximum diameter of nineteen and a half feet and a volume of 20,000 cubic feet, *Dirigible No. 1* is designed to carry two persons. At its official trial it made a maximum speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, and remained continuously in the air for two hours, covering a distance of twenty-seven miles. With the experience gained from this small airship, the Signal Corps is now in a

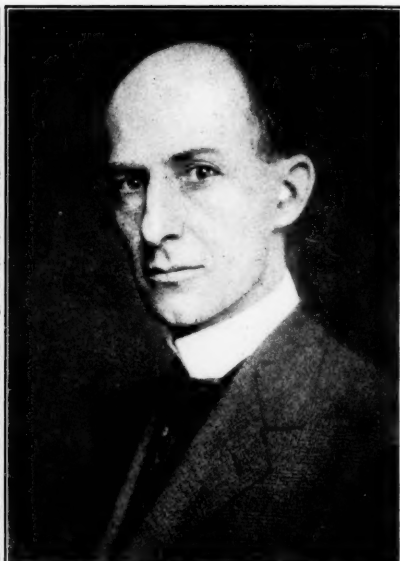


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THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE AÉRO CLUB OF AMERICA, HOTEL ST. REGIS, NEW YORK, 20 MARCH, 1909



ORVILLE WRIGHT



WILBUR WRIGHT

position to proceed with the construction of a larger and more powerful one, capable of rendering valuable service in case of war.

The third form of air-craft, which is perhaps more interesting to the public because of the absence of the gasbag, we may term the *aéronef*, or heavier-than-air machine. Three types come under the heavier-than-air class: First, the orthopter, or flapping-wing machine, which imitates the bird; none has yet proved successful. Second, the helicopter, which is driven upward by a horizontally placed propeller and is then driven forward by another set of propellers, or by inclining the axis of the lifting propellers. Little success has been attained with this type, though it has many staunch advocates. It has this advantage over all the others, that it can rise vertically, and therefore requires no track or level ground from which to start. The third and most interesting type is the *aéroplane*. This is the type with which the Wright brothers, Santos-Dumont, Farman and many

others have compelled the world's attention.

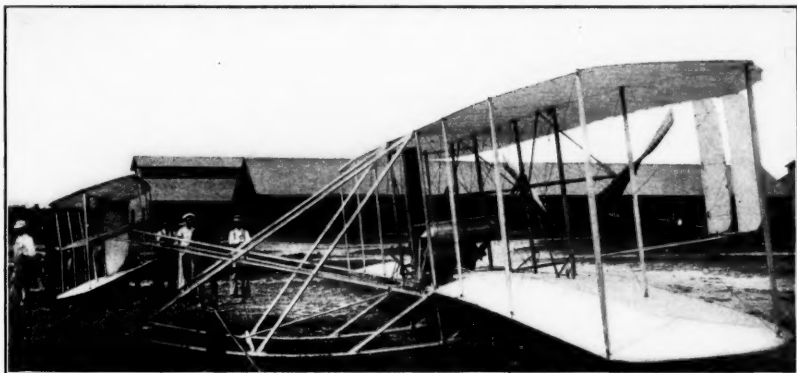
Since the Wright brothers have made such a signal success of their inventions, a brief history of their efforts may be of interest in this connection. In 1896, Wilbur and Orville Wright were manufacturing bicycles in their native town of Dayton, Ohio. Being of a scientific as well as a mechanical turn of mind, they became interested in the work of Lilienthal, a German who had undertaken the solution of aerial navigation with heavier-than-air machines. Up to 1900 they had merely studied and made laboratory experiments; in that year, however, they started the actual work of building a flying-machine. They selected a point on the North Carolina coast, which had strong and constant winds, established a camp, and started in with a gliding machine. It was only a summer outing, but they succeeded in building a machine which carried them down a slope and covered several yards before coming to the ground. The next summer they took



another vacation, and continued their gliding experiments. As yet, it was only a pastime, though they made some progress. Again in the summer of 1903 they went to their camp, and so successful were their experiments that they built a motor and put it on their glider. On December 17th of that year they made four flights, the longest 852 feet, which they covered in fifty-nine seconds, against a twenty-mile wind. Success was theirs. They returned to Dayton and decided to give up bicycle-building and devote themselves to the perfection of their *aéroplane*.

Army inviting bids for a heavier-than-air machine.

The Wright brothers responded and offered to furnish a machine to fulfil all the requirements of the specifications. Had the contract been completed, the machine would have been the property of the United States Government. But, as in all new sciences, perfection is not reached without setbacks. On September 17, 1908, a broken propeller caused the unfortunate accident in which Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, U. S. A., was killed and Mr. Orville Wright was almost fatally injured, and effectually prevented any further trials that year.



THE WRIGHT AÉROPLANE BEFORE A FLIGHT AT FORT MYER, 1908

Their progress was rapid. In August, 1904, several flights reached 1000 feet in length. Having mastered the equilibrium of their machine flying in a straight line, they began to make turns, and on September 20th succeeded in making a complete circle, returning to the starting-point without touching the ground. The following year, 1905, marked the final success of their experiments. In October they flew twenty-four miles in thirty-eight minutes, circling a field near Dayton. They had accomplished their object—had solved the problem of flight—had conquered the air. In December, 1907, specifications were sent out by the Chief Signal Officer of the United States

An extension of nine months was granted the Wright brothers, which meant that delivery of the machine was to be made in the spring of 1909.

In the meantime Mr. Wilbur Wright, abroad, has not only equalled, but surpassed, all the records made at Fort Myer. At Le Mans, France, he has flown one hour and ten minutes with a passenger, and made one flight alone lasting two hours and twenty minutes. Those who saw the Wright *aéroplane* circling the field at Fort Myer, under perfect control of its operator, can readily understand that the only limit to the length of flight is the amount of gasoline which can be carried to run the engine.

The Wright *aéroplane* which has so thoroughly demonstrated the possibility of mechanical flight may be described briefly as follows:

The machine consists of two rectangular planes, rounded slightly at the rear corners and superposed, one above the other, at a distance of six feet apart. These surfaces are forty feet long by six and one-half feet wide, and have a supporting area of about 500 square feet. They are made of unbleached muslin, tightly stretched on rectangular frames provided with curved ribs extending across the frames and beyond their rear edges for about eighteen inches. A wire is stretched tightly through the forked rear ends of the ribs, and to this wire the cloth is attached, while it also passes around the front edge of the rectangular frame and back under the ribs, completely covering them. The two frames are fastened together by sixteen tapered uprights, properly spaced apart along their front and rear edges. Four of these uprights on each end are secured to the frames of the planes by a hook-and-eye connection which makes a flexible joint.

The *aéroplane* is mounted upon runners, which are secured beneath its centre part and extend forward and curve upward to support the horizontal rudder. This is formed of two superposed planes very similar to the main surfaces. In the middle of the horizontal rudder there is a semicircular vertical surface, which has a steadying effect upon the steering of the machine. The vertical rudder

is mounted upon two horizontal braces that project back of the machine at its middle point, and is operated by one of two levers. With a third lever are connected two wires in a manner similar to that by which those that

operate the vertical rudder are connected. These wires run through pulleys at the rear of the lower main plane, and extend to the top of the outer rear connecting post. The lower ends of the lower plane are connected by a wire passing upward through pulleys and downward again. When the lever is pulled, it draws down the rear edge of the upper plane.

The lower plane, being connected to it by the uprights, is also forced downward, exerting a pull upon the wire attached to it, thus raising its opposite end, which also forces upward the corresponding end of the upper plane. The ends of the planes are warped in this manner, and thus when a greater angle of incidence is obtained at one end, the angle is correspondingly lessened at the other. By twisting the planes the aviator is able to tip the machine readily and make sharp turns; also to counteract quickly the effect of gusts of wind.

The engine of the *aéroplane* was designed by the Wright brothers, and, like the machine itself, it is of great simplicity. Its total weight is 170 pounds. It is mounted in a fore-and-aft direction in the *aéroplane*, slightly to the right of the middle line of the machine as one sits in it and faces forward. The four cylinders are bolted to an aluminium crank-



THE WRIGHT *AÉROPLANE* DESCRIBING A CIRCLE

case, and the inlet valves are connected by a suitable inlet pipe. Gasoline is pumped into this inlet pipe by a small pump in the crankcase which is driven from the crankshaft. The propellers which were used on the last trial were about nine feet in diameter, and made about 400 revolutions a minute. Ordinarily, the motor developed about 25 horse-power, which was sufficient to drive the machine about forty miles an hour.

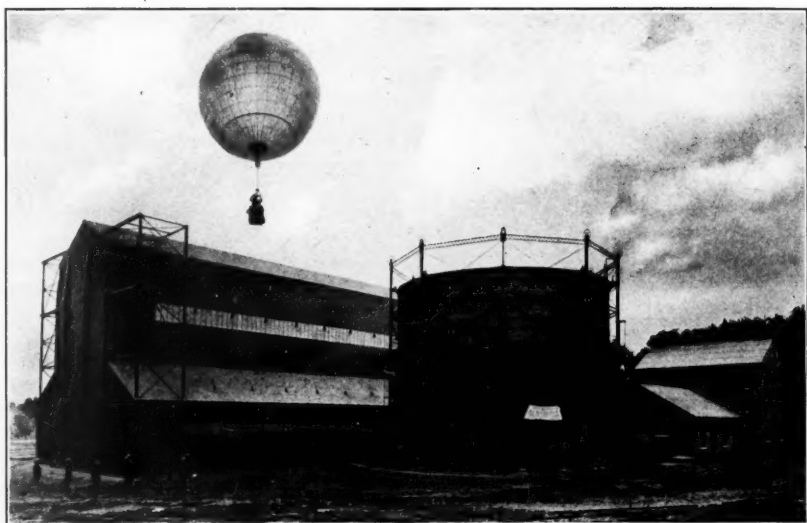
With the *aéronat* and *aéronef* available for aerial navigation, we are indeed on the eve of a revolution in travel. The successful construction of these lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air machines marks the beginning of an industrial activity which will give inventors such an opportunity to show their ability as has been afforded in the creation of the automobile and of craft for water navigation. The air has long been a subject of investigation, and much information has recently been added to our knowledge about it; but, as I have intimated, the dirigible and *aéroplane* will be of much value to science in further increasing what we know at present about this great region through which man can actually move as he moves on land and water. The extent to which aerial journeys will be possible can only be imagined as yet, but we have reached the point where we have the means of making them, and the length appears to be controlled only by the supply of liquid fuel which can be carried, which in the lighter-than-air machines is conditioned by the dimensions of the bag.

Considering the subject from a military standpoint, the *aéroplane* is of the utmost importance. Readily developing a speed of forty or more miles an hour, and capable of remaining in the air for four or five hours, by its means a thorough and complete reconnaissance of the strength and position of the enemy could be made by observers in a position to note the line of defence and the position of every piece of artillery. Data could thus be ob-

tained for maps which would be of the greatest value for strategic purposes. As a means of communication between one commander and another, as a messenger for transmitting orders and instructions, the *aéroplane* would prove not merely useful but essential. Should the commander-in-chief desire to confer with some subordinate perhaps a half-day's ride by the highway, physical communication could be established in a fraction of the time possible by any other means. In such a case the machine might be of vital importance as a time-saver.

While this discussion may seem to be dealing with a future period, what the heavier-than-air machine has already accomplished convinces us that the prediction of its possible service is not in the least exaggerated. But the model which is lighter than air has proved that it too is necessary in modern military equipment. Even the war-balloon sustained by gas, and without any motive power save the wind, has served its purposes; but in the dirigible type we have a model which can ascend so far into the atmosphere that it can take advantage of the various air-currents to increase its motor-created speed, while its every movement is under control of the *aéronaut*. He can maintain it nearly stationary over an enemy's camp or battle line, for the officer to observe every important detail and, if desired, to photograph the vista. With its aid a line of march can be followed and the movements of an army can be observed perhaps for days; yet when it is necessary to report at headquarters, a few hours only may be needed to cover the hundred miles or more and deliver the acquired information, such is the speed that may be obtained with the present type of lighter-than-air machines. So it has a part in the service quite as important as that of the other type.

But let us look forward briefly to the time when we shall make use of the atmosphere for travelling—making aerial journeys for pleasure, perhaps for business. Only the few who



BALLOON HOUSE, GAS HOLDER AND GAS HOUSE, FORT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, OCT. 24, 1908

have voyaged in the world above us, and have learned somewhat of its mysteries, know the keen enjoyment, the exhilaration of moving in this atmospheric ocean. If the venture be made in the *aërostat*, or ordinary balloon, the preparation for the start is in accordance with an approved system. When the craft is ballasted and equipped and all are aboard, the men holding it to the earth release their grip at a signal from the pilot and the earth literally drops from beneath you. Once on the voyage science aids in determining the speed and the direction, and greatly assists in operating the great lifting-machine. The pilot must know at once when his balloon starts up or down. A little sand thrown out at the beginning of a descent will do more to stop it than a large quantity after the movement is begun. The registering barometer with a cylindrical drum and a pen is used, or more often a *statoscope*. When the pilot closes the rubber tube between his thumb and finger, the arrow moves to the right if the balloon is ascending, to the left if descending. The compass is of service in a balloon so

long as the earth can be seen. A sextant with artificial horizon is now used for finding the latitude of the balloon when above the clouds. The north star is a valuable guide, and if you are over water, the direction of the waves will tell in what direction the wind is taking you. Maps are always carried, and by day, if the balloon does not go too high, its course can be accurately followed. A speaking trumpet or megaphone may enable you to talk with people on the earth, though the answer to your question is not always easy to understand. At a height of three miles, the oxygen in the air is insufficient to maintain life for any length of time, so a supply must be carried in a tube, with a device for inhaling. It is only in races or scientific ascensions that so great a height is reached. Ordinarily the balloon remains below a mile and a half or two miles.

The scenes thus unfolded can be enjoyed nowhere else. At a glance you take in woods, fields, streams glistening in the sunlight, a town beneath you, and two or three more in sight. Away off in the distance is

the white smoke of an engine. Perhaps it is a cloudy day. A bag of sand goes overboard, and you leave the gloomy earth, rise through the bank of clouds, and are in the warm, bright sunshine. Below you on all sides is a beautiful, silent ocean of white billows, with an occasional peak rising like an island above the surface of the sea. You drop to the level of these clouds, but the heat of the sun reflected from them makes you bound up again. Now the shadow of the balloon appears in clear outline on the cloud bank. Gradually a spectrum forms around it, then another, till there are three or four brilliant circles with the balloon as a centre.

And no two ascensions are alike; each has its own beauties, its own charm. On one you will go for hours without exceeding a height of 1000 feet; on another, you rise at once to 3000, and possibly remain out of sight of the earth for three or four hours. Or you come down and let the 300-foot guide-rope trail across the fields and forests. Equilibrium is maintained automatically, as a greater or lesser length of rope trails on the ground, and relieves the balloon of its weight.

But all pleasures must end, and the time comes to return to the lower world. A short pull on the valve and you drop down through the clouds, throwing out a little sand to check the descent. The guide-rope touches, and you skim across woods and fields. A shout to the first person you see, and you learn where you are and how far it is to the nearest railway. An open field is directly in your path. Arriving on the edge of it, you open the valve a second, the balloon drops to within a few feet of the ground, and down goes the anchor. Relieved of its weight, the descent is stopped, and

the balloon seems to wait for the anchor to grip, then settles down. Should there be much wind, the pilot tears out the "rip strip" just as the car touches the earth, and the balloon flattens out in a moment.

An hour at most is needed to remove the valve, untoggle the car, remove the net from its envelope, store it with the other equipment in the car, and if the balloon is not a large one it may be packed with the rest. Then the cover is placed on the car and all is ready to be put aboard the wagon which has been secured, except the instruments which pilot and passengers take with them to the railway station. The balloon is sent back to the starting-point, while its passengers settle down comfortably in the dining-car, to discuss their dinner and the many enjoyable incidents and interesting impressions of the ascension.

The cost? It is but little by comparison with the pleasure enjoyed. The expense of the balloon service is merely the small outlay for gas and inflation. No fuel is needed, no oil, no engineer. You can buy a balloon which will carry three passengers for a fourth of the cost of a three-thousand-dollar automobile, and become your own pilot if you wish. A hundred-mile trip, including every item of expense, even to packing and returning the outfit and your railroad fare, can be made for a little more than twenty dollars a person. So we see that the pleasure craft, the free balloon, is already at our disposal; the dirigible and the aeroplane have already assumed positions of great importance in the equipment of modern armies and give us reason to believe that they will soon extend their sphere of usefulness not only as pleasure craft but commercially as well. Plainly the air is our true highway.

A striking feature of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, which is to be held in New York from September 25th to October 9th to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River, will be an airship race for a prize of \$10,000 offered by the New York *World* to the aeronaut who, with a mechanically-propelled airship, sails over the course from New York to Albany traversed by Fulton's first steamboat in 1807. The competition will be conducted by the Aéro Club of America. Among the expected competitors are Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, Albert C. Triaca, Roy Knabenshue, Morris Baker, Glenn H. Curtis and Count de la Vaulx, if he shall have recovered from the accident of May 3.



Drawn by Robert Edwards

(See page 288)

"HE PLACED THE INSTRUMENT IN OLA'S GRASP"



# THE WIVING OF LANCE CLEAVERAGE

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

## CHAPTER V

### WEDDED



HE inheritance of Lance Cleavage came to him from his maternal grandfather. Jesse Lance had felt bitterly the marriage of his handsome, high-spirited youngest daughter to Kimbro Cleavage, a gentle, unworldly soul who would never get on in life. His small namesake was four years old when Grandfather Lance, himself a hawk-faced, up-headed man, undisputed master of his own household, keen on the hunting trail, and ready as ever for a fight or a frolic, came past and stopped at the Cleavage farm on his way down to the Settlement to attend to his will. He was not advanced in years, and he was in excellent health; but there were a number of married sons and daughters to portion, he had a considerable amount of property, and his wife was ailing; it had been suggested that both should make their wills; so the documents, duly written out, signed and attested, were being carried down to Lance's lawyer in the Settlement. He had seen little of his one-time favorite Melissa since the marriage with Cleavage that so disappointed him; and he had not now expected to remain the night in her house. But the little Lance, a small splinter of manhood, at once caught his grandfather's eye. The child stirred Jesse Lance's curiosity, perhaps—or it may have been some deeper feeling.

The first collision between these two occurred as the visitor approached the Cleavage gate. He had his favorite hound with him, and Lance, leading forth old Speaker, his chosen comrade, observed the hair rise on the neck of his grandfather's follower, and listened with delight to the rumble of growls the dogs exchanged.

"Ye better look out. If Speaker jumps on your dog he'll thest about eat him up," the child warned.

The tall man looked down on his grandson with a dominating gaze that was used to see the people about Jesse Lance obey. But things that scared other children were apt to evoke little Lance's scornful laughter or stir up fight in him.

"You call off yo' hound," the newcomer said imperiously. "I don't let my dog fight with every cur he meets."

The small boy wheeled—hands in trousers pockets—and gazed with disappointed eyes to where the two canines were making friends.

"I wish they would jump on each other; I thest wish 't they would," he muttered. "I know Speaker could whip."

Grandfather Lance looked with interest at the child. Such a boy had he been. This was the spirit he had bequeathed to Lance's mother, and which she had wasted when she married a school-teacher.

Melissa Cleavage, come down in the world now, paid timid court to her father without much success; but in the middle of the afternoon, her four-year-old son settled the question of the visitor remaining for the night. Jesse Lance had been across the gulch to look at some wild land which be-

longed to him, a haggard, noble domain, its lawless acres still tossing an unbroken sea of green treetops toward the sky. As he returned to the Cleaverage place, he traversed a little woods-path without noticing the small jeans-clad boy who dragged a number of linked objects across his way.

"You gran'papa!" came the shrill challenge after him. "You quit a-breakin' up my train."

Jesse glanced toward the ground, and saw a great oak chip dangling by a string against his boot. He turned an impassive countenance, and thrust to free the foot from its entanglement.

"Watch out—you'll break it!" cried the child, running up. Then as a second jerk shook and rattled the dangling bit of wood, "Ain't you got no sense?" he roared. "That's the injine to my train that you done stepped on and broke all up, and it can't go a lick with you, big lazy loafer, standin' right in the middle of it!"

For a moment the fierce baby eyes looked up into eyes as fierce above them. Such a glance should have sent any youngster weeping to its mother's skirts; but the tiny man on the woods-path stood his ground, ruffling like a game-cock.

"Uh-huh!" jeered the grandfather. "And who might you be, young feller?"

"I'm cap'n of this train," Lance flung back at him, scarlet of face, with blazing eyes, and feet planted wide on the mould of the path.

A grim amusement showed itself in the elder countenance. Yet Jesse Lance was not used to permitting himself to be defied. Not since Melissa had run roughshod over him and held his heart in her little grubby hands had another been allowed such liberties.

"Oh, ye air, air ye?" he taunted, to see whether the spirit that looked out at him from his grandson's eyes went deep, or was mere surface bravado.

He got his answer. With a roar the baby charged him, gripped the

big man around the knees, and swung.

"Git off'n my injine!" he bellowed, contorting his small body to hammer with his toes the offending legs he clung to. "I told you once civil, and you did n't go. I'm cap'n of this train, and I can throw folks off when they wont go."

The lines of the man's face puckered curiously as he looked down at the small assailant. Without another word he freed his foot from the chip-and-string "train," moving circumspectly and with due regard to flimsy couplings. Without another word he stepped slowly on, looking back once, to note that Lance instantly joined his train into shape and, turning his back on his big adversary, promptly forgot all about him. Where the woods-path struck the big road, the grandfather stood a long moment and studied his grandson; then he made his way to the house, where nine-year-old Mandy sat sorting wild greens on the porch edge.

"How old is your brother?" he inquired of her, brusquely.

"He ain't but fo' year old," Amanda returned, sanctimoniously. "Gran'papa, you must n't hold it agin' him that he's so mean—he ain't but fo' year old. An' Pappy won't never whip him like he ort. If Pappy would just give him a good dosin' of hickory tea, I 'low he'd come off his meanness mighty quick."

Jesse Lance merely grunted in reply to these pious observations and in his mind there framed itself a codicil to be added to that will. Melissa—Melissa who married Kimbro Cleaverage—had been left out of both testaments so far; but she had been his favorite child, and it had been in her father's mind to bequeath to her the wild land up in the Gap. Yet what use would such a piece of timber be to a woman? And it would be of less account to a man like Kimbro Cleaverage. No, the dauntless captain of the train back there on the path was the one to own the Gap hundred, and the lawyer in Hepzibah could add this to the grandfather's

will. By the time the boy inherited it, he would be old enough to do something with the ground.

Susan Lance died in her husband's absence; and the pair of mules Jesse had bought in the Settlement ran away with him on his way home, pitching themselves, the wagon and driver, all over a cliff and breaking his neck. So it was that the codicil to the will left "to my namesake Lance Cleavage, the Gap hundred," not then of as much value as it had now become. High on the side of the slope it lay, as befitted the heritage of a free hunter; the timber on it was straight, tall and clean, mostly good hardwood; there was a fine spring of freestone water which burst out from under a bluff—a naked mass of sandstone which fronted the sky near his boundary line—and ran tinkling or roaring, according to the season, down to the valley beneath. This spring was never dry, and it added greatly to the value of the tract as a homestead. Coal had been found on the other side of the ridge, and Lance, who believed in his star, found it reasonable to expect that coal would be discovered on his own land. Meantime, he had not even cleared a truck-patch, but, scorning the boards from the portable sawmill which would have offered him a flimsy shanty at best, he had built, with the aid of Sylvane, his father and an occasional lift from a neighbor, a roomy log cabin, with the best floors and door- and window-frames in the neighborhood.

And it was to this home that Lance Cleavage brought his bride. Here it was that he hoped to build that true abiding place which such spirits as Lance seek, and crave, and seldom find. The hearthstone he had himself laid, the skilfully built chimney with its dream of Callista sitting on one side of the hearth and himself on the other—these were gropings after the answers such as he always asked of life.

"This ain't what Pap calls a sojournin' place—this here 's going to be a real home, Callista," he said

fondly, as the two young creatures went about it examining their new habitation. "It 'll be cool in the summer, and good and warm in the winter. That chimney 'll draw—just look at the fire. I never have built a chimney that smoked."

"Did you build the chimney, Lance?" Callista asked him, leaning on his arm.

"I did that," he told her. "They're always after me to build other folks's chimneys and lay other people's hearthstones, and I ain't so very keen to do it. But my own—one for you and me to sit by——"

He broke off and stared down at her, his eyes suddenly full of dreams. Oh, the long winter evenings when they two should sit together beside the leaping hearth-fire! They would be as one. Surely into this citadel he had builded for his life, the enemy—the olden lonesomeness—could not come.

They had their bit of breakfast, and Lance was about to go down to the Settlement to purchase the wherewithal for the impromptu infare. It was hard to leave her. He went out and fed the black horses and came back to say good-bye once more. His team was his hope of a subsistence, seeing that there was no cleared land to farm. He and they together could earn a living for two or three months yet. After that, there would be small opportunity throughout the winter for teaming. All summer he had been hauling tan-bark on a contract for old man Derf, and he felt he had now to draw upon this money—though it was not yet quite due—for the expenses of the infare. Callista was kneeling at the hearth as he entered, the tiny blaze in its centre warming the round whiteness of her throat and chin where she bent to set a pot in place. Something mighty and primal and terribly sweet shook the soul of Lance Cleavage as he looked at her kneeling there. She was his—his mate. He would never be alone again. He ran to her and dropped his arm about her. She turned up to him that tender respon-

sive face which was new to both of them.

"Had n't I better buy you a pair of slippers?" he asked her, just for the pleasure of having her answer.

"I reckon I don't need 'em, Lance," she said soberly, getting to her feet and moving with him toward the door. "If I could dance—or if I ever did dance—I might have need of such."

"Dance!" echoed her husband with prompt tenderness, looking down at her as they paused on the doorstep. "If you was to dance, Callista, there would n't any of the other gals want to stand up on the floor beside you. I'm goin' to get the slippers."

He rode away on his black horse, her fond eyes following him; the sight of her standing in the door waving her hand was his last vision of home.

## CHAPTER VI

### BROKEN CHORDS

The provision for the infare made cruel havoc of Lance's money from his summer's hauling. When—determined to make the festivity worthy of his bride—he went to Derf demanding payment ahead of time, the old fellow played his man so cleverly that Cleavage came away with a few extravagant purchases and not enough left to see him and Callista and the home on the Gap hundred safely to Christmas.

Buying these things at Derf's (it was too late to think of going down to the regular store at Hepzibah for them) necessitated the inviting of Ola Derf to the infare—or Lance felt that it did. She would never have been bidden to the Gentry place. She was a jarring element, an offence, among the sober, church-going people—the hardy little outlaw.

"I reckon she can't eat any of you," said Lance with rising irritation when he was summoned to a family council in a back room. "She's just a little old gal, and you're a good-sized crowd of able-bodied folks—what harm can she do you?"

His mother-in-law sniffed. "Well, Lance," she began, "I don't think it's any way for you to do—evening Callista with such folks. She ain't used to it."

Lance looked to where Callista stood near the door, pale and silent, avoiding his eye.

"A man and his wife are one," he said, with less confidence than would have been his earlier in the day. "What's good enough for me, is good enough for Callista."

He got no sign of agreement from his bride—and he had expected it.

"Son, I think you made a mistake to bid that Derf gal here," said old Kimbro mildly. "But don't you let her start up any foolishness, and we'll all get through without further trouble."

"Yes," broke in the Widow Grier acidly. "She's been a-talkin' about havin' that thar sinful banjo fetched out. The next thing, she'll be wantin' to have a dance."

Lance's eye swept the circle of hostile, alien faces. His sense of fair play was instantly up in arms. Also, he felt himself pushed outside and set to defending his solitary camp, with the whole front of respectability arrayed against him. This, so far as the others were concerned, was the usual thing; it daunted him not at all. But when he looked to Callista, and saw that at the first call she had left him, that he was alone, a new, strange, stinging pain went through his spirit. He smiled, while odd lights began to bicker in his eyes.

"O-oo-oh," he said in that soft, careless, half-musing voice that his own people knew to dread, "did n't you-all know that I aim to have dancin'? Why, of course I do." And he walked away with head aslant, leaving them dumb.

It was but a retort, a quick defiance from the Lance Cleavage who would not be catechized, reproved—who would not take a dare, spoken or implied. But the bitterness of Callista's defection stayed with her lover, and drove Lance on to make good his threat. When Ola continued to

beg for banjo music—and Callista, still mute and unresponding, to avert her looks—he got the instrument out and began to play. Before all was over, what with Ola piquing him and daring him, and the pain in his heart driving him, the triumphant little interloper got the bridegroom up on the floor with her to show the company what “shore-enough dancin’” was like.

It was held by the company there that the bride’s behavior in these trying circumstances was impeccable. She looked on with a face locked in cold, inscrutable calm, and she refused to join her mother and Lance’s family in openly expressed reproof. Octavia Gentry maintained that the whole matter was an affront to her daughter. Kimbro Cleavage was abashed and grieved; the widowed Mandy actively led the ultra-pious element, uttering her condemnation aloud and publicly. Only Sylvane’s utmost efforts patched a half-hearted peace among them.

In the days immediately following the infare Callista learned, with a sense of shock and dismay that was alienating, how Lance had dissipated his small means on that ill-starred festivity, none of her planning, an occasion out of which she had got only wounding and humiliation. What Lance thought of his conduct on that evening she could not guess; none ever knew what Lance felt. Head up, clear-eyed, still full of defiance, he fronted his life. And he gave no sign of the heartbreak that was in him when he found himself once more alone on his little island of existence, the waters widening between him and Callista.

Winter shut down early on the cabin in the Gap. Through the long months much bitter knowledge came to Callista. She found that she knew nothing a mountain wife ought to know. Finically clean about her housekeeping, she spent days scouring, rubbing, putting to rights and re-arranging that which nobody came to see, or used; but she could not cook acceptably, and their scant fare suffered in her inept hands till

she nearly starved them both. Here, with some show of reason, she blamed her mother. Since she had never seen the time when she could go back to the Gentry place with a gift in her hand, she had not been there at all since her marriage. And here she blamed Lance. And, between her incapacity and his recklessness, they were desperately pinched. The season for hauling closed even sooner than he had feared. After it was past, he got a bit of work now and again; but the feeding of the horses proved such a burden that he let them both go till spring to a livery stable in the Settlement for their keep.

With the first snowfall, he began to hunt, going on long tramps among the higher ranges, leaving the cabin half the time ill supplied with firewood and other necessities. The undercurrent of the material struggle to make a living was always the pitiful duel between these two, who really loved well, and who were striving as much, each for the mastery of self, as for the mastery of the other, could they but have realized it.

The episode of the ruined venison was the occasion of their first open quarrel. Lance had killed a buck, packed it home on his shoulder, and hung it high in the little grove behind the cabin. Then he was called away unexpectedly to mend a chimney, and Callista, in what was really an effort toward peace, bunglingly attempted to cure the venison—and spoiled it all. When Lance came hurrying home, fearful of the warm spell which had suddenly set in, and saw the ruin she had made, he spoke out in the uncontrollable irritation of a man who had tramped the ridges for the meat which she could only destroy. She answered him coldly and cuttingly, and after that she tried sulking—refusing to speak. But she found a power of silence in him that so far overmatched her own as to leave her daunted. He returned from his long expeditions, to hang up his wild meat in the grove, and thereafter to sit bright-eyed and silent across the hearth from her,



whistling under his breath or strumming lightly on his banjo.

Callista was a concrete, objective individual, but she grew to recognize the resources of one who had for his familiars dreams that he could bid to stand at his knee and beguile his leisure or his loneliness. But dreams, so treated, have a trick of strengthening themselves against times of depression, changing their nature, and wringing with cruel fingers the heart which entertains them; so that those who feed the imagination must be willing to endure the strength of its chastisements.

Yet if Lance Cleaverage suffered he kept always a brave front, and took his suffering away from under the eye of his young wife. To do him justice, he had little understanding of his own offences. An ardent huntsman, he had by choice lived hard much of his life, sleeping in the open in all weathers, eating what came to hand. Callista's needs he was unfitted to gauge, and she maintained a haughty silence concerning them. Since she would not inquire, he told her nothing of having been offered money to play at dances, but began to be sometimes absent from home at night, taking his banjo and leaving her alone.

An equable-tempered, practical woman might have trained him readily to the duties of masculine provider in the primitive household. But beautiful, spoiled Callista, burning with wrongs she dared not utter, eaten with jealousy of those thoughts which comforted him when she refused to speak, always in terror that people would find out how at haphazard they lived, how poor and ill-provided they were, and laugh at her choice—Callista had her own ideas of discipline. If Lance went away and left no firewood cut, she considered it proper to retort by getting no supper and letting him come into a house stone-cold. This was a serious matter in a community where a chunk of fire may be sent from neighbor to neighbor to take the place of matches.

In March there came one of the spring storms that southern mountaineers call blackberry winter. All the little growing things were checked or killed. A fine, cold rain beat all day about the eaves of the cabin. The wind laid wet, sobbing lips to chink and cranny, and cried to her that she was alone—alone—alone! She, Callista, was deserted, avoided, shunned. Busy with the truck-patch he had at this late day set about and which he must both clear and fence, Lance had neglected the wood-pile, and to-day brought him a chance of work building a chimney at the Bonbright place.

Since morning Callista had brooded. There being no wood, she let the fire go out. Without fire she could cook herself no dinner, and she ate a bit of cold corn-pone, fancying Lance at somebody's table—he never told her now where he was going, nor for how long,—eating the warm, appetizing food that would be provided.

As evening drew on the rain slackened and a cloud drove down on the mountain top, forcing an icy, penetrating chill through the very substance of the walls, sending Callista to bed to get warm. She wrapped herself in quilts and shivered. It was dark when she heard Lance come stumbling in, cross the room, and, without a word, search on the fire-board for matches.

"There ain't any," she told him, not moving to get up. "It would n't do you any good if there was—there's no wood."

He passed on into the little lean-to kitchen, and Callista hearkened eagerly, believing that sight of the bowl of meal and the pan of uncooked turnips on the table would bring home to Lance the enormity of her wrongs and his offences. He made no light, but leaning forward she got a silhouette of his head between her and the small window. He appeared to be eating. She guessed that he had peeled a turnip and was making a lunch of that.

"Would you rather have your victuals raw?" she demanded finally, desperate at his silence. "I reckon



I'd better learn your ruthers in the matter."

"I'd rather have them raw as to have 'em cooked the way you mostly get 'em," came the swift reply in a perfectly colorless tone. "I ain't particularly petted on having my victuals burnt on one side and raw on the other, and I'd rather do my own seasoning—some folks salt things till the devil himself could n't eat 'em; or leave the salt out, and then wonder that there's complaints."

Her day of brooding had come to a crisis of choking rage. Callista sat up on the edge of the bed and put her thick hair back from her face.

"I cook what I'm provided," she said in a cold, even voice. "That is, I cook it when I'm supplied with wood. And I prepare your meals the best I know how; but it would take one of the sort you named just then to cook without fire."

She had expected that he would go out in the dark and cut firewood for her. Getting no response, she crouched back on the bed a moment. Then she was startled to hear the banjo whine in Lance's fingers and hum softly as it struck against the lintel; and she knew he was leaving her alone in the cabin. She guessed that he was starting for the Derfs' to play for a dance; and for a strenuous moment she was near to springing after him and begging him to stay with her.

But habit prevailed. She huddled shivering under her covers and went back to the sullen canker of her own wrongs. She might have had the pick of the countryside, and she had taken up with Lance Cleaverage. She had married him when and how he said—that was where she made her mistake. She should have told him then—She should have—But in the midst of all this rush of accusation, she knew well that she took Lance when and how she could get him, and that at this moment her heart was clamoring to know where he was and what doing.

So she lay shivering, cold to the knees, her hands like ice, her teeth

locked in a rigor that was as much spiritual as physical, till she could bear it no longer. Then she got hesitatingly up from the bed and stood long in the middle of the darkened room, turning her head about as though she could see. She knew where each article of furniture stood. It was her room, her home, hers and Lance's. Lance had built it; she had somehow failed pitifully, utterly, to make it hers; and she was well aware that she had failed to make it home for him—yet it was all either of them had. Back over her mind came memory of their wedding morning, when, his arm about her waist, her head half the time on his shoulder, they had visited every nook of the place and discussed all its scant furnishings. Then, suddenly, without having come to any decision whatever, she found herself out in the cold rain, running through the woods toward the big road and the Derf place.

Down the long slope from the Gap she fled, then past the old quarry, past Spellman's clearing, and around the Spring hollow. She had never set foot on Derf land before. It was scarcely a respectable house for a young woman to frequent. In so primitive a community the line is drawn with such savage sharpness that the censors hesitate to draw it at all; yet a cloud hung palpably over the respectability of the Derfs. Through the fine rain Callista—spent, gasping, wet and dishevelled—at last saw the windows, a luminous haze, caught the sound of stamping, thudding feet, and heard the twang of Lance's banjo. She had approached through the grove, and stood at the side fence. The place was so public that its dogs paid little attention to comers and goers. When Callista came to herself fully she realized that it was the bars of the milking place she leaned upon. Slowly she withdrew the under one from its socket, stepped over, and replaced it. With ever increasing hesitation she faltered toward the house, avoiding the front and approaching the light at

the side, where she hoped to be unobserved.

Shivering, shrinking, her loosened, wet hair dragging in against her neck, she stared through the window into the lighted room. They were dancing in there. The sounds she had heard were from Lance's banjo indeed, but held in other hands, while Lance himself sat at a little table near the hearth, a steaming supper before him, Ola Derf waiting on him hand and foot, stooping to the coals for fresh supplies of good hot coffee, or smoking, crisp pones.

"Now you just hush!" she shrilled in response to somebody's importunities, as Callista hung listening. "Lance cain't play for no dancin' till he gits through his supper. And he's a-goin' to have time to eat, too. You Jim, put that banjo down—you cain't play hit. Pat for 'em if they're in such a hurry to dance."

The Aleshine girls from Big Buck Gap, a young widow who lived half way down the Side, two cousins of the Derfs themselves—these were the women in the room. Callista was desperately afraid lest one of the loud-talking, half-intoxicated men in there should come out and discover her; yet she could not drag herself away from sight of Lance sitting housed, warm, comforted and fed—a home made for him. Something knocked at the door of her heart with a message that this scene carried; but fiercely she barred that door, and set herself resolutely to defend her own position.

Grasping a loop of muscadine vine which, when she shivered, shook down icy drops upon her, Callista rested long regarding the scene before her. What should she do? To return to her home and leave her husband there seemed a physical impossibility. To go in and play the high-and-mighty as she had been wont to do in her free girlhood; to glance over her shoulder with dropped eyelids and inform Lance Cleaverage that she cared not at all what he did nor where he went—this were mere farce: her time for that sort of mumming was past. Here

was the reality, which she would answer well or ill, but which she needs must answer.

Lance had finished his supper now, and turned from the board. It seemed to Callista that he looked well pleased with himself, satisfied, even gay. The sight set her teeth rattling in fresh shivers. Still he did not play for the dancers, who continued to make what headway they might to the time of Jim's patting.

Callista saw Ola bring the banjo and lay it in Lance's lap. Then the little brown girl seated herself close beside him. Now he bent and placed the instrument properly in Ola's grasp, disposing the short, stubbed fingers on the strings. In the positive throes of jealousy that this sight brought, Callista had for her own self-respect to recall that Lance had offered more than once to teach her to play, and that she had cuttingly refused to learn, or to touch the banjo, which she was growing to hate with an unreasoning hatred. Now the dancers grew tired of Jim and his patting, and the call was for music.

"See here, Lance Cleaverage," said Buck Fuson. "We-all throwed in to get you to play; but we ain't a-goin' to pay the money and have you fool away your time with Ola."

This was the first that Callista knew of there being any pay for such a thing as banjo-playing.

"All right," said Lance, laconically, not looking up from his instructions. "I've had me a good supper, and I've got a warm place to stay, and that's all I want. Go on and dance."

He addressed himself singly to Ola and her chords, moving her fingers patiently, taking the banjo himself to show her just how the thing was done. She was a dull pupil, but a humbly grateful one; and after a while it seemed to Callista that she could no longer bear the sight. She was debating starkly between the desperate course of returning home alone and the yet more desperate enterprise of going in, when a shadow crossed the deeper shadow behind her and she turned with a smothered

scream to find Iley Derf's Indian husband moving impassively through the glow from the window and making his way toward the back door.

At the sight she wheeled and fled, running through the yard toward the front gate and the big road. She gained that doubtful refuge just as a man on a horse came splattering up through the muddy little hollow below the Derf place. With another cry she flung about and ran from him, stepped on a round stone, and fell.

For a moment she crouched over her cruelly wrenched ankle, trying to get to her feet, the breath sobbing through her parted lips; then somebody set a not-too-gentle grasp on her shoulder, and she looked up to divine in the dimness Flenton Hands's face above her. There was sufficient light from the noisy cabin behind to allow him to recognize her.

"Lord God—Callista!" he whispered, lifting her to her feet and supporting her with an arm under hers. "What in the world—?"

"I—I—something scared me," she faltered. "It was that old Indian that Iley Derf married. He came right a-past where I was and, and—he scared me."

"Whar was you at?" inquired Hands, blankly.

"In there," returned Callista, pointing toward the Derf yard, beginning to cry like a child. "I was looking through the window at them dance, and—and that old Indian scared me."

Twang—twang—twang, across the gusty darkness of the night came the jeer of Lance's banjo. There was no whisper now of "How many miles—how many years?" but the sharp staccato of "Cripple Creek," punctuated by the thudding of dancers' feet as they pounded out the time. Callista felt her face grow hot in the darkness. She knew that Flenton was listening and that he must guess why she should hang outside the window looking in.

"Come on," said Hands suddenly, almost roughly. "This ain't no fit place for you—a woman like you—

my God! Callista, I'll put you on my horse and take you home."

There was a new note in his voice, a new authority in his movements, as he lifted her to the saddle and, plodding beside her in the dark, wet road, made no further offer of question or conversation.

In spite of herself Callista felt comforted. She reached up and gathered her hair together, wringing the rain from it and redding it with the great shell comb which always held its abundant coils in place. She could not in reason tell Flenton to leave her—she needed him too much. When they turned in at the ill-kept lane which led to Lance's cabin, Lance's wife caught her breath a little but said nothing. Flenton lifted her gently down at her own doorstep, and, opening the door for her, followed her in and lit a candle. He looked at the cold ash heap on the fireless hearth, whistled a bit, and went out. She heard him striking matches somewhere about the wood-pile, and directly after came the sound of an ax. It was not long before he returned, his arms piled high with such bits of dry wood as he could find, split to kindling size.

"It looks like it's a shame for me to have you waitin' on me this-away," Callista began half-heartedly. She had taken counsel with herself during his absence and resolved to make some effort to keep up appearances.

"Hit don't look like anything of the sort," protested Flenton Hands. "You needed me, and that's all I want to know."

He had laid his fire skilfully, and now the big blazes began to roar up the great chimney.

"My feet ain't been warm this whole blessed day," Callista said, almost involuntarily, as she drew nearer the fascinating source of both warmth and light. "My, but that does feel good!"

"You pore child!" Flent muttered huskily, turning toward her from the hearth where he knelt. "You're e'en about perished."

He went out swiftly, only to come hurriedly back, reporting,

"I can't find any wood—whar does Lance keep it?"

Lance's wife hung her head, lips pressed tight together, striving for resolution to answer this with a smooth lie.

"He don't go off and leave you in this kind of weather without any wood?" inquired Hands hoarsely.

"Yes—he does!" Callista choked. And having opened the bottle a bit, out poured the hot wine of her wrath. All the things that she might have said to her mother had she been on good terms with that lady; the taunts that occurred to her in Lance's absence and which she failed to utter to him when he came; these rushed pell-mell into speech. She was white and shaking when she made an end.

"There," she said tragically, getting to her feet. "I reckon I had no business to name one word of this to you, Flenton; but I'm the most miserable creature that ever lived, I do think; and I ain't got a soul on this earth that cares whether or not about me. And—and—"

She broke off, locking her hands tightly and staring down at them.

Flenton had the sense and the self-control not to approach her, not to introduce too promptly the personal note.

"Callista," he began cautiously, assuming as nearly as possible the tone of an unbiassed friend of both parties, "you ort to quit Lance. He ain't doin' you right. There's more than you know of in this business; and whether you stay thar or not, you ort to quit him wunst and go home to your folks."

Callista made an inarticulate sound of denial.

"I never will—never in this world," she burst out. "I might quit Lance, but home I'll never go."

Flenton's pale gray eyes lit up at the suggestion of her words, but she put aside the hand he stretched out toward her.

"I've been studying about it all day, and for a good many days before

this one," she said with slow bitterness. "Lance Cleavage gives me plenty of time to study. If I leave this house I'm goin' straight to Father Cleavage."

Hands looked disappointed but he did not fail to press the minor advantage.

"If you want to go to-night, Callista," he suggested, "I'd be proud to carry you right along on my horse. Lance needs a lesson mighty bad. You go with me——"

"Hush," Callista warned him. "I thought I heard somebody coming. Thank you, Flent. You've been mighty good to me this night. I'll never forget you for it, but I reckon you better go now. When a woman's wedded, she has to be careful about the speech of people; and—I reckon you better go now, Flent."

The rain had ceased. A watery little moon looked out and made the wet branches shine with a dim lustre. Callista stood in the doorway against the broken leap and shine of the firelight. Hands went to his horse, and then turned back to look at her.

"And you won't go with me?" he repeated once more. "Callista, you'd be as safe with me as with your own brother. I've got that respect for you that it don't seem like you're the same as other women. I wish't you'd go, if for nothin' but to learn Lance a lesson."

The girl in the doorway knew that there was no wood for any more fire than that which now blazed on the hearth behind her; she was aware that there was scarcely food in the house for three days' eating; yet she found courage to shake her head.

"Thank you kindly, Flent," she said with a note of finality in her tone. "I know you mean well, but I can't go."

Then she closed the door as though to shut out the temptation, and, dressed as she was, lay down upon the bed and pulled the quilts over her.

She listened to the retreating hoofs of Flenton's horse, dreading always to hear Lance's voice hailing him,

telling herself that his presence there at that hour alone with her was all Lance's fault, and she had no reason for the shame and fear which possessed her at thought of it. But the hoofs passed quite away, and still Lance did not make his appearance. She could not sleep. She judged it was near midnight. Pictures of Lance teaching Ola Derf her chords on the banjo flickered before her eyes. Pictures of Lance dancing with Ola as he had at the infare followed. She had a kind of wonder at herself that she was not angrier, that she was only spent and numbed and cowed.

Then all at once came a light step she knew well, the hum of the banjo as Lance set it down to open the door, and Lance himself was in the room.

She thought she would have spoken to him. She did not know that the Indian had gone in and announced her presence outside the window at the Derfs'. As she raised her head she got his haughty, lifted profile between herself and the light of the now dying fire. She knew that he was aware of her presence; but he looked neither to the right nor to the left; he made

no comment on her fire, but strode swiftly through the room and to the little ladder-stair which led up to the loft. Mounting this, he was lost to her sight, but she heard him moving about and making himself a pallet of quilts to lie down!

At the sound, all that numbing inertia fell away from her. She sat up on the edge of the bed as she had once before that evening, and her eyes went from side to side of the room, picking out what she wanted to take with her. A few swift movements secured her shawl and sunbonnet. Without stealth, yet without noise, she opened the door and stepped out. A mounted figure approaching the gate in the moonlight showed itself to her as Flenton Hands. She ran down the path to him.

"I—Callista, don't be mad—I—looks like I could n't leave you this-away—I come back," he faltered. Then as he saw her shawl and bonnet, he added with more confidence, "I 'lowed maybe you might change your mind—and I come back."

"Yes," said Callista breathlessly, not looking at him. "I'm ready to go now, Flent."

*(To be continued)*

## THE AMERICAN CHURCH ON TRIAL

By HUGH C. WEIR

AUTHOR OF "THE CONQUEST OF THE ISTHMUS"

NOVEMBER, 1908, was a notable month. On its third day, the American people elected a President. It is not generally known, however, that during this month occurred an event of even more importance to the American people.

This was the assembling in Philadelphia of four hundred earnest men, representing more millions of constituents than the combined population of Spain, Portugal, Greece,

Denmark, Switzerland, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Canada—forty millions in all, or nearly three times the number of voters registered at the presidential polls.

The delegates represented the Federal Council of Churches of the United States. Thus they were acting for over one half the population of this country—one person in every two among all of the men, women and children in the Union being a church

member or church contributor. What a giant power they could wield if acting in concert! This was the thought in which the Philadelphia conference had its birth—to guide into one organization the country's 230,000 churches.

From one point of view, these four hundred men were dreamers. So were the framers of the Constitution which to-day binds forty-six States. And just as the possibilities of the American Union were not realized until the task of making it a union was shouldered, so the possibilities of the American Church were not realized until the operation of splicing and binding its multitude of branches began. Since the Puritan days of Plymouth, men have been building temples of worship, which have grown as their builders have grown, until the cabins of unplastered logs have become edifices of stone and marble, expanding in number from scores to hundreds, and from hundreds to thousands. Wherefore the delegates of the Federal Council of Churches, seeking to guide the arteries of the Gospel into one channel (not as one creed, but as a union of creeds) were astounded as they realized, first perhaps of all men, the area they were seeking to cover.

At the outset, they were girdling an organization, a fraction of whose dollar-strength could smother the Steel Trust. Capitalize the American Church at \$12,000,000,000 and you would be within the facts. Moreover, these billions are in the class of "gilt-edged securities"—real estate in the leading business centres of our greatest cities, buildings rated among the architectural triumphs of the day. To maintain the activities of the American churches demands a weekly expenditure of \$10,000,000. In other words, a yearly total of over \$500,000,000 must be raised to balance the debit and credit columns. To approach the subject from still another view-point, the American people spend nearly \$1,500,000 every day for the development of their religion. Nor is this

surprising; for the American Church, all denominations included, represents an empire greater in population than the Republic of France or the Kingdom of Italy. Its constituency is five times the present population of the original thirteen States.

This is the institution to-day lashed by the cynics. Its usefulness, we are told, is crumbling to the dead ashes of a forgotten fire. We have heard the charge from men outside and from men inside the pulpit, that the blood of the American Church is turning to water; that its veins have shrivelled, its muscles grown flabby, its heart grown hard; that the gulf between it and the world outside has grown broader and deeper; that it has drifted away from the people—and is drifting farther. Theologians have heard these charges and have not refuted them; many have even added to them. Much of the criticism of the church has come from the church, from the godly as well as from the heretic. And the world, seeing and hearing and ever ready to believe the worst, has been torn by the tidal wave of what, for want of a better term, is defined as "spiritual unrest."

Men have lost much of their old confidence in their courts, their prisons, their public institutions and their public officials. Are they to lose confidence also in their churches?

We are attacking not only the vine-clad chapel of the rural village or the stately edifice of the metropolis, when we attack the American Church. We are attacking an institution with a hundred armies at its back and in its treasury more millions than the combined coffers of the world's ten richest men. Is it true that the church is overfed—that it has sunk to the position of the man weighted by his own fat? Is it true that in the accumulation of the billions which flood its treasury, it has become money-dazed and money-crazed, and in the struggle for gold has lost sight of the millions of unchurched and unclothed and unfed, starving alike for bread and love?



We hear much of the people turning from the old-fashioned church with its red-fire oratory and mourner's bench and lurid pictures of sulphur and brimstone. Also we hear much of the new-fashioned church with its high-priced pews and imported musicians and hundred-thousand dollar chimes turning from the people. Which is true? Beneath the charges of moribund creeds, and of churches ceasing to pulse with the glow of brotherhood and love and sympathy, what foundation do we find? In plain English, the Church is on trial. Rightly or wrongly, it has been placed on the rack of public investigation. What does an impartial digest reveal?

For what are the millions of our churches spent? What do they mean to the American people, from whose pocket-books they find their way to the contribution plate?

Of course, a large part of the enormous expense of the modern church is made necessary by the bread-and-butter problems of the ministry. If many of our clergymen seem to be drawing fat incomes from lean sermons, it must be recalled that a large majority of the American ministers are the most grievously underpaid professional men of the century. Many of the frock-coated, sombre-faced young men who expound the Gospel do so at a yearly stipend of five hundred dollars or less, though sundry of their more favored brethren draw as many thousands, and the aggregate amounts to millions.

Then, of course, there is the subject of church music. There is the silk-rustling congregation that pays its stiff-backed quartet more than it pays its minister. There is also the congregation that distributes its salaried singers through the pews to drown the voices of the amateurs. A certain Boston church pursued this custom for several years, at an annual expenditure of \$30,000. Also, we have the old-fashioned congregation with its home-made music, whose hymns cost only the price of the twenty-five-cent song-books, distrib-

uted three to a pew. But taking the cheap and the costly together, we are again confronted with an annual total of millions.

When we consider the thousands of our churches that spend from \$10,000 to \$100,000 to secure sweet sounding chimes, as was done by the congregation to which one of Pittsburg's more conspicuous millionaires belonged, when we consider the imported vocalists and full orchestras maintained by certain of our richer churches, we do not find it difficult to understand how the "frills" of our modern religious service may cost more than the substance of the gospel.

And then there are the twenty millions spent annually on foreign missions—an investment as hazy and mysterious to the average man as the tropical jungles and polar wastes where the two thousand lion-hearted pioneers of the Bible wage their patient, uncomplaining battle for the salvation of their alien fellowmen. Ask your neighbor the population of the earth, and in nine cases out of ten, you will receive the careless answer, "Oh, four or five hundred millions or so." He has named only the Christian population. If he included the non-Christian population, he would have to multiply this estimate three times or more. To be exact, the latest census places the inhabitants of the globe at 1,520,000,000. Of this number, about 480,000,000 are Christians. This is why our 2000 missionaries find the conversion of the world's billion "heathen" a task which drains the life-blood of the men in the field and the millions of the men at home.

This brings to our vision the missionary who labors at home. For example, there is the many-sided evangelistic work among the negroes—for the Bible is playing its part in the solution of the color problem, and hundreds of thousands must be raised every year for the religious instruction and education of the black man. Scores of unknown men and women are wearing out their lives in the up-

lifting of the American Indian. There are church crusades for and among our more than 1,000,000 immigrants each year; and there is a network of settlement-stations dotting the slums of our great cities, where constantly growing millions are spent to relieve our constantly increasing poor.

The Presbyterian Church has established a national labor department which, under the virile leadership of Charles Stelzle, is seeking to rivet the bonds between the church and the working-man. The Baptist Church in its national "colporteur" campaign is sending covered wagons—like the moving vans or "prairie-schooners" of the "forty-niners"—to the little-known corners of the Union, with religious literature. The American Tract Society has reached, first and last, 16,296,233 families. More recently steam has supplanted horses in the home missionary campaigns. Chapel cars have been added to the colporteur wagons, and in 1908 over 50,000 miles were covered by the railroad churches. When it is stated that there are still hundreds of communities in these enlightened States without a church, and tens of thousands of families that do not have the opportunity of attending religious service, the province of the chapel car and the colporteur wagon receives a new emphasis. It would be no exaggeration to say that at least one million of our people, or enough to fill the cities of San Francisco, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, do not have public worship in any form within twenty miles of their homes.

Coming to the ninety-one years' record of the American Bible Society, we again plunge into the realm of millions. In the year 1907, the organization sent 1,910,853 testaments to the four corners of the earth. Last year the number reached and passed the two-million mark—printed in 144 different languages and dialects, and making a total output for the Society of nearly 100,000,000 copies. The army of men and women employed in their production and distribution is greater than the 75,000 shoe-

workers of the country, or enough to people the city of Los Angeles.

From the making of Bibles, let us turn to the teaching of the 11,329,253 Sunday-school pupils of the United States, and the work of the American Sunday-school Union, which is creating 1300 new Sunday-schools every year. This means that it is establishing four each day—a record which keeps a force of 150 field missionaries actively engaged. To maintain the Sunday-schools of the country, a staff of 1,451,855 teachers is needed—almost the population of Chicago, and 100,000 greater than the total teaching force of our public schools.

Is it true that our churches have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in architecture and music and sermons, and have forgotten the investment in human sympathy and kindness and love? Is it true that they have centred their attention on stones, forgetting that a church deals with souls?

Before me there comes the remembrance of a certain wintry night in Chicago. I had been studying morosely the dreary lobby of the Grand Pacific, when I saw, suspended on the walls, this invitation in neat, black script:

*The Business Men of Chicago request your presence at the meeting of the Sunday Evening Club at Orchestra Hall, at 8 P.M. Rev. Frank M. Crane will speak. Good music.*

I pushed back my chair with a sudden determination. I would go. A few minutes later, I was picking my way across the ice-crusted pavements of Chicago's "Loop"—which, stripped of the elements of its week-day-frenzy, lay under the slate clouds of the winter evening as lifeless and colorless as Wall Street at five o'clock. Even the frosted lights of the theatres shone upon deserted lobbies. Chicago preferred the glow of the fireside to the glare of the stage—and I realized that the thermometer must have sunk low indeed! Also, the thought emphasized my own errand. I put

the question cynically to myself as I recalled the vague reports I had heard of the organization behind the hotel poster—this latest movement of the restless laymen for the church and the churchless.

"We will find a program dry as dust," I thought, with visions of sundry amateur speakers flanking a theologian of heavy reputation and adjectives; and then swung into Michigan Avenue, and Orchestra Hall and the first of the surprises of the evening was before me.

I had found the theatre lobbies barren as a gnawed bone, with their rainbow bills flapping vainly above the frozen pavements. Before the conservative front of Orchestra Hall, however, was a winding stream of overcoated figures—a line without end, zigzagging through the revolving doors with an eagerness alike proof against the blasts of Lake Michigan and the lure of the playhouses around the corner.

What magnet was within? The question came as I wedged myself between a fur-coated couple in front and a shivering individual in rusty black at my rear. What attraction had the business men of Chicago inaugurated, strong enough and human enough to bring these opposite extremes through the winter night? The curt voice of an usher sounded at our left—"Only gallery seats left, gentlemen!"

"And we'll have to hurry to find those," muttered the man in rusty black.

The line broke at right angles and I found myself mounting the half circle of stairs. Ahead of us the deep, rich tones of a pipe organ abruptly burst forth. A second usher beckoned impatiently, a swinging door was pushed open, and below us stretched the great pit of Orchestra Hall crammed with row after row of white faces. A morning newspaper said there were five thousand in the audience. If the estimate had been ten thousand, I should not have been surprised.

Above the sea of faces at the end of

the vast auditorium a restless choir was grouped in a great half-moon. At the platform was a small, unobtrusive rostrum on which an open Bible reposed. Over at the side, the bent organist was bursting into the climax of Handel's "Largo."

My eyes returned to the endless rows of faces below and around me, packed tier on tier with an eye to the inches. There was a curious fascination in the very immensity of the audience, in these thousands of white uplifted faces drawn together for—what? It was with difficulty I recalled that a religious service had lured them from the four corners of a great city through the bleak winter night. Against this fact, two others thrust themselves. One was the picture of the deserted theatres I had passed, worsted in their glittering appeal to the public eye. The other was the remembrance of the stinging charge that the power of the American pulpit is a thing of the past, that the modern church is an edifice of stone and marble that houses—nothing.

A brisk man in a business suit raised his hand toward the choir, and its music swept through the hall with the vigor of a cheering regiment. "Is this a church?" I asked my neighbor on the right, a thin, nervous man, who had been buried in his program. "It is a twentieth-century church, friend," he answered, with the assurance of a man who has said the same thing often. Long after the service had come to an end the words haunted me.

It was a program leading by natural steps to an effective climax—the electric rhetoric of the speaker of the evening. Dr. Frank Crane of Massachusetts had travelled a thousand miles to deliver this address. Afterward I found that three quarters of the speakers of the Sunday Evening Club traverse a distance fully as great. The business men of Chicago scour the Union with a fine-comb for men who have something to say and know how to say it. Also they think nothing of fat checks and heavy

expense items for the privilege of listening to them. Nor do they follow the tradition that if a man has a message to men he is in the pulpit. Mr. Taft once occupied Dr. Crane's place; also Mr. Bryan, and many governors who bulk large in the public eye.

Of such vital import was the message of Dr. Crane that his five thousand hearers were held as by a magnet. And always the fire of his words was intensified by the remembrance that the leading business men of the second greatest American city were paying good, round dollars that the public might hear them. Let me give you some of my jottings from his sermon:

"Men who hold near to the ideals of God find it difficult to win business success. If you shape your life by the lines of Jesus Christ, you may lose your job to-morrow. We are governed by fearfully and wonderfully made standards. A man steals a loaf of bread and is sent to jail. Another man steals a city block—as many of our great street-car directors do—and he becomes a millionaire, and buys a mansion."

Re-read these sentences after you digest the statement that the directors of the Sunday Evening Club are John G. Shedd, President of Marshall Field & Co.; Phillip L. James, of the same firm; Frank H. Armstrong, President of Reid, Murdoch & Co.; Charles L. Hutchinson, Vice-President of the Corn Exchange National Bank; Richard C. Hall, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce; and John T. Pirie, Jr., of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. Glance at a Dun or a Bradstreet, and you will find that these seven men represent an immense financial strength. And it is this group that supplies the money-sinews of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, and pays thousands to have messages such as these poured into the ears of the city.

I no longer wondered at the thin audiences of the neighboring theatres, or that the hotel placard, which beckoned to me, had brought men

miles through the winter night. Again the crisp definition returned to me—"a twentieth-century church." And the financial giants of the West were footing its bills! I rubbed my eyes at the picture and sought Clifford W. Barnes, former President of Illinois College, in whose hands the executive reins of this Club are held. Of him I demanded the why and the wherefore of this organization, and asked what flag it flew.

"We stand for men," was the reply, "primarily for men who are away from their own hearthstones and pews. To them we offer a substitute for the old church at home. Also, we offer to Chicago's great clerical army a church home near enough the district of the hall-bed-rooms to save car fare, and human enough to compete with the theatre. Our mission is to fill a void. We have men in Chicago who do not consider their duty to their employees ended with the pay envelope. Some of them found that the young men who kept their books and the young women who wrote their letters were not going to any church—that many of them had not gone to church for years; and they determined to provide a church for them."

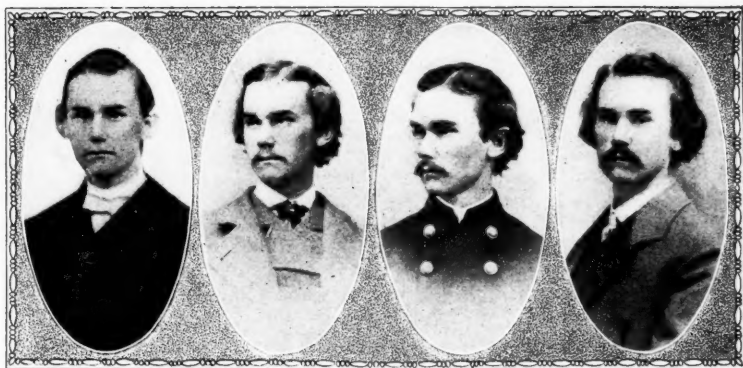
The statement was made as emotionlessly as though it were the announcement that the business men had established an employees' training school in commercial methods.

"Your organization is interdenominational?" I queried.

"Of course. It is a part of all churches and yet a part of none. It is really more than a church. It is a club. Twice a month we assemble the men at an informal dinner—where we have something besides well-cooked food. We try to maintain some of the elements of both theology and sociology. We are a men's church, and the better to reach and hold the men, we are a club as well."

On this I pondered as I left. Was this the reason for the definition, "a twentieth-century church"?

*(To be continued)*

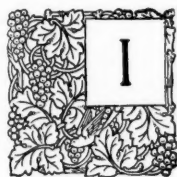


JOHN HAY AS HE APPEARED IN 1861, 1863, 1865 AND 1867

## JOHN HAY

### THE MAKING OF A GREAT DIPLOMAT

By CHARLES W. MOORES



IN 1861 the Republic was brought face to face with destruction. The mourners began to go about the streets, and there was sorrow in all the land. It was the day of the young man, for only he had hope.

At such a time Providence brought together the new President, who—although but fifty-two years of age—felt himself in that dread crisis an old man, and the young student, John Hay, and established an intimacy between them that was of immeasurable benefit to the younger one, and that moulded the boy's character and career, and after the term of a generation changed the destinies of the nations, giving to the oppressed in Africa and in the far East the protection from the hand of the spoiler that only the spirit of the great liberator could have inspired.

What would John Hay have done in letters or in the world's work had

he not spent those four impressionable years in intimate companionship with Abraham Lincoln? One studies the picture of the oddly mated pair, the man of sorrows, gaunt and strange, and the gentle, happy, poetic lad; and one reads how in the silence of his sleepless and sorrow-broken nights the great President used to court repose of spirit at his young secretary's bedside by reading to the boy from some loved book. One fancies one can trace the Lincoln spirit in the younger man's after career, its inspiration and its dominating force. He who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven must be born again. And from the new birth that those years brought forth there came one who was to stand before kings.

John Hay was born at Salem, Indiana, Oct. 8th, 1838. He graduated at Brown University, studied law in Springfield, and accompanied the President-elect to Washington as his private secretary. His residence in the White House and the extraordin-

ary duties that fell to his lot while there brought him into close personal relations with all the public men of the time. He earned the rank of Colonel "for faithful and meritorious service" in the field as Assistant Adjutant-General and *aide-de-camp* to the President, and returned to Washington in time to watch beside Lincoln's death-bed. Under Lincoln's appointment, he went almost at once after the assassination to Paris as secretary of legation, following that introduction to diplomacy by becoming *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna and secretary of legation at Madrid. For the four years which followed his services at Madrid he wrote editorials for the New York *Tribune*. He married Miss Stone of Cleveland in 1874. Under President Hayes he was assistant to William M. Evarts, Secretary of State, and retired in 1881 to take up with Nicolay the

great Life of Lincoln. After sixteen years devoted to literary work of various sorts he returned to public life in 1897, accepting the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and in the following year becoming Secretary of State; a position which he held until the burden of official responsibilities brought him to an untimely death in 1905.

He was cosmopolitan by training as well as by nature. In an after-dinner speech before the Ohio Society, he humorously accounted for himself:

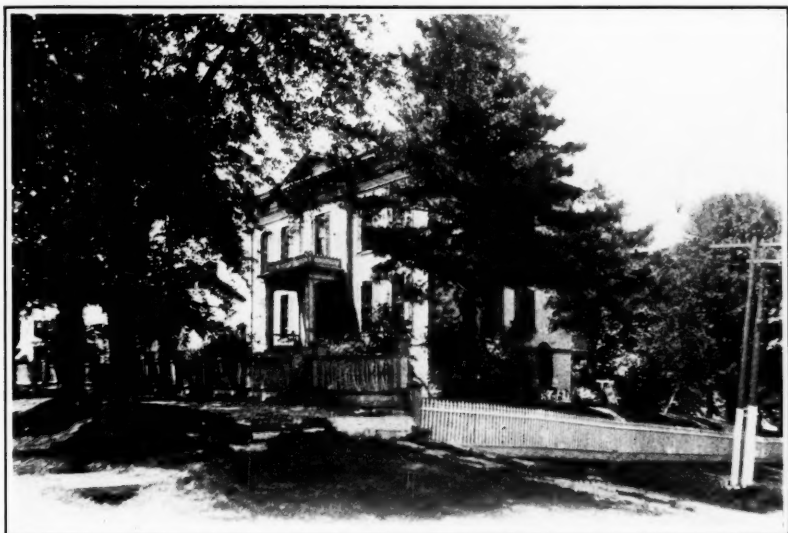
I was born in Indiana, I grew up in Illinois, I was educated in Rhode Island . . . I learned my law in Springfield, Illinois, and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk-room in the District of Columbia. When I look to the springs whence my blood descends, the first an-



Photograph by Will Molley, Salem, Ind.

BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HAY, SALEM, INDIANA





THE HAY HOME, WARSAW, ILLINOIS

cestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman who was half English and a German woman who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors my mother was from New England and my father was from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons, and confess that I am nothing but an American.

Three brilliant years at Brown University, where his verses had won some little reputation for the college and for himself, and three years at Springfield, in supposed preparation for the law, brought him, still but a boy, to the real training-school of his life—the daily companionship of Abraham Lincoln. With more of dignity and the air of real aristocracy than one would expect to find in the author of “Jim Bludso” and “Little Breeches,” he was from the first approachable and free from affectation. One who must have known him well in those early days described him as “A comely young man with peach-bloom face, old-fashioned speech, smooth and low toned, quick in comprehension, high bred, courteous; not one with whom the breezy, over-

flowing politician would be apt to take liberties.” The quaint fashion of dress shown in the old-style photographs does not take from him, even to modern eyes, the look of distinction, the fine air of the man of the world, which must have made him a marked man in that group of Springfield politicians that was soon to take its place in the councils of the nation.

Within the memory of the generation now living, there rose to a place among the immortals one who, like the greatest of earth, found sweet companionship in what we call our common humanity, and whose infinite sympathy extended alike to the coarse-grained habitué of the tavern and to the widow who had laid her “costly sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.” There were good men who awaited in utter terror the advent of “the buffoon of Springfield,” and who saw in the motley character of his more intimate associates a menace to the Republic. It was a strange company that, followed Lincoln to the capital, and those were singular folk whom the cultivated society of Washington met as Lincoln’s friends. Jeffersonian democracy was

something more than an iridescent dream when Dennis Hanks visited the White House.

The work assigned by the President elect to his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, was of the most intimate and confidential nature. Nicolay was a trained politician and knew everybody in Western politics. He handled the candidate's correspondence during the campaign, made speeches in his behalf, and executed such missions as called for tact and knowledge of men and of political conditions. Though a Bavarian by birth he had practised journalism long enough in Ohio to become a politician, and had practised politics in Illinois long enough to make himself a part of the Republican machine. Lincoln needed no guide either in politics or in the art of expres-

sion. But what Nicolay was to him in the handling of difficult political situations—a sort of *alter ego*, in a small way—John Hay was in the handling of such matters as required the written word of the new President. For he was more than assistant to Colonel Nicolay: he was, rather, the literary secretary of a President who needed—if ever President did—some one to give exact expression to infinitely delicate shades and distinctions of meaning.

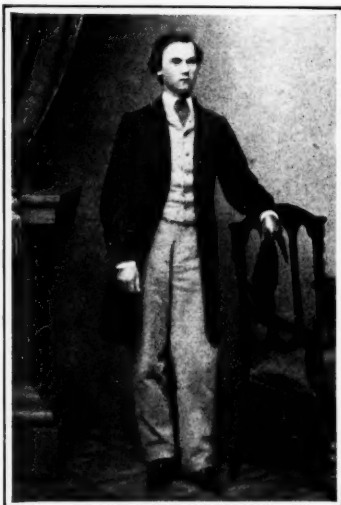
Lincoln did not always—nor at first often—trust his own judgment. He sought advice from holders of every shade of opinion, and sometimes gave more weight to the views of his advisers than others would. He took time to find the truth, halting between opinions, and feeling his way, until he reached a conclusion. It was a

time that called for patient waiting—and Lincoln was of all men the most patient. In America everybody knows how to run the Government, and all men—and some editors—are willing to show the authorities how to do it. It was a part of Hay's duty to go on all sorts of missions

for the President, searching out the truth, carrying messages and seeking counsel where it was not safe to trust the secret to paper. In private conference, on battlefields, and in editorial sanctums the clear-headed young envoy of the anxious President was more than an apprentice in statecraft; he was in many an emergency the eye and understanding and strong arm of his strange master.

If Lincoln hesitated sometimes in determining courses of action, he must have given many

an anxious hour to the task of framing those papers and letters of state that are beginning to bring him to his true place in the front rank of modern men of letters. The mystery of the making of the Second Inaugural and the speech at Gettysburg is beyond the comprehension of one who realizes how every eager moment of Lincoln's conscious days was assailed with the conflicting demands of routine duties, the cares and responsibilities of state, the pressure of sympathy and sorrow, and the haunting dread of a nation's hopeless failure. Lincoln, more than most Presidents, prepared his own state papers. The drafting of messages and proclamations, the preparing of diplomatic instructions, and the writing of letters, official and personal, is being left more and more to the trained skill of secretaries and clerks.



Photograph by Brady, Washington, April, 1861

JOHN HAY IN HIS TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

And the characteristic Lincoln touch that one recognizes through all the documents of that period—the quaint native humor of the man, and the stately style of the King James Scriptures which Lincoln had made his own by unconscious assimilation—show how much of even the literary routine was Lincoln's own handiwork.

I do not believe it is a wild flight of fancy to attribute to John Hay some of the grace of expression which distinguishes Lincoln's literary style after he entered the White House from that of the earlier product of his pen. In this later work one notes the same virility, the same simplicity, the same personality asserting itself in every word and phrase. But to these qualities there seems to have been added an

indefinable smoothness and delicacy—at times distinctly poetic in its spirit—that is almost wholly missing in the earlier addresses. There is no evidence that the literary secretary ever did the needed service which the President, too busy to do it for himself, would have called "licking into shape." It is not inconceivable that he did.

Almost before he had reached man's estate, John Hay had made a name for himself in literature on both sides the Atlantic. English taste regarding American writers is not discriminating. Among English readers Artemus Ward and Bret Harte as representative men of letters

have well-nigh eclipsed Hawthorne and Lowell. That "certain condescension in foreigners," which our English cousins can not quite escape, ascribes greatness to such efforts as the "Pike County Ballads," because they are "so deliciously American, you know"; enjoys Longfellow's poems

partly because they are easy to read, and renders tardy recognition to the "Commemoration Ode" and "The Scarlet Letter." When "Little Breeches" had been bringing its author some repute for forty years, and he had begun to wish it had never been written, the English press seemed to consider that the modest poet owed to those boyish stanzas more than to any other thing he had done the privilege which his commission as ambassador

conferred on him of "loafing around the throne" of Her Imperial Majesty.

John Hay's fame is dual. He was known to the literary world while still a boy, and he won his place as a master in diplomacy and a director of world policies after he had reached the age when men retire from military and naval service. Two such diverse talents are seldom found in one man. And I know of no other instance where a man has captured the world's applause, has withdrawn with it, and has returned to win new laurels after the interval of an ordinary lifetime. It was talent that enabled the boy to create Little Breeches and Banty Tim. It was genius that enabled the



JOHN HAY ON THE STEPS OF HIS SUMMER HOME,  
"THE FELS," NEWBURY, N. H.



JOHN HAY'S SUMMER HOME, "THE FELS," NEWBURY, N. H.

man entering world politics at sixty to win instant recognition as the peer of European masters of statecraft who had been solving international problems all their lives, and as the fit successor to Monroe, Adams, Marcy and Seward. And all this time the boy of clever accomplishment continued his growth in power of expression, until in his latter years the literary promise of his boyhood was fulfilled. The only disappointment was that he wrote so little. And yet is it not service enough to humanity to write one or two stanzas that draw men nearer to God?

In his early ballads there are single passages that have been quoted by a generation most of whom do not know the author's name—such as

"And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard  
On a man that died for men."

"I think that saving a little child  
And fetching him to his own,  
Is a derved sight better business  
Than loafing around The Throne."

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The soul of the poet grew no older as the body became frail and broken. "Thanatos—Athanatos" (Deathless Death), published in 1904, is one of the great poems of our day.

#### THANATOS—ATHANATOS

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,  
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering  
glare—

Conscious of wrinkling face and whiten-  
ing hair—

Of those who, dying young, inherited  
The immortal youthfulness of the early  
dead.

I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial  
air;

Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh  
and fair

Shining unwithered on each sacred head;  
And soldier boys who snatched death's  
starry prize,

With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,  
The dreams of love upon their beardless  
lips,

Bartering dull age for immortality;  
Their memories hold in death's un-  
yielding fee

The youth that thrilled them to the finger tips.

A deep religious spirit characterizes Hay's writings. Modest as he always is, he is yet not ashamed of a sincere piety. One of his hymns written for the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor deserves a place in sacred anthology:

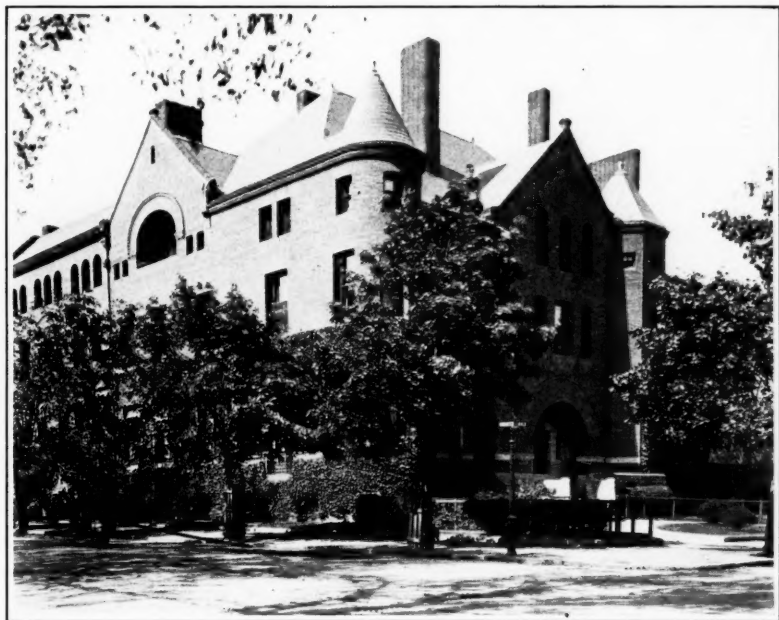
Oh, let us hear the inspiring word  
Which they of old at Horeb heard.  
Breathe to our hearts the high command:  
"Go onward and possess the land!"

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!  
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!  
Open our eyes and make us see  
The path which leads to Heaven and Thee!

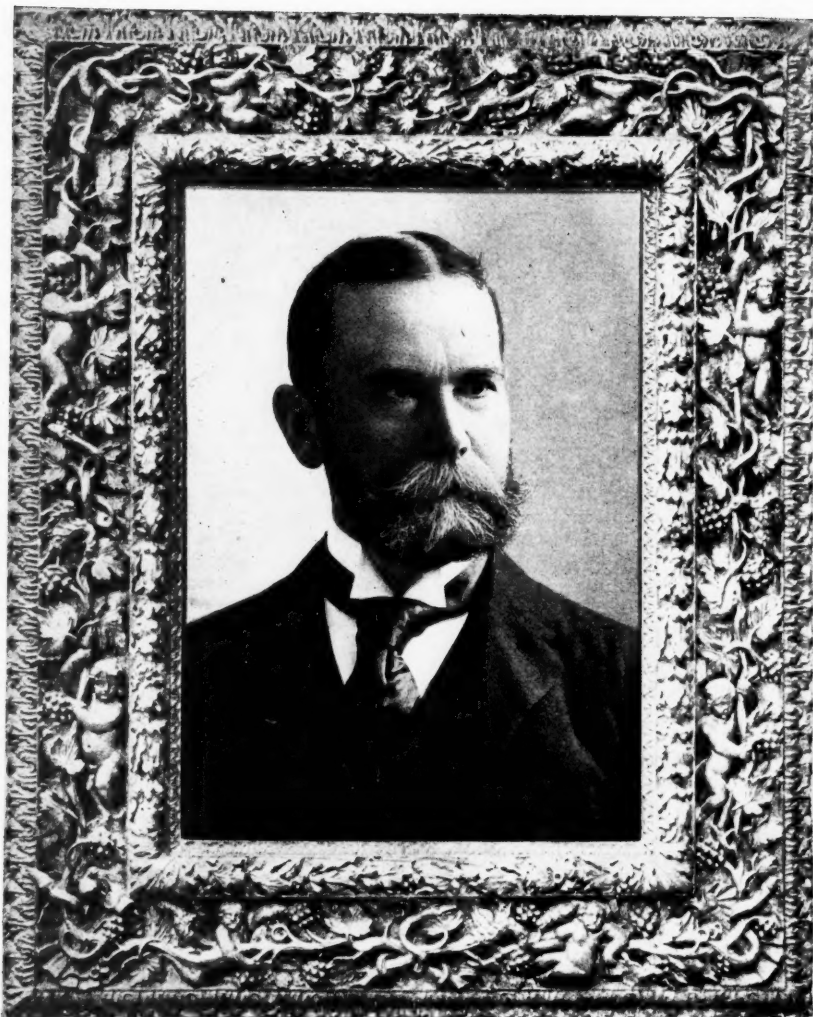
The idea of the sonnet "Thanatos—Athanatos" is even more beautifully set forth in an address to the veterans of the Grand Army, a brief paragraph of which I must quote:

And who can ever forget the faces which never had a chance to grow old—the brave young warriors who fell in battle and gained the prize of immortal youth? For them there is no shadow of struggle or poverty; no trouble of gray hairs or failing strength; no care of the present nor fear of the future. The unfading light of morning is forever in their eyes; the blessing of a grateful nation hallows their names. We salute them with loving tears, from which the bitterness is gone. We hear their young voices in the clear notes of the bugle and the murmur of the fluttering flags. Our answering hearts cry, "Hail and farewell, young comrades, till we meet again!"

The literary style of a writer is the medium through which he expresses his personality. In what a man says—the message itself—there may be intrinsic power, but it is to the way he says it that we ascribe charm; and that charm is the charm of personality, the charm of style. The



JOHN HAY'S TOWN HOUSE, 800 SIXTEENTH STREET, CORNER OF H STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
From the windows one looks across Lafayette Square to the White House. The narrow arched windows at the left are in the house of Mr. Hay's old friend, Henry Adams



Photograph by Endean, Cleveland

Courtesy of James Grant Wilson

#### JOHN HAY IN THE PRIME OF LIFE

message itself may reveal something of the man, for great thoughts do not come from shallow men, neither do we gather figs from thistles. But it is the style of the message that discloses the personality of its author.

There may be more facts in "Gunn's Household Medicine" or the census bulletins than there are in the "Essays of Elia" or "Memories and Portraits";

but in regard to style there is something to choose between them. I know nothing more delightful than to search in a man's writings for his elusive personality; to speculate upon the models which have been his, the influences which have moulded his literary manner.

If we can find the Lincoln influence in John Hay's public life, and ex-



plain thereby many of the things he did and the successes he won, there is still greater evidence, in his published addresses, of the Lincoln influence on his literary style. Everywhere in Lincoln's writings we find dominant the Bible and Shakespeare. Scriptural and Shakespearean allusions are countless. And as "the first American" read and quoted Shakespeare to his young secretary for hours at a time, and in his addresses turned to Scripture for his authority, it is not strange that the younger man adopted the same models and fell into the same way of thought, and, to a degree, the same way of expression. There is more of the Bible in John Hay's addresses than in those of any public man I have read; and one feels the need of a Shakespeare concordance at almost every page.

Few of our public men have had a more delicate or delicious humor, coupled in an unusual way with a keen and cutting wit. We are fortunate in the preservation of so many of his addresses. Speaking of his frequent opportunities for speech-making in England, he wrote to a friend: "You never saw a people so willing and eager to be bored as these blessed John Bulls. If I were of the Neronian type, which takes delight in human anguish, I could make a speech every night the year round. But I refrain—being merciful and lazy."

Of a recent candidate for the presidency, he said: "There seems no limit to his eager credulousness. . . . He seems able to believe anything—all he asks is that it shall be incredible." The man's party he characterized as a "fortuitous concourse of unrelated prejudices."

Describing a collection of sacred relics gathered by Philip the Second, he playfully writes: "With the exception, perhaps, of Cuvier, Philip could see more in a bone than any man who ever lived. In his long life of osseous enthusiasm he collected 7421 genuine relics,—whole skeletons, odd shins, teeth, toe-nails, and skulls of martyrs,—sometimes by a miracle

of special grace getting duplicate skeletons of the same saint." ("Castilian Days.")

While he had editorial charge of the New York *Tribune*, there was no such era of good feeling as we are enjoying now. Democrats and Republicans eyed one another with suspicion and alarm, and within the Republican army the leaders and even the rank and file were arrayed in hostile camps, hating one another with a bitterness unequalled in modern political history. Whitelaw Reid, whom Hay occasionally relieved, was Blaine's right-hand man, and Hay was his doughty champion, and the close personal friend of Garfield. Some one has said that in those days "the rule of the paper under Reid was that of whips, while with Hay it was that of scorpions."

And yet there was something in the *Tribune* that held the loyalty of the country as it was held by no other journal of that day. Horace Greeley had spoken of Hay as "the most brilliant writer that ever entered the *Tribune* office"; and this was at a time when it numbered among its editors Greeley himself, and Bayard Taylor, Ripley, Burlingame, Winter and Whitelaw Reid.

His witty sallies must have made Blaine's enemies squirm, but they pleased the public and perhaps justified the sting they sometimes carried with them. Editorials are hurriedly written and soon forgotten. But those who read the *Tribune* in its palmy days still recall what it used to say. Nothing quite like it is to be found in our twentieth-century journalism, although one New York newspaper, if it had more character and dignity to support the sheer ability of its editorial page, might take its place.

An old *Tribune* subscriber was recalling a few days ago one of the philosophical disquisitions of the learned editor upon the items of expenditure in the budget of the United States Senate. In those days senators were allowed certain sums for specific purposes, and by common

consent commuted those allowances in favor of anything of like price that they might fancy. The particular item that inspired the editor's speculative discourse was "One gold tooth-pick." One can conceive the joy with which John Hay discussed the uses of that solitary utensil as it rendered ceaseless service to the members of our national millionaires' club.

Hay's after-dinner speeches are a compound, as such speeches should be, of the serious and the playful—truth in holiday garb. "The Fourth of July," he said to a London audience, "is a necessary and wholesome antidote to our American vice of modesty." "The national American flower ought to be the violet, the emblem of modesty and self-effacement." And in one of these Independence Day toasts there comes this sentence, like a flash of lightning out of the heaven of truth: "But I am old enough to have seen, at an insult to the flag, a million peace-loving men rushing to arms, and crowding the 'road of death as to a festival.'"

His figures of speech are always striking. I quote:

"Poe received with pathetic gratitude the few dollars which were grudgingly doled out to him for those masterpieces of a melody so fine and magical that they seem like music heard in dreams." "I do not speak of my own people, because I have no time to enumerate the young writers who, beyond the sea, are beginning to flame in the forehead of the morning sky." "There were many brilliant deeds done in the war that resulted in enduring fame to fortunate individual soldiers; but the disbandment of that army, flushed with victory and idolized by the country, reflected honor upon all our race, a glory in which individual claims are lost, like atoms of cloud in the crimson splendor of a stormy sunset."

To Stedman on his seventieth birthday he proposed: "Why should we not call it his Coming of Age?" And of his country's expansion: "Even the shores of the ocean could not long check the Eagle in his

marvellous flight. The isles of the uttermost seas became his stepping stones."

Those who have attempted an estimate of John Hay as a man-of-letters have seemed to judge him by what they say he might have done, deeming that much of his verse failed somewhat of excellence. And one naturally falls into that view. If he had followed a literary career, instead of taking up letters as an avocation, there is little doubt that his training and his talent would have brought him into a place still higher than the one he made for himself. But if we are fair to our author we must judge him by his best: by the sonnet I have quoted, by the address to the veterans of the Civil War and the one on Franklin in France, and by the monumental history of Lincoln. By these standards we are bound to grant him immortality.

There is no gain in comparisons. Estimating a man by measuring him against others of his time, or setting his achievements in one avenue of usefulness against his successes in another, is a kind of child's play. And yet one is tempted to compare Hay, the poet, the imaginative, romantic, elegant, scholarly man-of-letters, with Hay the controlling spirit in world politics, and to conclude that to his extraordinary training and gifts in diplomacy there was added—for good measure—enough of the imaginative and the scholarly to enrich his diplomatic endowment in an appreciable degree. It took the imagination of the poet, the man of visions, to conceive and bring into play the new diplomacy of the Golden Rule, to preserve the "administrative entity" of China against what seemed to be her inevitable destruction, to save the Isthmian Canal for American exploitation and preserve autonomy for Cuba.

While it is true that in affairs international his real responsibility did not commence until he was sent as ambassador to the Court of St. James's just before the outbreak of the Spanish war, his forty years

of public and half-public life had given him better training than any American diplomat ever had, with the possible exception of John Quincy Adams. A close student of history, himself one of our great historians, confidant and pupil of Abraham Lincoln, secretary of legation under Bigelow at Paris, under Motly at Vienna, and under Sickles at Madrid, Assistant Secretary of State to one of the greatest lawyers of his day, he had found time between his periods of political activity to become familiar with the problems of the nations. Life in Madrid, concerning which he had written perhaps the best book that we have, had given him an understanding of Spanish politics and Spanish ways of thinking that made easier his labor of restoring diplomatic relations with Spain; while his eighteen months as Ambassador to Great Britain paved the way to the Anglo-Saxon alliance which saved us so much embarrassment when the war with Spain became inevitable, and undoubtedly preserved the Philippines from the covetous grasp of Germany. His diplomatic career is extraordinary, and the triumphs he won by his clear vision, his tact, and patience, and his understanding of the temper of the nations, have never been equalled. The events which for a less skilful Secretary of State would have proved to be occasions of stumbling were many. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, abrogating the troublesome Clayton-Bulwer convention, and releasing to us the sole control of the Panama Canal; the declaration of an open door to Chinese commerce; the preservation of China's "territorial and administrative entity," despite the greed of Russia and the demands of Germany and the other powers; the coercion of Turkey after the Armenian troubles; the compelling from Great Britain of an acknowledgment that food-stuffs intended for the Transvaal were not subject to seizure as contraband of war; the rebuke of Russian inhumanity to the Jews; the adjustment of the Alaskan boundary; the partition of

Samoa; the recognition of the Monroe doctrine when the assertion of that doctrine had ceased to be an academic question; the peaceful settlement of a most irritating controversy with Colombia; the Newfoundland treaty; the submission of the Venezuelan dispute to international arbitration—these were among Secretary Hay's achievements in six years. And during the same period he concluded fifty-eight treaties, and—what was perhaps still more difficult—secured their confirmation by the Senate.

In the negotiation of these treaties and the settlement of these international complications he encountered opposition and criticism from which his sensitive nature suffered keenly. He wrought hopefully and bravely and won men to his support by the very rectitude of his position. "I am an optimist," he exclaimed to a friend who had expressed anxiety in his behalf. "See what I was reading when you came in:

God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world!"

The criticisms were undeserved, but they hurt him none the less. Though not given to complaint, he could not refrain from making public utterance of his sense of the injustice which the Senate and the press had done him in attacking his treaties. When he received from Harvard the degree of Doctor of Laws, he said:

Such occasions are perhaps intended, in the order of things, to make amends for much that public men have to meet in their daily lives. When you are too kind, it may not be unwholesome for us to consider that there are arrears to make up. If we know we have done nothing to deserve such kindness, we also know ourselves incapable of the infamies which are laid to our charge. In future, when I am unduly chastened, I shall reflect that Harvard has put to my credit a fund of supererogatory merit which may keep me solvent, in any stress of weather.

At another time he put the spirit of our American diplomacy into these words:

In my experience of diplomatic life, which now covers more years than I like to look back upon, and in the far greater record of American diplomacy which I have read and studied, I can say without hesitation that we have generally told squarely what we wanted, announced early in the negotiation what we were willing to give, and allowed the other side to accept or reject our terms. During the time in which I have been prominently concerned in our foreign relations, I can also say that we have been met by the representatives of other powers in the same spirit of frankness and sincerity. You, as men of large affairs, will bear me out in saying there is nothing like straightforwardness to beget its like.

We take the service rendered by our public men as ours by right, deeming them amply rewarded by the press notices they receive, and giving them scanty sympathy when they are pilloried before the world to gratify some editorial dislike or difference of opinion. Their service is recognized by the student of history and appreciated by posterity.

But, after all is said, what interests us is the man himself. And no sweeter, kindlier soul ever fought his country's battles in the council chamber of the nations. He was a devout member of the Church of the Covenant at Washington and one of its official board. Those whom he met casually acknowledged his great personal charm; those who knew him well loved him. In the later years, when he was solving more problems than any previous Secretary of State had ever encountered, he carried his responsibilities heavily, suffering under a severer strain than his delicate phy-

sique was able to bear and finally breaking down beneath it. But all the time he was meeting men cheerily and maintaining the same "smiling morning face." He used to say to a confidant, "I am worked and worried almost into idiocy," and yet he found time and opportunity to meet the reporters and tell them what he could of the great secrets that were his to keep or publish. And for his friends there was always the occasional note of cheer to let them know he still remembered the personal ties. To a letter from one of them, urging him not to burden himself with an answer, he wrote: "I know you told me not to, but I like to say Hello occasionally to a good fellow, myself."

In his dealings with the press he was as frank as he was in his diplomatic relations, and he was seldom betrayed. One instance is recorded, however, when a *Journal* reporter who had broken faith before tried to get information from him. "I assure you, Mr. Secretary," the importunate young man insisted, "I would not violate your confidence for the world." "No, not for the *World*, perhaps," responded Mr. Hay, "but you did for the *Journal*."

One of our great journalists said, "He was like father, brother, philosopher, guide and friend, all in one." And our somewhat emphatic ex-President pronounced him "the most charming man and delightful companion I have ever known."

The boy whom Lincoln trusted was true to the trust; and as he grew in wisdom and in power, he established for himself a place in history that was worthy of his great teacher.





## THE JUDGMENT OF ROXENIE

By EFFIE SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



As the Almighty's my witness, 'pears to me like you're a-runnin' religion in the ground, a-settin' so much store by a passel of things that the Lord ain't no-wise pertickler about!"

It was the time of the annual Sacrament and crowds of people had gathered at the Dunkard meeting-house from every ridge and hollow for miles around. Even amid the unusual flutter of life and color that now invested it, the low log building, standing against the sombreness of innumerable pines that cover Bays Mountain, had a bleak and melancholy aspect. In its best days its appearance had not been cheerful, and time and storm had dealt with it hardly, darkening its walls to a sober brown, and seaming them with numberless fissures; here and there the mortar had fallen away from between the logs, leaving unsightly chinks and crannies; and several broken panes of the small window gave jagged glimpses of an austere and gloomy interior.

Under a huge buckeye tree near the meeting-house, three or four people, whose appearance was singularly in keeping with the scene around them, were engaged in earnest discussion. With one exception, they were old men, whose stern, deep-lined faces bore indelible records of the hardship of their long lives and the asceticism of their religion. According to Dunkard custom, they wore long hair; and the cut of their beards, closely shaven except for a single gray tuft on the chin, gave an odd, half-monstrous aspect to their faces.

The young man who had just spoken differed from the rest of the group in more respects than his youth. True, his rich hair fell back from his forehead in long waves; and his dress was, like that of the others, rigidly plain even according to the mountain standards of simplicity. Yet his face, for all its seriousness, had a warmth, a suggested capacity for passion and struggle, which his companions had probably never known. As the Brethren put it, Ephraim Utsman looked like a man in whom the old Adam would die hard.

At his passionate words, a shocked murmur came from the listeners. "Who air we," a little fiery-eyed man broke in with shrill vehemence, "who are we to jedge what the Lord is pertickler about! When the Almighty lays His commands on us, what mortal man has got the right to say that ary word of 'em be left out?"

The protest which rose to Ephraim's lips was interrupted by a derisive laugh from one of the deacons. "Ephraim," he sneered, "is it bekase ye 've been keepin' company with Roxenie that yer tongue 's tied so 's you can't reprove her sins? It 's a evil day when a da'ter of the church gits took up with the onrighteous Mammon, and goes to puttin' on breastpins and ruffles; and the wust part of it is, that him that the Brethren 's chose to guide their feet in the straight and narrer path, is upholdin' her in her folly. You 've got to take yer stand on one side or t' other, Ephraim! Ef in yer secret heart you 're a-puttin' Roxenie Puliam afore the Lord's cause, yer sin 's a-goin' to find you out!"

"The Lord knows I ain't a-puttin' Roxenie afore His cause, Deacon Hunley," declared the young pastor, "but it ain't right and jest fer you-uns to be so set agin her. I don't say that she ha'n't got vain and foolish ways, but I 'low she don't mean no rale harm."

"Don't mean no harm!" Deacon Hunley echoed, scornfully. "Can't everybody see that the gal carries a high head and a proud look jest like her pappy and grandpappy did afore her?" The old man's brow darkened with sombre recollection. "I knowed her fore-payrents well enough, and I knowed 'em to my sorrer!"

The rich odor stealing from the meeting-house kitchen announced that the lamb to be used at the supper was now ready. As the men turned toward the low doorway, one of the deacons, whose age-bleached and sharpened features still bore a strong resemblance to Ephraim's own, laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Be keerful, Ephe," warned the shaking voice, "be mighty keerful that you don't listen to the call o' flesh and blood, 'stid of the voice of the Almighty. 'No man, havin' put his hand to the plow and lookin' back, is fit fer the kingdom of God.'"

"I know, Grandpap," Ephraim murmured sadly, "but I can't decide agin her till I git more light."

On the young man's face a frown of sore perturbation still lingered, as he took his official place at the head of the rude table which, extending down the whole length of the meeting-house, held the steaming dishes of the sacred meal. Plates had been set for all the members of the church, who, as they filed in, sat down at the board, the men on one side and the women on the other.

The conscious color deepened in Ephraim's tanned cheek when his glance, wandering down the table, fell on a young girl seated near the opposite end. Among the faded or phlegmatic countenances around her, the rich bloom and vivacity of her face stood strongly out, reminding Ephraim of a crimson poppy he had once found gleaming amid the humbler growths of the garden. Like the rest of the women, she wore a plain frock of dark calico, and the white head-dress customary on sacramental occasions; but the muslin cap was fastened under her chin with a knot of warm-tinted ribbon, and below it glittered a huge breastpin, resplendent with gold plating and imitation jewels.

A sudden silence fell on the congregation as Ephraim rose and, laying aside his coat, girded a towel around him. Taking a basin of water, he knelt beside the man next him, who chanced to be Deacon Hunley, and washed and dried his feet. Then, rising, he bent his head and solemnly pressed on the old man's weazen lips the kiss of charity.

The shadows of the October afternoon deepened as the rite was passed from one to another around the table; and the first stars had come out above the dusky ridges when, the





"I'M PLUMB DISHEARTENED ABOUT YE, ROXENIE"

solemn meal ended, Ephraim made his way to Roxenie's side.

As he came up, his unsmiling eyes rested on a flashily-dressed young man who had been talking with the girl. "Good evenin', Abner," he said, coldly.

Abner Biddle, who, though born and bred a mountaineer, had for some years been employed on the public works at the county seat, had recently come back to the neighborhood of his birth, versed in so many ways of the world and displaying so many strange fashions, as might well dazzle the simple sons and daughters of Bays Mountain. It suddenly occurred to Ephraim that Roxenie's love of finery might have another source than the vanity natural to her years. "The world and the lusts thereof" all at once seemed to him to find concrete embodiment in Abner Biddle.

As Ephraim and Roxenie walked homeward along the laurel-hedged path, the silence was for a time unbroken except by the wind in the pines, and the waters of Laurel Run, dashing over the rocks down the ravine.

At length the young man sighed deeply. "I'm plumb disheartened about ye, Roxenie. It beats me why you should wear them gewgaws o' your'n to the Seckrement, of all places."

"I can't see as it's wuss to wear 'em at Seckrement than anywhars else," the girl retorted. "I ain't a-goin' behind the door to hide what I do, and the whole church kin see ef they want to!"

"The whole church is a-seein' your acts, and a-grievin' fer 'em too! In fact," Ephraim's voice fell to an awed undertone, "ef you don't take heed to your ways, the Brethren's a-talkin' about turnin' ye out!"

There was a startled hush, through which Roxenie could hear her own loud-beating heart. To dally with the forbidden allurements of the world from a position of supposed safety, had been diverting enough; but to be called to account, and turned out of the church as an unworthy member, was an appalling prospect, full of terror and shame.

"Who's been talkin' about turnin' me out?" she demanded. "I 'low it's old Jeremiah Hunley that's at

the bottom of it! I seed you and him a-talkin' together, as thick as peas in a pod. And ye washed his feet, and give him the holy kiss! Lordy, ye must hev a strong stomach!"

"The foll'wers of the Lord ort n't to be above washin' nobody's feet, Roxenie. Whose feet did you wash—yer cousin Polly Ann Ledbetter's? That war one of the things the Brethern helt agin ye, that ye never washed nobody's feet at the Seckrement, onless it war some of yer own nigh kin."

"It's Jeremiah Hunley's spite-work a-bringin' up sich things," the girl cried, passionately. "Atter him and pap had that fuss about the linefence, he never war satisfied till he 'd got pap turned out o' the church; and he 'll never be satisfied now till he gits me turned out too."

"You nee'n't to lay it all on Jeremiah Hunley, nuther," Ephraim answered, stoutly. "It 'll be yer own fault ef you're turned out. You did n't hev to jine the Brethern, Roxenie; you could 'a' staid out ef you 'd 'a' wanted to; but bein' as you air a member, 'pears to me like you ort to do what you bound yerself up to!"

For a moment Roxenie was shocked into silence by the severity of her lover's words. Then her pride rose. "Yes, I could 'a' staid out of the church, Ephraim, and I've wished a heap o' times that I hed! Thar ain't no use in bein' so quair, and different from everybody else! W'y, over in Kingsport, whar I went a-visitin' to Aunt Mirandy Pickens's, 'most every woman at the meetin'-house was a-wearin' gold pins; and they said when a gal promised to marry a feller, it war the reg'lar thing fer him to give her a ring. They 'lowed it war mighty quair that I was promised and didn't hev none, and I felt plumb ashamed." Roxenie laughed significantly. "Abner Biddle's got a pow'ful purty ring—"

She stopped abruptly as the rushing storm of Ephraim's wrath swept down on her. "Ef nothin' else 'll

do you, you kin hev Abner Biddle and his ring, fer all o' me. I 'll never buy a ring fer no woman while the world stands! I've helt up fer you, Roxenie, and tuk your part agin them that was hard down on ye, but I 'll do it no more! I've tried to snatch ye as a brand from the burnin', but from now on I 'll leave ye to yer own ways. My skyirts is clear o' your blood!"

Roxenie's laugh rang out through the solemnity of the mountain night, clear and scornful, yet with something hollow and forced in its defiant tones. "Yes, your skyirts is clear, and so is Deacon Hunley's! Go ahead and turn me out ef you want to! Jeremiah Hunley 'll never pull *me* around attar him with a leadin' string!"

A few days later, two or three Brethren chosen for that purpose called at the Pulliam cabin to talk with Roxenie, and endeavor to persuade her to submit to the church. They were received by Mrs. Pulliam, who, though she went through with all the essentials of mountain hospitality, setting "cheers" on the porch for the visitors, serving them with gourdfuls of water fresh from the spring, and inquiring minutely after their health and the health of their respective families, had about her a resolute frigidity that augured ill for the success of the visit. She was a rigid church member, and under other circumstances Roxenie's delinquencies and the prospect of her expulsion would have brought down a storm of lamentations and reproaches on the girl's head; but the supposition that Deacon Hunley was behind the movement to discipline Roxenie, awakening in the old woman dark memories of the grudge that had begun in her husband's lifetime, rendered her even more stubborn and defiant than her daughter.

"Jeremiah Hunley 'll never run rough-shod over me and mine while my head's hot," she had declared.

Roxenie listened to her visitors in silence, making to their exhor-



"THEY KNEW THAT 'THEIR MISSION HAD FAILED'"

tations the unvarying response that she hid n't done nothin' much wrong as she could see, and she wa'n't agoin' to make no acknowledgments to the church. The Brethren knew, as they walked down the rugged path from the house, that their mission had failed.

On the next preaching day, the meeting-house was crowded to overflowing; for the news that Roxenie Pulliam was to be "drawed before the brethen" had gone far and wide over the ridges, and even the most careless churchgoer had felt it incumbent on him to be present.

As the girl walked down the aisle on that eventful morning, there was a sudden stir of interest in the congregation, followed by a hush of utter amazement. Never before had such a vision appeared on Bays Mountain. Roxenie's calico dress and square cut, unfrilled Dunkard bonnet had been laid aside, and she shone dazlingly forth in brilliant and

heavily flounced sateen, while on her head rested the supreme sacrilege of a gaily trimmed hat bought at a fabulous price from a store in the valley. The much-offending breastpin flaunted itself on her bosom, and on one of her little brown hands glittered the blue stones of the ring Abner Biddle had given her. Something like a groan passed over the devout-er portion of the congregation; and from that moment the result of the trial was foreseen.

During what followed, she sat haughtily erect. Only once did her resolution falter. When, at the close of the trial, Ephraim Utsman, as pastor of the church, rose to pronounce the solemn sentence, her glance met his agonized face, turned in passionate pity upon her. Her head drooped for an instant, and a sudden tremor shook the blossoms on her gorgeous hat. Then she looked up as proudly as ever; and a defiant smile parted her lips as she passed



"SHE TORE OFF THE BROOCH AND THE RING AND FLUNG THEM FAR DOWN THE RAVINE."

through the crowd of brethren and sisters, to whose fellowship she belonged no more. It was not until she was well on her homeward road and the heavy underbrush had screened her from all eyes, that the angry pride which had sustained Roxenie fell away from her. The face above the scarlet ribbons grew strangely white; and the eyes she lifted to the accusing heavens were suddenly full of terror and remorse.

"O Lordy, what hev I done?" she moaned. "I've give up Ephraim and lost my own soul, too, fer ought I know, all fer a passel of trash that ain't wuth no more'n those dead leaves in the holler down yander!"

In a wild revulsion of feeling she tore off the brooch and the ring, and flung them far down the Laurel Run ravine.

"Roxenie Pulliam's reapin' the reward of her doin's! It's a judgment of the Lord, ef ever I knowed of one!"

The speaker was a withered and rawboned old woman, who, on her way up the steep mountain road, had stopped to rest and chat at the corn pile, where the entire Utsman family were busy harvesting their fall crop. Ephraim and his father, with an old mule and a primitive "slide," were hauling the pumpkins and spindling corn down from the new ground on top of the ridge; while Mrs. Utsman and the younger children, a numerous company of all ages and sizes, were "shucking" the gathered ears and storing them in the crib.

At the visitor's words, uttered with an air of melancholy triumph befitting an annunciator of the judgments of the Lord, there was an astounded pause among the workers.

Mr. Utsman, in the act of unloading a huge pumpkin, dropped it back on the sled; the children stood wide-eyed and open-mouthed, for once unrebuked by their mother for the suspension of their labors; and a gray shadow crept over Ephraim's face.

"Lordy, mussy," cried Mrs. Utsman, "I allus knowed that gal 'u'd come to no good eend! But tell us what's happened, Mis' Landers."

The news-bringer seated herself on the corn-pile, panting with excitement and the fatigue of her recent climb. "You-uns all know," she began, "about that thar ring that Abner Biddle give Roxenie, and that she was a-flauntin' round so high, the day the brethren turned her out. Well, that ring war *stole!* Abner Biddle stole it from a man down about Rogersville that he'd been a-workin' fer. Thar ain't never been no sich ring in these parts afore. It was rale gold, and the sets in it war wuth away up yander, 'most fifty dollars!"

A gasp of astonishment went round the corn-pile. That there could be a ring worth fifty dollars had never occurred to the wildest imaginings of Bays Mountain.

"The feller that he stole it from," Mrs. Landers continued, "got to suspicionin' that mebbe Abner hed tuk the ring, and so he come up here on a still hunt fer it. Do you mind that dressed-up man person, with eye-glasses, Mis' Utsman, that set at the back eend of the meetin'-house at Roxenie's trial? Well, that was him, and he seed his ring on the gal's hand that day. And this mornin', early, a officer rid up on hoss-back to Mis' Pulliam's, with a writ fer Roxenie. She's summoned fer trial over at Squair Riggs' on Beech Creek and the Lord only knows whar she'll eend up at!"

"What's 'come of Abner Biddle?" demanded Ephraim, sternly. "Whar's the no-count pup that done the devilment, and then put it on Roxenie to tote his load!"

Mrs. Landers gazed on the young man with the icy severity justly due an interrupter of important news.

"I don't know whar Abner Biddle is, and I hain't hed no pertickler call to find out. The officer stopped at his pap's, I heerd, but Abner hed n't been there since Sunday. But as fer as totin' Abner's load is concerned, Roxenie 'll hev enough to do ef she totes her own load, accordin' to my count."

"The gal can't be sent to the pen, onless she tuk the ring a-known' it war stole."

Mr. Utsman, whose father had once been sheriff's deputy for a brief time, delivered this bit of inherited knowledge with befitting gravity. "But, o' course, she'll hev to restore the proputtty."

The visitor bending forward lifted a mysteriously significant forefinger. "You-uns, mark my words," she said, her voice sinking to an impressive whisper, "Roxenie 'll never restore the proputtty! She hain't got no notion of givin' up that ring. Accordin' to her tale, she's throwed it away and can't find it no more!"

"Throwed it away!" exclaimed Mrs. Utsman, derisively. "Don't tell me that a gal that loves finery like Roxenie Pulliam does, would throw away a ring! She never would 'a' gone so fur as to be turned out of the church fer it, ef she'd 'a' aimed to throw it away."

"That's what I told 'em when I fust heerd it," corroborated Mrs. Landers, "and everybody on Bays Mounting is a-sayin' the same. Lordy, Lordy," the old woman shook her head dismally, "when a immortal soul gits started down hill, thar don't 'pear to be no stoppin'-place!"

Ephraim's face was tense with anguish, as he turned hurriedly away from the gossiping group. All the jealousy that had stirred him on the night of his quarrel with Roxenie was swallowed up in remorse for his delinquency as pastor, and anxiety for the erring girl.

"Whatever she comes to, it's my fault, leastways part of it is," he muttered. "I ort n't never to 'a' forsook her when she war so sore tempt-ed. 'The hirelin' fleeth.' I ha'n't been

nothin' but a hirelin' over the Lord's flock!"

An hour later, Roxenie was slowly descending the ridge on her way to the 'Squire's for trial. Behind her came the constable together with her uncle, Crit Ledbetter, who had promised to accompany her to Beech Creek. She had chosen to ride in advance in order, so far as possible, to escape the old man's longwinded exhortations. "I 'low I'll be 'most glad to go to the pen, jest to git shet of mam's and Uncle Crit's jaw, fer a spell," she had declared, while a forlorn little smile trembled on her pale lips.

Around her the woods were bare in the desolation of late autumn, and a blue haze, dim and infinitely mournful, filled the valleys and shrouded the distant peaks. As her eyes fell listlessly on the altered aspect of the autumnal woods, the girl's mind was occupied with more momentous changes. "Ain't it quair," she murmured, "how everything is turned round since we come along this road from the Seckrement! Jest five weeks ago a-Saturday, and it feels like fifty year!"

A horseman was approaching down one of the bridle-paths that led to the main road. Long before he reached her, Roxenie knew that it was Ephraim Utsman.

He drew back a moment at sight of the girl's stricken face. "You ort n't to git too much pestered about what's happened," he said, gently. "Folks ain't apt to come to harm onless they mean harm theirselves. And I can't never believe you meant much wrong, Roxenie."

A gleam of surprise lighted the blank hopelessness of her countenance. "I don't know how come ye to say that, Ephraim. Thar ain't nary other soul on Bays Mounting that's said as much. They all 'low it's a made-up tale about losin' the ring, and say I'm a-keepin' it hid some'r's."

"What defence air ye aimin' to make afore the 'Squair?"

The girl's pale face grew paler.

"Folks is a-sayin'," she answered in a low, awed voice, "that it's a jedgment of the Lord that's come on me; and ef it is, it won't do no good to fight agin it. But I 'lowed, bein' as I'd throwed the man's ring away, I'd ort to pay him fer it." Bending down, she laid a caressing hand on her mare's glossy neck. "Old Bet's wuth what the ring cost, and more too. Ef the man 'll be satisfied to take her in place of what he's lost, we 'll be square; and ef he won't I'm at the eend of my row," she added, despairingly.

"Roxenie," the young man's voice was full of passionate sorrow, "you ain't the only one that's a-deservin' of the jedgment of the Most High! I'm a-goin' with ye to the trial, and ef any harm befalls ye, I pray it may light on me, too. I war in fault. I turned agin ye and let ye stray from the Lord's fold, bekase I war mad and jealous, a-thinkin' ye loved Abner."

"Loved Abner!" Something of Roxenie's old spirit flashed into her eyes. "I ha'n't never been that bad off fer a feller yit! Ye must 'a' 'lowed I war purty fur gone, to take up with the likes of Abner Biddle!"

A sudden light came into Ephraim's troubled face. "Tell me why you throwed the ring away, Roxenie!" he demanded, eagerly. "Could it 'a' been bekase ye hated it—bekase ye war sorry fer what ye 'd done?"

Roxenie's composure, which she had kept so resolutely through all that had befallen, was giving way at last. Dropping the reins on her mare's neck, she buried her face in her hands. "Sorry! O Ephraim," she sobbed, "you can't know—nobody can't know—how sorry I was!"

It was nearly ten o'clock on the following morning when Mrs. Pulliam, coming to the door, peered out with eyes that were red from a night of weeping. Many times, during the past twenty-four hours, she had thus stepped forth, scanning the narrow road, or listening intently for every



footstep or distant barking of dogs that might foretoken news of Roxenie. Now, as she stood on the porch, listening, she fancied she heard the sound of hoofs coming up from the hollow; and a few moments later, Crit Ledbetter's mule appeared over the slope.

When she saw that Roxenie was not with her uncle, the old woman threw her apron over her head, and broke into loud lamentation. "I knowed it 'u'd turn out that way!" she wailed. "I knowed when the pore gal started off, that she'd never set foot on Bays Mounting agin!"

Crit Ledbetter gave a bluff, reassuring laugh, "You nee'n't to pester nary bit about Roxenie. She's a-comin' on behind, and old Bet's a-comin' too. The feller that Abner stole from war a pow'ful clever man. When Roxenie'd told him all about the ring, and offered him the old

mare to make up fer it, he would n't hev the nag at all. He said he'd like mightly well to git a holt of the rascal that stole his propetty, but he did n't hev no notion of sendin' a innicent gal to the pen, nor of takin' a widdier woman's hoss, nuther. And he hed the trial called right spang off, and paid the costs hisself!"

"Air ye tellin' me the truth, Crit?" the old woman cried, incredulously. "Ef nothin' 's happened to Roxenie, why hain't she come back along o' you?"

A sly smile wrinkled Crit Ledbetter's brown visage. "The gal's all right," he answered, "but they was delayed by hevin' to wait till the license come from town. You see, attar the trial was called off, her and Ephraim 'lowed they'd git married while they was over thar, bein' as thar wa'n't no use in makin' all that long trip to the 'Squair's fer nothin'!"

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## SWINBURNE

ACROSS our cloudier heavens flashed  
The splendor of great wings and strong,  
The glory of loud wings that slashed  
The silences like swords of song;  
Unto our later day was born  
A sun-drunk singer of earth's morn:—  
The sun, the wind, the wave, the sea,  
The scudding cloud of poesy.

But now Apollo, Swinburne's sire,  
Takes back his vital force and fire,  
Resumes his lightnings and his lyre;—  
The movement, color, sound and sense  
Of thunder, sunlight, flower and foam  
Have lured our pagan harper hence;  
And drifting mists that gleam or gloam,  
Pale grass, bright wings and climbing sea,  
And summer winds that rest or roam,—  
Ah, he is one with them, and free!

DON MARQUIS

# CLEVELAND

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

*(Read at the Memorial Meeting in Carnegie Hall, March 18, 1909)*

## I

He shrank from praise, this simple-hearted man—  
Therefore we praise him! Yet, as he would wish,  
Chiefly our praise not for the things he did,  
But for his spirit in doing. Ah, great heart,  
And humble! Great and simple heart! forgive  
The homage we may not withhold! Strong soul!  
Thou brave and faithful servant of the State,  
Who labored day and night in little things,  
No less than large, for the loved country's sake,  
With patient hand that plodded while others slept!  
Who flung to the winds preferment and the future,  
Daring to put clear truth to the perilous test,  
Fearing no scathe if but the people gained,  
And happiest far in sacrifice and loss.  
Yes, happiest he when, plain in all men's sight,  
He turned contemptuous from the lure of place,  
Spurning the laurel that should crown success  
Soiled by surrender and a perjured soul.

## II

The people! Never once his faith was dimmed  
In them his countrymen; ah, never once;  
For if doubt shook him, 't was but a fleeting mood;  
Though others wavered, never wavered he.  
Though madness, like a flood, swept o'er the land,  
This way, now that; though love of pelf subdued  
The civic conscience, still he held his faith,  
Unflinching, in man's true-heartedness,  
And in the final judgment of free men.

## III

Firm with the powerful, gentle with the weak,  
His was the sweetness of the strong! His voice  
Took tenderness in speech with little folk,  
And he was pitiful of man and brute.  
So, for the struggle with high things of state,  
He strengthened his own heart with kindly deeds—  
His own heart strengthened for stern acts of power  
That, fashioned in the secret place of thought,  
And in the lonely and the silent shrine  
Of conscience, came momentous on the world:  
Built stronger the foundations of the State;  
Upheld the word of honor, no whit less  
'Twixt nation and nation than 'twixt man and man;  
Held righteousness the one law of the world,  
And higher set the hopes of all mankind.

#### IV

Lonely the heart that listens to no voice  
 Save that of Duty; lonely he how oft  
 When, turning from the smooth, advised path,  
 He climbed the chill and solitary way;  
 Wondering that any wondered, when so clear  
 The light that led—the light of perfect faith  
 And passion for the right, that fire of heaven  
 Wherein self dies, and only truth lives on!  
 Lonely how oft when, with the statesman's art,  
 He waited for the fulness of the time,  
 And wrought the good he willed by slow degrees,  
 And in due order conquered wrong on wrong.  
 Lonely how oft when 'mid dark disesteem  
 He moved straightforward to a longed-for goal,  
 Doing each day the best he might, with vision  
 Firm fixt above, kept pure by pure intent.

#### V

Some souls are built to take the shocks of the world,  
 To interpose against blind currents of fate,  
 Or wrath, or ignorant purpose, a fixt will;  
 Against the bursting storm a front of calm;  
 As, when the Atlantic rages, some stern cliff  
 Hurls back the tempest and the ponderous wave.  
 So stood he firm when lesser wills were broken;  
 So he endured when others failed and fell;  
 Bearing, in silent suffering, the stress,  
 The blame, the burden of the fateful day.

#### VI

So single and so simple was his mind,  
 So unperturbed by learned subtleties,  
 And so devout of justice and the right—  
 His thought, his act, held something of the prime:  
 The wide, sure vision of the ancient day  
 Prophetic; even a touch of nature's force—  
 Large, elemental, healing; builded well  
 On the deep bases of humanity.

#### VII

O strong oak riven! O tower of defence  
 Fallen! O captain of the hosts struck down!  
 O cries of lamentation—turning swift  
 To sounds of triumph and great victories!  
 For into the hands of one of humble soul  
 Great trust was laid, and he that trust fulfilled.  
 So he who died accomplished mighty deeds,  
 And he who fought has won the infinite peace,  
 And sleeps enshrined in his own people's hearts,  
 And in the praise of nations, and the world,  
 And rests immortal among the immortal Great.



# FROM WEST CHINA TO CENTRAL PARK

## HOW THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART SECURED A COPY OF THE NESTORIAN TABLET

By FRITS V. HOLM, M.R.A.S.

To most of us, the Nestorian Tablet is a name only—an "old, forgotten, far-off thing," almost as apocryphal as Aladdin's lamp—if not, indeed, far more so. The fact that Dr. S. Wells Williams's monumental work, "The Middle Kingdom," contains a translation by Dr. Wylie, in three thousand words or so, of the inscription carved upon the ancient stone, centuries and centuries ago, by the Nestorian Christian missionaries in China, does not suffice to make it an object of popular interest. But now that a young Danish traveller and archaeologist—who, by the way, speaks English like a native—has made a journey to remote Sian-fu, and brought to New York an exact copy of it, in limestone, from the same quarry, reproducing every Chinese character and symbolic ornament just as it appears in the original, the thing becomes a matter of interest to all Americans; and the attendants in the Metropolitan Museum of Art spend no little time, nowadays, in directing strangers to what they themselves agree in calling "the Chinese stone." In the following paper, Mr. Holm gives a graphic account of the difficulties surmounted, first in getting to Sian, second in procuring the duplicate of the Tablet, and third in transporting the four-thousand-pound block to the coast and thence (by Standard Oil steamer) to New York City—a journey, in all, of sixteen thousand miles.—THE EDITOR.

### THE PRELIMINARIES



WHEN a boy of nineteen, after having resigned from the Royal Danish Navy, I first arrived in the wonderlands of the Far East. I clearly remember a cloudy Sunday afternoon in March, 1901; the Austrian steamer *Melpomene* crawled up the Whampoa River, and I landed in the Paris of China, Shanghai. During the following three years I lived and worked in the cities of the Far East, mostly Shanghai and Hankow; eventually I went to Japan, where I spent the first three months of the late war. Then I returned to Denmark.

But the Far East is not a thing easily forgotten. All my spare time I

had devoted to studying the questions of the day, the intricacies of Asiatic politics and the anthropology of the countries. And, lo and behold, one day I heard or read about the Nestorian Tablet of Sian-fu.

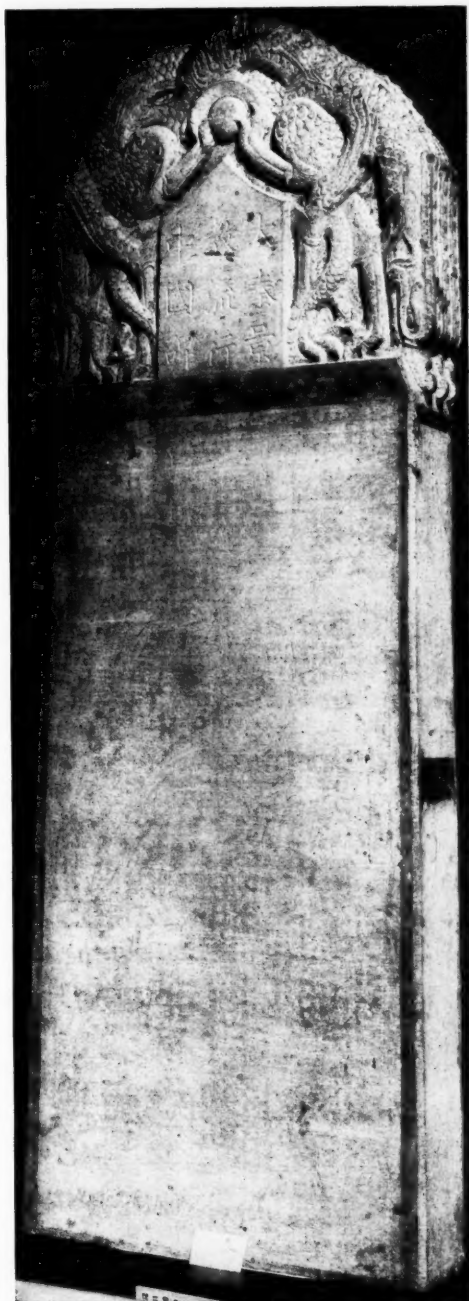
I collected all the data I could about the ancient monument, and when, years after—in 1906,—I was working in London, I came across new descriptions of the Tablet in the library of the British Museum; and slowly a plan to obtain this venerable relic of an almost forgotten Christianity, or a true copy of it, filled me with a longing which I was powerless to resist.

Seeking the advice of some of the leading London men of science, I consulted, among others, Dr. W. Budge of the British Museum, Sir Martin Conway; Sir William Ramsay and the then Norwegian Minister, Frithiof

Nansen. All expressed the opinion that an expedition, such as the one I proposed would be of considerable scientific value, and I consequently resigned my position, and set about to find the capital for the quest. I succeeded in gaining the interest of some friends in London and Copenhagen, and when, in February, 1907, I arrived in New York, I induced two American gentlemen to become commercially interested in the enterprise. I set out for Peking on March 12, 1907, and *via* the Canadian Pacific route arrived once again in the Celestial Empire, where the Wai-Wu-Pu—the Foreign Office—in Peking granted me a passport, with permission to travel in the interior. (My surname, as transliterated by the officials of the Wai-Wu-Pu, became Ho-Lo-Mo, which interpreted literally, means “What a pleasant judge.”) I was characterized as a literary man in the passport, my real mission in connection with the Nestorian Stone naturally being kept secret.

With much trouble and expense I succeeded in engaging the services of an interpreter by the name of Fong and a “boy” by the name of Mazi. The first eventually turned out to be a scoundrel, while the servant suffered from constantly returning attacks of laziness bordering on epilepsy. We thus made up a very worthy party indeed.

On May 1st, I chartered a native house-boat in Tientsin, and on the following day our expedition started, long before the foreigners of Tientsin thought of waking up to their daily routine of work and pleasure.



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THE DUPLICATE OF THE NESTORIAN TABLET

## ON THE ROAD TO SIAN-FU

It was a delightful and healthy fortnight I spent on the Grand Canal—one of China's wonders. The spring air was perfect, and my daily walks on shore were full of new things to learn and wonder at.

We had made a contract with our "captain" to take us, with the greatest possible speed, to the city of Taokow in Honan province—the former "Middle Flowery Kingdom"; and his six or seven coolies (camel-

which runs west for some ninety miles or so. I stopped over at Chiaotzo, where the not very prosperous coal-shafts lie, and was very hospitably treated by the few foreigners there. From the terminal of the railroad and to the city of Honan-fu I chartered two huge carts for my baggage, and we had quite an exciting time when crossing the enormous Yellow River. The mules (there were six of them) were very unwilling to jump aboard the large scow, and the carts were so heavy that some of the



LEAVING FERRYBOAT AFTER CROSSING THE YELLOW RIVER

men, I termed them) certainly lost no time; for they pulled the boat, they themselves walking on the banks of the Canal, some sixteen hours a day—a task I by no means envied them. At the city of Lintsingchow in Shantung province we turned into the Wei River, which has its sources in the mountains of the province of Shansi. The water now became clearer.

Leaving our boat at Taokow, we were able to make use of the Peking Syndicate's little mining railroad,

cases and boxes had to be unloaded. Meanwhile it appeared that the Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai (since fallen from his high estate,) had telegraphed ahead to the officials *en route* to treat me with due consideration; and consequently the magistrate had seen to it that a scow was waiting for us, when we arrived. It very often takes a couple of days for the poor-Chinese traveller to get across, and I therefore took great pleasure in filling the boat with a lot of haggard human beings, who all seemed to be very



grateful for the lift. The difficulty is, that while the Government is supposed to run the ferry service on all rivers and canals free of charge, the boatmen always expect a fee; when the poor traveller has no copper cash to spend in tips, the gallant sailors refuse to take him across, as long as there is any chance to work for travellers who are in a position to pay. My interpreter Fong got seasick crossing the Hwangho, greatly to the amusement of everyone present. There is nothing in this world a Chinaman enjoys more than to see somebody "lose face."

Eventually we arrived at Honan-fu—second city in importance in the province of Honan and formerly the capital of the Empire. With the kind assistance of the Swedish missionaries I was able to form a little caravan after two days of hard work. A military transport, destined for faraway Ili, had swept the city clean of good animals, and I was very lucky in being able to secure a few small mule-carts, and a riding mule for myself. Fortunately I had my English saddle with me, for the Chinese saddles are made of wood, and are consequently just a wee bit hard.

For upwards of a fortnight we travelled along the ancient highway through western Honan and eastern Shensi, and on the 3d of June, a month after having left Tientsin and eastern civilization, we arrived one morning at the east gate of Sian, the city of "Western Peace."

Most of the time on the road between Honan-fu and Sian-fu, we had travelled through the *loess*—one of the most peculiar formations known to geology. Many theories concern-

ing its origin have been put forth from time to time; but the problem can hardly be considered solved. Richthofen, the great German traveller, said that *loess*, as it appears in North China, where it covers an area half as large as the German Empire, is a deposit of sand and dust from the deserts to the northwest, blown down to these regions by the winds of centuries. The peculiar stratification and the characteristic vertical cleavage have caused

this theory to be strongly controverted. Elsewhere, indeed, *loess* is generally recognized as a deposit from the melting of the ice and snow accumulated in glacial times. But in North China this theory does not hold good, for many reasons.

Owing to the want of tact exercised by the petty officers of the military transport to Ili, which we clashed with several times, we often had considerable difficulty in securing rooms in the dirty Chinese inns. When you have been some fourteen hours in the saddle, fighting an ill-tempered mule all day long in a scorching sun, you feel the need of food and rest. On certain occasions when we found that all the rooms in our station-village had been taken beforehand, we had to repair to the neighboring temples, and trust our-



MY HOUSEBOAT ON THE HAN RIVER

selves, for the night, to Buddhistic or Taoistic hospitality. One evening, we arrived long before the transport, the carts of which, being too heavily loaded, met with daily accidents. My simple meal over, I was enjoying a pipe and the lies of my interpreter, when one of the mounted sergeants of the transport appeared, and loudly demanded that I give up my three rooms to the "Colonel." I told Fong to inform the polite warrior that I would give him two seconds and a quarter to disappear from sight; otherwise I would shoot him down like a mad dog. I have rarely seen a man vanish in such haste. He never bothered us again.

The day before we arrived at Sian-fu, we visited the old thermal baths at Lintunghsien, sixteen miles east of Sian. I climbed the mountain—the Li Shan—behind the bathing pavilions and visited a queer little temple at its top. Here I met a Taoist priest, from the south. He told me that I was the second white man he had seen in his whole life. From his description I have reason to believe that the first must have been a German, Lieutenant E. von Salzmänn, who had passed through some years ago on his way to Kashgar. The priest was very kind, as most priests are, and gave me tea and Canton brown sugar, although I told him that I had not brought a single copper cash with me—my own weight being quite sufficient to carry in mountain-

climbing. Mr. Fong, my worthy interpreter, was half dead from heat and over-exercise on reaching the summit, and I praised Buddha that I had left Mazi the Lazy in the lower regions.



THE NESTORIAN TABLET AND ITS TWO BUDDHIST PRIEST GUARDIANS

In the morning of June 3d we entered Sian-fu; and thus was realized a dream that had come to me years before, when the Boxer troubles were hardly over.

### THE CHING-CHIAOPEI

The Chingchiaopei, which may be freely translated "the Heavenly Worship Stone," is the name by which the Nestorian Tablet is known to the Chinese on the spot. The date of the inscription on the stèle is A.D. 781; and had the Tablet been exposed to wind and weather during so many centu-

ries, very little of the inscription would have been in such a perfect state of preservation as it is to-day. The huge slab—it stands ten feet high and weighs, like the replica in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, two tons—was found accidentally in the year 1625 by some Chinese workmen, who were busy excavating the ground in order to erect a new building. They reported their remarkable find to the Governor of Shensi, who placed the stèle on a stone tortoise. As early as 1628 the Jesuit Father Semedo visited the Stone, and since then much has been written about the venerable monument, which at one time was thought



THE FORMER RESTING-PLACE OF THE CHINGCHIAOPEI  
The tablet stood between the first and second stones at right



CARRYING THE STONE DOWN TO THE BANK OF THE YANGTZE RIVER AT HANKOW

—erroneously—to be a fraud, fabricated by the Jesuits. The inscription, which tells us about the Nestorian Christianity and its penetration into West China during the reign of Taitsung, a mighty empe-

that it ranks in importance and historical value with the Rosetta Stone in the British Museum, the Moabite Stone in the Louvre and the Aztec Calendar Stone in the city of Mexico. Nevertheless, the general pub-



A BREAK-DOWN IN THE ILI MILITARY TRANSPORT CARAVAN

ror of the Tang Dynasty, has been translated several times; the best English version being the one by the late Dr. Wylie, published in "The Middle Kingdom" by the late Dr. S. Wells Williams, the American Sinologue.

It is passing strange that none of the missionaries who visited Sian during the last three centuries should ever have thought of procuring a cast of the stone. It is well-known

lic has heard little or nothing about it, though it was discovered long before any of the other monuments.

The Nestorians are now extinct in China, but are still found in Persia, and on the west coast of India, where they are called Thomas Christians.

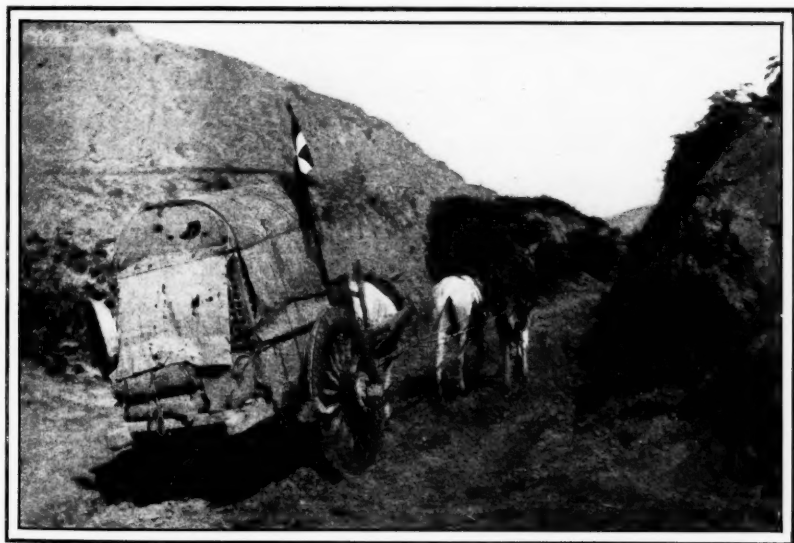
After my arrival in Sian-fu I went the usual round of official visits, leaving cards in the various yamens. The Governor, the Treasurer, the



CAVE DWELLINGS IN THE LOESS NEAR SIAN-FU

Judge, the Taotai and the magistrates all returned my calls, all the time puzzling their august heads as to what on earth my business might be. I went about the town as if to gather literary impressions, and not until June 9th did I ride out through the western suburban gate in order to try and find the Chingchiaopei. I found it easily.

On the ground belonging to a dilapidated Buddhist temple I found a good many memorial slabs. In a row of five, the Nestorian Tablet was the fourth, counting toward the east. It was easy to recognize the stèle, for its workmanship is very superior to that of any other slab in the neighborhood, and I could readily distinguish the cross near the top.



ONE OF MY BAGGAGE CARTS IN A LOESS RAVINE

### DUPLICATING THE TABLET

I sent my interpreter to the quarries at Fuping in order that he might acquire, in his own name, a huge block of stone, similar to the one out of which the Chingchiaopei had been created some eleven centuries ago. Meanwhile I busied myself, with the utmost secrecy possible, in making a contract with a stone-cutter in Sian for executing an exact copy of the venerable monument.

I induced the old Chief Priest, Yü Show, who had been the guardian of the Chingchiaopei for over fifty years, to let us have room in his temple to make the copy, and I firmly believe that up to that moment the officials had divined nothing concerning my mission.

The reader may ask: Why all this secrecy? Well, it was essential. If I had asked permission in Peking to make a copy of the old Tablet, my request would not have been granted, for nobody in Chinese official circles in Peking then knew what the Chingchiaopei in reality represented. And if I had applied to the Governor of Shensi, he might have referred me to Peking, but more probably would have contented himself with

a flat refusal. I had counted on the assistance of the local missionaries,—Roman Catholic, English Baptist and American-Scandinavian; but they

rather hampered my plan than helped it, with the exception of the first, who were passive. I found it would be best to disappear for a while; so I let it be known that I intended to return to the coast, and, after about a month's stay, set out for Hankow on the Yang-tze River in southern China. In the meantime my interpreter had returned from Fuping, and I was sure the work would be executed during my absence. Fong and my boy were ordered to follow me; but when I reached the foot of the mountains, I instructed the former to go back to the temple, where the stone was to be made, and supervise the work, until I should return some three months later. He did so with a sour face.

For myself, I crossed the Tsing Ling range, generally considered the easternmost slopes of the mighty chain Kwenlue; and having reached the southern side of the watershed, after thirteen days of very trying travel, chiefly due to ill-health, I chartered a house-boat and rushed down the Tan and Han rivers with a



Photograph by Arthur Weston, London

FRITS VON HOLM, IN COURT DRESS



very respectable speed, arriving for a short stay in the trade port of Hankow on July 17th.

### THE RETURN TO SIAN

It was naturally my intention to stay away for as short a period as possible; but the work in Sian-fu took more time than we had calculated. It seemed to be a very hard task to get the huge slab transported from the quarries down to the temple, west of Sian. Meanwhile, it was an enormous satisfaction to me to be able to read between the lines of Mr. Fong's otherwise perfectly insane reports, that neither the officials nor the missionaries of Sian had as much as an inkling of what was going on under their noses.

In due course I returned, taking the railway as far north as Chengchow near the Yellow River, and journeying from there some 350 miles due westward on horseback. It was a terribly trying trip. My interpreter, whose aid was needed, though I speak some Chinese myself, was in Sian; my epileptic boy had run away with some of my money and clothing; and I was utterly unable to obtain a pony at Chengchow. Subsequently, availing myself of my passport, I appealed to the magistrate, who lent me a pony as far as the next station, and the usual superfluous escort of soldiers armed in prehistoric fashion.

Now began some seventeen days of travel, which I shall never care to repeat. Over twenty times did I have to change ponies, and more than once did the malicious grooms of the yamens give me the worst animals in their stables. I had, indeed, an unequalled chance to become a rough rider through harsh experience on impassable roads; and I was a happy man, when eventually—as thin as a lamp-post, from lack of proper nourishment—I arrived in Sian once again, and from Mr. Fong heard that the copy was nearly finished and that the work was admirably done. I could have hugged him!

### MY SECOND STAY AT SIAN-FU

When the duplicate was finished, towards the end of September, 1907, I decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair to the mandarins of the Yang Wu Chü, or Provincial Foreign Office. I did so, for I should have resented very much any "black mark" against my record in the Chinese annals at Peking. Never have I witnessed such consternation and general uprising. The mandarins forgot themselves so far, that they even invited me to a sumptuous meal in the yamen of the Yang Wu Chü—a unique event, as no white man had ever been treated in that way by the good officials of the capital of Shensi before. Conferences had taken place before the feast, and after it was over the Changan magistrate and some seven mandarins of the Foreign Office—the former in his sedan chair, the latter in springless carts,—accompanied by myself in humble khaki on a still more humble pony, proceeded in a slow and dignified procession to the far-off resting place of the Chingchiaopei, which most of the mandarins now beheld for the first time. When they had fingered the original monument, to convince themselves I had not stolen it, and had expressed their admiration of the reproduction in the barn of the farm-temple, they returned to town; but not until a double guard had been installed to protect the new-found treasure.

It proved impossible to find a cart strong enough to transport the two-ton stone to the railway station at Chengchow, some 350 miles distant. My trustworthy interpreter, whom I had to discharge in Sian for rascality and fraud, had, it appeared, behaved in such a manner in Fuping that we could hire none of the carts belonging to the quarries. The construction of a new cart meant further loss of time.

While waiting for the special passport for the stone copy, which the Governor had promised me (under threat that I would report him to Peking, by wire, for incivility), and

for the cart to be ready, something happened which, I venture to say, ought to have taken place some three centuries ago, when the Chingchiaopei was first discovered.

Approaching the temple in the morning on October 2d, I noticed, from afar, that the Nestorian Stone, which had been guarded for some days, was not standing where it had stood for hundreds of years. A shiver ran through me when I came to think of the fate that might have befallen my copy of it in the temple during the night; but having galloped like a madman right into the barn, I discovered it lying tranquilly on the floor, ready for its long trip of 16,000 miles across land and sea. I demanded of the priest what had become of the old monument, and he told me that the Governor was afraid I might do away with it, and had therefore caused it to be moved into the city, where it stands to-day. It was deposited in the Peilin, or "Forest of Tablets," where, for all time to come, it will have a roof over its six-dragoned head, and a caretaker to lock and bolt the door against unwelcome intruders.

I am proud of this indirect result of my expedition; for the *corps diplomatique* at Peking, and the foreign missionaries of various denominations of Christianity, had long tried in vain to induce the Chinese to protect the old, unique monument.

### HOMEWARD BOUND

Finally the cart was ready. On October 3d the newly carved stone left the temple, wherein it had been made. The cart looked very strong and spruce, and was drawn by six good mules. The transport was in charge of three men, who carried the special passport; and above the stone waved a Danish flag, which now—dirty and torn—adorns my wall.

It is needless to dwell upon the innumerable difficulties I had to overcome in connection with the transport of the stone overland. Not only did the rainy season set in,

making the deep-cut roads in the loess almost impassable, but the mandarins along the route did everything in their power to retard and retain my prize. I eventually had to travel twice to Peking in bitterly cold weather in order to solicit the assistance of the Imperial Russian Legation, in charge of Danish affairs. His late Excellency, M. Pokotilow, helped me by sending fierce messages by wire to that old mummy, Governor Chao of Shensi; and eventually, after a journey of three months, the stone arrived at the Chengchow railroad station, whence its transportation to Hankow by rail was an easy matter.

A remarkable incident took place in this latter city, when the foreign Commissioner of Customs, a man by the name of Aglen, impounded the stone for twenty-six days without assigning any reason for his act. Eventually Sir Robert Hart himself gave orders for its release, and I at once took it to Shanghai, where I transshipped it to the Standard Oil Company's steamer *Kennebec*. I had five days at Shanghai, and it was a great pleasure to meet my old friends after an absence of over four years. The newspapers, too, spoke in complimentary terms of my work in the interior.

The long trip home, *via* the Suez Canal, was effected in three months' time without any undue incident, and on the twenty-second of May, we arrived safely in Boston, where the press gave me an altogether cordial welcome. On June 3d, the stone was landed without accident in Brooklyn, and on July 12, 1908, it was put on exhibition as a loan in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, by arrangement with the Director, Sir Purdon Clarke, who had evinced his interest in the quest before it was begun.

During the first few months after my arrival in this country, I was the recipient of many letters of congratulation from far and near, particularly from men of science. These letters, I need hardly say, are most highly treasured.

# WALT WHITMAN: THE LAST PHASE

By ELIZABETH LEAVITT KELLER \*



N questioning me about my patient, the late Walt Whitman, people have usually asked first, "What was his religious belief?"

The following poem from his pen, entitled "The Soul," has enlightened me more upon this subject than any words I ever heard him utter.

The Soul,  
Forever and forever—longer than soil is  
brown and solid—longer than water  
ebbs and flows.

Each is not for its own sake,  
I say the whole earth and all the stars in  
the sky are for religion's sake.

In this broad earth of ours,  
Amid the measureless grossness and the  
slag,  
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,  
Nestles the seed perfection.

By every life a share, or more or less,—  
None born but it is born, conceal'd or un-  
conceal'd the seed is waiting.

Do you not see, O my brothers and sisters?  
It is not chaos or death—it is form, union,  
plan—it is eternal life—it is happiness.

The song is to the singer, and comes back  
most to him,  
The love is to the lover, and comes back  
most to him—it cannot fail.

I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well be-  
lov'd, saying to the people, Do not  
weep for me;

This is not my true country; I have lived  
banish'd from my true country, I now  
go back there,—

I return to the celestial sphere where every  
one goes in his turn.

\*See portrait and poem on later page, in "The Lounger." In the present month (May 31) occurs the ninetieth anniversary of Whitman's birth.—THE EDITOR.

During my attendance upon Mr. Whitman he was too near his "true country" to be able to explain or communicate his views regarding that, or the alien land which he felt that he was leaving.

To question, or encourage him to talk, was impossible; and especially for me, whose only wish was to secure to him all the rest and quiet that I could.

On December 17th, 1891, Walt Whitman was stricken with pneumonia, and from that date until the second week in the new year, each and every day was full of anxiety; then came a rally of the vital powers, followed by slow sinking. He lingered until March 26th; sometimes bright and talkative, and sometimes lying in a state bordering upon collapse.

It was evident that he had no dread of death and even looked forward to it with fearless expectancy. He always spoke of this as his last illness, and once, in referring to those earlier, anxious days, he said: "My life was going out. I said 'Let it go', but doctors and nurses made a strong pull for it; fought for it like royal tigers, and prevailed. I am here."

He was dying in his own slow way; the certainty of death, calmly accepted by him, was in the atmosphere of the sick-room.

To the query often put to me, "Who was his favorite author?" I must plead ignorance. The only lines I ever heard him quote were these:

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;  
But what has been, has been, and I have  
had my hour.

This quotation (from Dryden's "Imitation of Horace") he used when

anyone suggested to him the possibility of his recovery. "No, 'I have had my hour'; *I have had my hour*; only let me rest in peace until its close."

In the volume "*In re* Walt Whitman," on page 414, are these words:

Dec. 29th. A dead, inarticulate day; unchanged from yesterday's condition. As he requires constant attendance night and day, we yesterday introduced a trained nurse, Mrs. K——, who will share with Warren the burdens and duties of the watch.

The late Dr. Maurice Bucke of London, Canada, one of Mr. Whitman's most intimate friends, afterward his biographer, and one of his literary executors, met me at the Nurses' Directory of Philadelphia, and in a measure prepared me for the scenes and the people I was to encounter. He believed that my services would be required for a few days only, and said that he wished particularly that the sick room should be put into some kind of order.

For twenty years Mr. Whitman had lived in Camden—for the last seven in the only house he had ever called his own.\* To this poor little frame building, crowded in between two much larger ones, Dr. Bucke accompanied me.

Our ring was answered by Mrs. Davis, Mr. Whitman's good housekeeper, so well known to all the friends of his later years. I saw a tall, sweet-faced, middle-aged woman of quiet, modest demeanor, and when she spoke I noticed that her voice was remarkably pleasant and well modulated. I confess that I met her with a prejudice which further acquaintance wholly dissipated. She had been lying down to rest, and had a small quilt pinned about her shoulders. She looked weary, and her eyes were red with weeping.

I laid aside my wraps, and still in company with Dr. Bucke groped my way up the dark staircase, and passing through a closet-like ante-

room entered the chamber of the dying poet. The small room was crowded with objects which the dusk of a winter's afternoon did not fully reveal. The only things that stood out vividly were the white pillow, and the placid face encircled with snowy hair. Motionless he lay, but when I was presented to him, he raised his eyelids, extended his hand, and welcomed me kindly. His brother, his literary executors, and certain other friends, grouped together, were speaking in low tones. A handsome, boyish-looking man, who seemed to be at everyone's beck and call, greeted me pleasantly, and although he was seemingly tired to exhaustion, there was a merry gleam in his eyes as we shook hands. This was Warren Fritzinger,\* his nurse, and my constant associate in taking care of the patient. Some etchings of the poet, recently completed, had just been sent to him. One of these he gave to Dr. Bucke, who was about to return home; by request he added his autograph. He was held up in bed for this purpose, which he accomplished with much difficulty. Dr. Bucke took an affectionate leave of his friend, and bidding all good-bye, hastened away; the others soon followed, and I was summoned to tea.

On entering the dining-room I was impressed—as I have since learned that others have been—by its remarkable likeness to the cabin of a ship. The table, with but one leaf up and just large enough for two places, was placed against the wall. The stove stood near enough to serve as side table when needed; and in line with this was a small sink, over which were some closed shelves for dishes. In order to reach these dishes it was necessary to stand upon a stool. This was at hand under a rear extension of the stove. Then came a passage from the hall to the back door. In the hall was the flour barrel, opposite which was the cellar door. The cellarway I found had a wide shelf for food, and was hung around with

\* Late number, 328 Mickle Street.

\* Died in October 1899.

tins, rolling pin, and other kitchen utensils. Elsewhere in this room—which might properly be called the living-room, being dining-room, kitchen and sitting-room combined—were a lounge, a sewing-machine, and some chairs. Every inch of wall-space was covered. There were small shelves, brackets, wall-pockets, a clock, a calendar and some pictures. The ceiling was hung with cages, in two of which were turtle doves; in the others were a robin and a canary. The plaintive cooing of the doves and the shrill notes of the canary were deafening. In a wooden case, behind a glass, were the stuffed remains of a parroquet, which formerly had added his voice to the din. On the lounge a coach-dog, carefully covered with a shawl, was serenely sleeping; two cats were sitting near the stove. These showed every disposition to friendliness, by coming at once to the table and rubbing against me. Everything was homelike and the table was well supplied. When I returned to the anteroom, Warren gave me some instructions, and insisted that I should call him if needed; then I was left alone.

As I sat in that little dimly lighted den and peered into the still dimmer apartment beyond, or stood upon the heaps of rubbish in the doorway—over which I occasionally stumbled,—either to minister to my patient or to replenish the fire, I was more and more struck with the disorder on all sides. My first glance had been one of bewilderment; I now looked with deliberation and amazement at my surroundings. Confusion, dust and litter—it seemed the accumulation of ages. I afterwards learned that for over two years no books, magazines or manuscripts had been removed from this, Walt Whitman's peculiar sanctum.

There were no bookcases, large shelves or writing-desk; there was no receptacle for newspapers, and apart from the two overloaded tables, the floor had received all of them. Upon this his general table the daily papers had been dropped when read;

the weeklies had followed, and in their turn the monthly magazines. An immense number of periodicals and pamphlets had been received in the course of two years, and all were still here. Almost everything was yellow with age and soiled with the constant tramping of feet.

The mass, which was nearly solid, was two feet in depth, and had many transverse ridges. Mr. Whitman had never bought stationery; he utilized wrapping papers, old letters and envelopes, and as he was in the habit of making his poems over and over, afterwards tearing up rejected bits, I found, on clearing up, bushels of fine litter, evenly dispersed. Upon the stove was a large earthen dish. One author, to emphasize the neglect in which he thought Mr. Whitman lived, has declared that this contained his soup; but the dish never held anything but clean water, designed to keep the air of the room moist by evaporation. On the right side of the bed was an antiquated chest, on top of which were two bottles, one of eau-de-cologne and the other brandy, an old-fashioned candlestick with candle and matches, a wine-glass and tumbler, and a covered stone mug for drinking water. Within reach was his cane, which he was accustomed to use to summon attendance. On the left of the bed the mass of rubbish had reached a height of at least four feet. On investigation, however, there proved to be a lounge underneath. The tables stood like cows in a meadow with the grass up to their bodies; and the legs of the bed also were buried out of sight. The only thing that had gone up with time was the imposing easy chair. This, with its white wolfskin, surmounted the pile like a throne. The wolfskin was sadly eaten, as were the old and poor garments that hung upon the walls. At one of the tables a bent metal drop-light held a chipped argand burner at a dangerous angle, and within this dingy glass shone a feeble ray of light just making visible the pallid face and hoary hair of the dying man. As I stood on the mass

and looked down, the sight was beyond description.

The owner was but a few inches above his worldly possessions; he seemed a part of them, and the picture would have been incomplete without him. Would that it could be reproduced upon canvas with the vividness with which it is stamped upon my memory! And that strange feeling which comes over patient and nurse when they are learning to know each other without speech, was with us both.

By daylight and with companionship, things seemed less unnatural. Fortunately Mr. Whitman took kindly to me, and our intercourse was of the pleasantest. Mrs. Davis, inured to his eccentricity, and extremely indulgent to his wishes, was grieved that anything in his room should be disturbed while he lived. No one then thought that his life was to be spared for weeks instead of days. The litter had invaded the second room, and I began by picking up the newspapers nearest the door, folding them, and stacking them on the landing at the head of the stairs. Little by little I made my way into his room, but it was slow work, and not much could be effected during the first week.

At the expiration of this time, Mr. Whitman had gradually regained something of his former strength, and things assumed a routine, with only incidental changes from day to day. Warren volunteered to take the night work, but there were many occasions when both of us remained on duty. I continued to put things in order, always desisting when my patient showed the least sign of annoyance. I would often go into the room on the pretext of putting wood in the stove, and I soon learned to perceive just how much or how little I could do. The bound volumes, invariably thrown face downward into the mass, I arrayed upon some shelves in the little room. Many were presentation copies—among them one by Longfellow, and one by Tennyson. These shelves were already doing double

duty, but in this crowded house there always seemed to be room for a little more.

Periodicals I piled outside with the newspapers, and as no shred of writing was to be taken out, all the script was made into a mound in one corner of the room. In this confused pile were rolls of manuscript written on different colored bits of paper; many were pinned together. No wonder some one said that Whitman's manuscripts resembled Joseph's coat! In the litter were innumerable letters; thousands of requests for autographs; poems that had been submitted to his criticism; friendly letters from home and abroad; all his business correspondence; postal cards, notes of congratulation, invitations, envelopes unnumbered, visiting-cards, wrapping papers of all brands and sizes, a variety of string of all lengths, and ranging from the fine colored cord which druggists use, to the heaviest and coarsest of twine. There were several pieces of rope, coins, pins galore, countless pictures, many photographs of himself. Strings were so interwoven through the accumulated layers that it would take days to come to the ends of them. And under all, some little crusted brown worms had made their home. Moths flew around the room in perfect security, and industrious spiders had curtained the corners and windows. On the door hung the old hat, and on a table a plaster bust of the poet stood sentinel.

As a patient, Mr. Whitman was easily satisfied and uncomplaining; when no one was present he was exceedingly quiet. But callers came at all hours, even up to midnight, and not a few were deeply offended at not being admitted even at this unseasonable time.

He always saw his friends when he could, often when he really should not have seen them; and as it was then that the vital spark would brighten with pleasure, most of his visitors were deceived as to his true condition. When they had gone, it was left to his three attendants to see



how the oil in the lamp of life had been consumed; and repeatedly the flickering light seemed on the point of vanishing. Mrs. Davis usually answered the door-bell, and Warren always responded to the nightly rap of the reporters.

Many people, even strangers, insisted on seeing Mr. Whitman. One very persistent lady told me she would not leave the house without a personal interview—an interview with that dying man, who so often pleaded pathetically to be unmolested! Mrs. Davis came to the rescue, and afterwards told me that had I lived there as long as she, I should be used to such scenes. She herself had a strong character and much tact. She never offended any one, and throughout Mr. Whitman's protracted illness, which really lasted from a second stroke of paralysis in 1888 to his death, many were admitted to his presence through her intercession.

When the immediate danger had subsided Mr. Whitman ceased to take medicine—that is, to take it with regularity. He objected, and the doctors would not insist. His temperature was never taken; his pulse and respiration were noted without his knowledge. No clinical chart was needed, but by request of his literary executors I kept a daily—almost an hourly—journal, which was taken away each morning. This covered scores of pages, and although it seldom contained anything of importance was a minute record of everything that occurred. It was difficult to follow Mr. Whitman in conversation, for in this he seldom took the leading part; and as it was wished above all things that all he said should be set down as spoken, no wonder the daily report was disappointing. He spoke in short, concise sentences, with many ejaculations and interjections, and his broken utterances were often hardly intelligible without knowing the words to which they replied.

When alone he was spoken to only when speech was unavoidable, and then in as few words as possible. He

never talked to himself or muttered, as sick people often do. He took but two meals a day; one in the forenoon, and the other about four P.M., his only additional nourishment being milk-punch, or a little champagne, with which his friend Colonel Robert Ingersoll kept him bountifully supplied.

He could not sit upright in bed, no matter how carefully he was propped; he could not raise his head from the pillow; this was done for him when he drank. He ate lying down. I always fed him sitting by his side, holding the tray in my lap. His favorite food was mutton-broth with rice in it. Once when I was giving him some terrapin that had been sent him and asked, "How does it taste?" he replied, in his characteristic way, "*Almost* as good as Mary's mutton-broth."

He ate with quite an appetite when at his best, but there would be days when milk-punch and champagne were all that he could take. I was brought into closest contact with my patient at meal time, and it was then that we had our many little confabs. But, alas! then I could not use pencil and paper, and one might as well attempt to repeat a page of "Leaves of Grass" after one reading, as recall what had been said. Our subjects, however, were commonplace enough, seldom soaring above that little home. Once I asked him what he would think of me when I told him that I had never heard of his book until I came there. He chuckled a little and said: "I guess there are plenty of people who can say the same—thousands of them. 'Leaves of Grass' was the aim of my life—I lived for it, worked for it. In these days and nights it is different; my mutton-broth, my little brandy, to be 'turned' promptly and be kept clean—these are much more to me."

His bed was none too comfortable and the large mattress protruded over one side, making it a hard task to turn him. A few weeks before he died, a new bedstead and firm, level mattress were purchased with the

fund that some New York City association had subscribed to keep his room supplied with flowers. When these admirers learned that the fragrance of flowers had a suffocating effect upon the poet, they willingly appropriated the money to this more practical purpose.

Twenty-four hours before he died, a water bed was brought to the poet. What a blessing this would have been to all had it come months before! Mr. Whitman was a large man, and of heavy frame; he was totally unable to move himself while lying down, and he required almost constant turning, which he called shifting. His last words were the often repeated request to his faithful attendant, "Shift, Warry."

As a rule visitors were admitted in the afternoon or early evening. Many wrote first and came at an appointed time. In the forenoon we did the work in the sick room and around the house, one assisting the others. My only difficulty with Mrs. Davis and Warren was in getting them to let me do my full share. Warren sawed, split and brought up all the wood. Sometimes Mrs. Davis would come upstairs, where she was always welcome; and when Mr. Whitman was at his best we would pass a pleasant hour together.

I look back upon one morning in particular. Mr. Whitman was feeling unusually well and was in good spirits. Warren handed him an old ambrotype that had long been missing. He took it, and laughed and chatted about the original in a lively strain. He was genial and talkative; he referred to his life in Washington, spoke of the Civil War, and mentioned Abraham Lincoln, for whom he had the highest regard and admiration. Warren said: "Now you have seen a little of 'Old Walt.' That is more like his old self than he has been since he was sick." We hoped that it might be a permanent improvement, but it was the same old story: extra exertion and subsequent relapse.

While Mr. Whitman would have some comparatively easy days, he

was never entirely free from pain.

He had a great liking for the two young physicians who attended him, Dr. Alexander McAlister of Camden, who made daily calls, and Dr. Daniel Longaker of Philadelphia, who came whenever he could, or when he was sent for. Both gave their services cheerfully and without price.

Dr. McAlister's standing order was: "Do not disturb him in any way, nor ask him to do anything if he shows the least unwillingness." Sometimes his call would be but a quiet moment by his patient's side, and a single clasp of hands.

By January 10th Mr. Whitman had improved sufficiently to write his name on two of the etchings; one for each young physician. He always found it difficult to write in bed. He did this by having a pillow and a book placed before him. One of us would usually sit behind to support him, and one would hold the inkstand. From this time to the 27th he wrote a few notes to friends, and to his sister in Burlington, Vermont. He also signed a number of photographs and the three remaining etchings, one of which he gave to his faithful housekeeper. On this date he wrote a few lines to his sister; then followed a period wherein he was so low that it was deemed by all that Walt Whitman had written his name for the last time.

This was a mistake; an unlooked for reaction occurred, and on February 5th he again asked for writing materials. He could no longer hold the book, and it looked as though his attempt must fail. Failure was a word Mrs. Davis had never learned, and grasping the situation at once, she went to a teacher of painting who lived next door, and procured a drawing-board, and had legs attached to it by hinges, thereby making it adjustable to Mr. Whitman's position in writing. He was delighted with this impromptu desk when it was placed before him the next day. "Ah!" he exclaimed "that's *Mary*—that's *Mary*. Just the right thing at the right time."

Upon this board, and in the presence of no one but Mrs. Davis and myself, his last message to his friends was written. The weary old man was two days in completing this message—or greeting, as it is sometimes called—and but for Mary Davis's foresight and prompt action, the task would never have been accomplished.

The message was written on post-office paper, and inscribed upon two separate pieces which he pasted together. This testimonial of his remembrance and regard for others was sent over to England, where a facsimile was made, about fifty copies being sent back to him. These he distributed among his friends and acquaintances; and in nothing did he ever forget his nurses.

After this Walt Whitman wrote very little. One of his executors says under date of Feb. 11th: "I got him to write his signature for the use of a paper, and the job completely exhausted him." At this time Mr. Whitman was totally unfit to do anything except at his own pleasure.

He could always take his own part, and fortunately was capable of doing so still; had it been otherwise, there is no telling how soon he would have been hustled out of the world by a number of his enthusiastic admirers. On the 22d he signed some contracts, and kindly put his signature to a picture for me. At this time he had discarded ink, and used a blue pencil only. He wrote his name but once again, and that was for some business purpose. His last communication—a feeble attempt to write to his sister, on March 17th—was signed "W. W." only.

I hoped and expected to be with my patient to the end. The following—again quoting from "*In re* Walt Whitman"—will explain why I was not:

Mrs. K. leaves to-morrow, and Mrs. Davis and Warry will assume the watching between them, some one being en-

gaged to relieve Mrs. Davis in the kitchen. Walt takes the change very hard, and we all regret it, but Mrs. K. had made an advance contract with another person some months ago.

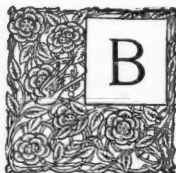
Thinking it improbable that Mr. Whitman would outlive the time for which I could remain with him, we all thought it best not to inform him of my impending departure, and agreed that he should be told of it only at the last moment. At breakfast in the morning before I left, by a great effort I summoned resolution to inform him of the coming change. He was wholly unprepared for it, and said: "You cannot go. You cannot go." When I told him the circumstances, and how much against my own wishes it was to leave him, he said: "Well, it cannot be helped."

He was reconciled when he learned that no other nurse was to follow me, and I promised to return as soon as possible should he need me, to which he said "Do, do, do."

When the doctor mentioned my leaving, the poor old man replied: "Yes, that is the worst news that I have heard in a long time." I do not mean to boast that I was so much to Mr. Whitman; hundreds of nurses would have done as well, and no doubt better; but I am thankful that it was my good fortune to be the one chosen, and more thankful that my services were always acceptable and never repugnant to him. The next morning I entered the room, ostensibly to put wood in the stove, and seeing that he wished to speak, I went to the bedside. I sat there for the last time—without the little tray,—and took his proffered hand. He held mine a few moments in silence, then bade me good-bye. His fingers relaxed, and I arose to go. Stooping down, I kissed his forehead. A single tear ran down his furrowed cheek, and my own eyes were dim as I took my last look at the dying Walt Whitman. He lived but seventeen days longer.

# THEIR IDEAL GRANDMOTHER

By ANNE WARNER



BELLE, who was extraordinarily pretty and dainty, looked thoughtfully over the six closely written pages, and then tapped her teeth with her finger-nail while she considered.

Of course Helen's two younger children had never seen their grandmother and the two older children could barely recollect the lady. It seemed as if she ought to visit them and yet—!

Belle sighed. We all of us know what the ideal grandmother is like and how she is supposed to comport herself. Belle sighed again and more heavily. Still, it was a duty and should be done.

So the visit was fixed for the beginning of July.

Helen drove into town alone to meet her mother. Four years is a long time and the daughter felt a little uncertain. Her mother had always been a very uncertain individual to count on. In fact, nobody had really counted on her with any success during all her lifetime. She had been discovered to be married just as they were sending her away to a finishing-school. Then she had gone to live in Japan and had returned four years later to settle affairs about her property. It appeared that she had buried one husband and married another in Japan. Her family were fairly dumfounded; nor were their nerves greatly soothed at being told that the cunning son whom she brought back with her was a daughter.

"A girl is much more care," Helen's mother explained easily. "I shall dress her as a boy until she is five or six years old."

When the affairs were settled they went back to Japan. Helen's mother became very prominent there on account of her wit and beauty, and when her step-father died it looked as if the next step-father would be akin to the Yellow Peril. This was awful.

The family sent out and secured Helen.

"No one can ever tell what Belle will do!" the aunts and uncles said. So Helen was taken away from her mother and plans for a long and formal education laid out on her behalf. However, the unexpected was hereditary, for, at sixteen, Helen, too, ran away, making such a good match in so doing that all the family forgave her at once.

Her mother came across seas to see the first two grandchildren. It was rather droll, the girl-mother of eighteen and the not-easily-classified grandmother of thirty-five. Having looked at the children most casually and given a most elaborate amount of consideration to the question as to whether it would be wiser to get new frocks in Paris or Vienna, Helen's mother hied herself far-eastward again.

And now she was back—four years later—almost prettier than ever, still pleasantly within forty.

The Hôtel de l'Univers was very lively that morning. The *portier* was putting motor-folk into motors, stamping postals, calling out room-numbers, being generally useful. But

when he saw Helen's liveried footman he forgot all else and ran madly down the steps to tell madame that madame her mother had arrived safely the previous evening.

"Last evening!" Helen cried in dismay.

"*Oui, madame*; last evening."

Helen left the carriage hastily and hurried, accompanied by the obsequious *portier*, to the lift, and was slowly but surely raised to her mother's level.

Belle, who liked the best of everything, had the best suite in l'Univers. A tap at the door and a cry of "*Entrez!*" The daughter entered—

And nearly fell backwards at the sight before her.

A Dresden-china grandmother, of a truth!

A dear little pink and white face, just faintly and picturesquely touched with wrinkles and shadows. Teeth still white, and hair much more so. Four silvery curls on either side and a white lace cap above the whole. A gray silk dress, a little knit shawl, mitts,—oh, in fact a real love of a grandmother.

"Mamma!" the daughter cried, aghast.

"Do you like me?" said Belle. She rose as she spoke, and hung on to her chair-arm to steady herself. "I have a cane," she explained, "but I did n't expect you quite so early and Louise has it in the other room."

Helen moved nearer, gasped, choked, and then—remembering the four years since their last meeting—embraced her mother. "Why *did* you do it?" she said then.

"I wanted to make the children happy. You cannot think of the trouble I've taken. I have peppermints, too,—and I have learned seven fairy-stories by heart."

Helen did not know whether to laugh or be sober.

"But was so much trouble necessary?" she asked.

"Oh, my dear, I want your children to know what it is to have an ideal

grandmother, and you know they will be grandfathers and grandmothers themselves before I shall ever look old. In fact I do not expect to ever look old at all—not with the care I take of myself."

Helen tried to rally her composure. "Come, dear," she said, "the carriage is waiting. The station-wagon will bring the maid and luggage."

"I'm only taking one trunk and my bonnet-box," Belle said, walking feebly to the bell, "I shall only stay three days."

"Three days!"

"Yes, dear, I really could n't stand it for longer. It's so bad for my hair under the wig, you know."

Helen said no more; she felt that possibly three days would be as long as she herself could stand it, too.

The maid coming in response to the bell, Helen's children's ideal grandmother demanded her wraps.

"I wear two veils," she said, as the maid wound her head up; "we found I could n't get that bunchy look around my shoulders any other way."

"I see," said Helen.

"And now my cane," the grandmother reminded her maid. The maid brought the cane.

"My goodness me," said the grandmother, "only fancy that I was jumping fences on horseback last week,—and I feel eighty-five to-day!"

Louise now put her hand under her mistress's arm and gently assisted her towards the lift. Helen followed dumbly,—sharing the family wonder as to what her mother would do next.

They reached the carriage and drove away at once. Belle was very silent, being choked by her two veils, and Helen was quite paralyzed.

When they reached the château all the children were awaiting them under *les charmilles*. Three nurses assisted at the entertainment, as everyone was familiar with a certain Reutlinger photograph of four years ago and longed to look upon the grandmother.

Belle waved her mitted hand in a broken-wristed way as the carriage

drove up and the children all drew back, a little overawed by the muffled figure.

They were just getting her out of the carriage when her viscount son-in-law came galloping up on a big bay thoroughbred and cried joyously:

"Great news for Madame Maman, —Gregoire is——"

The words died in his throat—he had just caught sight of his "Madame Maman" as she landed heavily on the gravel beside his wife.

"*Mon dieu, Hélène*—" he stammered, helplessly.

"She has chosen to be an ideal grandmother, Henri," his wife explained.

Monsieur the viscount came forward to kiss the guest's hand as a son-in-law should do; but no, his mother-in-law was rending her way madly out of veils and curls and betrayed a most undignified lack of composure. "Who did you say?" she cried in a deplorably youthful agitation,—“you said ‘Gregoire’; surely—surely you did n't mean—?” and she paused and looked all question.

"But I did," said the viscount. "He heard that you were to visit us and he took the very next train from——"

There sounded a wild cry of despair.

"When will he be here?" Helen's mother asked, all but wringing her hands. "Oh, I have only one tea-gown with me and it's gray satin, and all my boxes are gone on to Paris."

Her state was pitiable, most provocative of sympathy.

The children, who could not speak their mother's mother-tongue and so could not know what calamity was

causing grandmamma to tear her pretty curls from her temples, now began to look very frightened indeed.

"What shall she do?" Helen asked her husband.

"She must wear your clothes, *chérie*, for Gregoire arrives for dinner this very evening."

"Oh, Helen," said her mother, taking heart at once at the suggestion and stripping off her mitts hurriedly, "that pale-green gown, the one with the flowers embroidered on in sequins, you know, do let me have that—won't you?—and your maid can help me a little with my face, while Louise is unpacking—it all comes off with vaseline, you know, and——"

"Yes, surely," said Helen, putting a soothing arm about her,—“and my slippers always fitted you. Come, mamma, dear, we'll get to your room at once.”

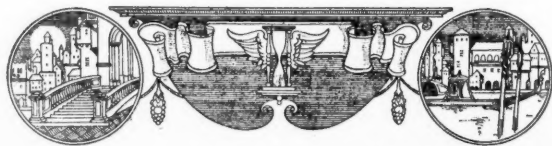
The wide-eyed children then saw their lovely little ideal grandmother vanish from view; and she vanished from their view forever. The next time that any one of them saw her she had on a white muslin frock, a huge black hat, and a wide gold belt. It was the *cadet* Henri who saw her then, and he rushed madly off to tell Guisbert (the eldest) what he had seen.

"The strange gentleman who came last night is kissing a lady that I never saw before, in the blue grotto," he cried to his brother.

And that was the end of the ideal grandmother.

That is, I believe it only kindly to call it the end, for it must be bitter enough to be at once a fiancée and a grandmother without having it repeated over and over.

And a third marriage was the next fine surprise to which Helen's mother treated her family.





# THE DEATH-MASK OF NAPOLEON

By S. MAYS BALL



WHILE preparing a magazine article dealing with Napoleonic relics, Mrs. Olivia Blanchard of New Orleans came upon certain threads which led to the location of a relic of the Emperor which had disappeared from New Orleans at or about the time of the occupation of that city by Federal troops during the Civil War. The relic in question was a bronze medallion from the plaster death-mask taken at St. Helena by Dr. Antommarchi, Napoleon's physician. Upon information received from Mrs. Blanchard the New Orleans *Item* undertook the recovery of the relic.

Francesco Antommarchi was born at Morsiglia, Corsica, July 5, 1789. After graduating from the schools of Leghorn, Pisa and Florence, he remained in the Tuscan capital, first as pupil and afterward as successor to Mascagni, the great anatomist. His researches were just beginning to attract attention when in 1818, he was called away to attend the ex-Emperor. Napoleon's family—particularly his mother—were attempting at that time to place about the Emperor as many sympathetic friends, counsellors and countrymen as England would allow. Dr. Antommarchi left Rome in 1819 after receiving verbal instructions from Madame Mère and other members of the Bonaparte family. Proceeding to London for permission from the English Government, he sailed from Gravesend on an old merchant ship.

When Dr. Antommarchi returned to France after the Emperor's death,

he published a book called "The Last Moments of Napoleon," wherein he described his voyage to St. Helena and his residence on the island and reported the doings and sayings of the imperial captive and denounced the treatment of his patient by his English jailers. When Napoleon had drawn his last breath, Dr. Antommarchi embalmed the body, enclosed the heart in an urn and interred the remains. As no calcined plaster could be found at St. Helena, he obtained permission to go by boat to a distant part of the island in quest of sulphate of lime, which he was informed could be found in small quantities. Having procured what he needed, he took a cast of the Emperor's features. The original is said to be still in existence in London, where a collector of curios once offered it for sale at 5000 pounds sterling.

On his return to France and after the expulsion of the Bourbons, Antommarchi, being poor, made vain attempts to dispose of the original mask. He offered it to the government of Louis Philippe, but his proposition was declined by the ministry. Then a joint stock company was formed, headed by Marshals Clausel and Bertrand and other distinguished ex-imperialists, the main object of which was the multiplication of copies of the mask for distribution among the shareholders, and for popular sale. The understanding was that when a certain amount of money had been paid in, the original mask was to be presented to the Hotel des Invalides. The latter part of this programme, however, was never carried out.

Late in the year 1834 the following letter was published in the New Orleans papers:

PARIS, Sept. 2nd, 1834.

MONSIEUR LE GRAND

MARÉCHAL BERTRAND:

On the eve of leaving France for the City of New Orleans, I deem it a duty to acquaint you with the cause of my departure.

As you are aware the Emperor Napoleon in his last will had secured my future and my fortune. Unforeseen obstacles have prevented the accomplishment of his benevolent intentions. The conservative measures which I had taken to enforce their execution have been disregarded. My rights and just claims have been entirely ignored and I see myself compelled at this late day to resort to the tribunal of my country. To attend to these judicial debates will be to me painful in the extreme.

I separate myself therefore with great regret from France, and I kindly hope you will not disapprove of the motives that lead me to this determination. I hope that you will do justice to one who has had the high privilege of once being your fellow exile, of witnessing the long anguish of the greatest man of the age and of finally closing his eyes in death.

Accept, Monsieur le grand Maréchal, etc.

DR. F. AN TOMMARCHI.

The above letter in a measure prepared the residents of New Orleans for the good doctor's arrival. On a Saturday morning, November 9, 1834, the ship *Salem*, Capt. Destebecho, from Havre, reached New Orleans. Among her passengers was Dr. Antommarchi.

It is still insisted in New Orleans that nothing could adequately describe the enthusiasm of the French residents of that city, when, on descending the companion ladder, Antommarchi strode upon the wharf and was received by a large deputation headed by Judge Maurian. He was escorted to the Salle Davis on Orleans Street, where Dr. Formento welcomed him with elegance and feeling. At his lodgings in Marti's Hotel, later known as the Hotel des Étrangers, on Chartres Street below St. Louis, a

continuous levee was held; at night there was a serenade by the artists of the French Theatre. For several days these manifestations of respect continued; and then the effervescence somewhat subsided, and the distinguished new-comer was left a little more to himself and to repose. He said later that he intended to make New Orleans his home, and by his professional pursuits to earn a livelihood and position, now denied him in France.

On the fourth day after Dr. Antommarchi's arrival in New Orleans, he addressed the following letter to Denis Prieuer:

NEW ORLEANS, NOV. 12, 1834.

TO MONSIEUR THE MAYOR

OF NEW ORLEANS:

Deeply interested by the generous sentiments and the kind reception I have met at the hands of the sons of Louisiana, I have the honor to offer this city a bronze mask of the Emperor Napoleon, cast by me at St. Helena, after his death, together with its socle, in bronze also.

This gift is destined to perpetuate the memory among this free people of the greatest man of the world, and I am proud, on this occasion, of the opportunity which it offers to associate my name with the commemoration of those grand and glorious souvenirs which this illustrious and majestic head recalls to all brave Louisianians, as well as to the rest of mankind.

Awaiting your orders in this matter, Monsieur the Mayor, I have the honor to be, with high consideration,

F. AN TOMMARCHI.

This offer was submitted to the City Council for action; it was resolved that the gift should be accepted and placed in the Council Chamber. As soon as this programme became known the French of New Orleans were determined to make it the occasion of a public jubilee. The Legion was called out on the "Place d'Armes" with flags flying and drums beating; French societies in holiday attire, and thousands of those not members of any organization, preceded by numerous bands playing

"Partant pour la Syrie" and the "Marseillaise," paraded Chartres, Royal and Bourbon streets with Dr. Antommarchi in the forefront of the procession, which finally stopped before the Maierie (the room occupied later by the Supreme court) where the presentation took place. The speech-making and wine-bibbing established a standard for such festive occasions in the Crescent City.

A few days later this great ceremony, Dr. Antommarchi opened an office at a Mr. Trudeau's residence, 13 Royal Street, and another at Nicholas Girod's house, at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres streets. At the latter place his medical services were rendered gratis.

Evidently, Dr. Antommarchi was a great talker; it is also evident that he seemed to have but one theme of conversation—to wit, Napoleon. It was not long after he had "located" himself and begun the practice of his profession in New Orleans, that several persons whom he had perhaps offended by his garrulity began to circulate rumors that he was nothing but a humbug—"un grand faiseur d'embarras,"—and his popularity soon began to decline. Several of New Orleans' most distinguished practitioners took umbrage at his wonderful way of advertising himself in the daily press; what was worse, they evidently looked upon him as a formidable competitor. Their persecution of the man, whether prompted by jealousy, or by respect for their professional code of ethics, led to an angry controversy, the result of which was that Dr. Antommarchi left New Orleans in disgust and returned to France.

A writer in the New Orleans press, Mr. Henry C. Castellanos, who is the authority for much of the data here given, said in a communication to a New Orleans paper, many years ago:

Some years ago, while chatting with my old friend Mandeville Marigny on old-time subjects, . . . while the subject was still fresh in my memory, I went to the City Hall to see this relic of a past genera-

tion. Like an autograph letter of Louis Napoleon, the city's property, it had disappeared, and no one could give any account of it. . . . No information was ever obtained.

When the Federal troops were approaching New Orleans during the Civil War, there was a great hurrying and scurrying, hiding of papers, destruction of this or that important document, and so on. And two explanations are given, neither of them capable of absolute proof of the loss of the Napoleon medallion. One is, that the flustered city officials threw it away by mistake. The other is that when the troops took charge of the city hall and declared martial law, they threw it away with other local "rubbish."

In any event, the bronze *was* thrown away, and not stolen. Mr. Adam Giffen—who in the 50's, as city treasurer, had rescued the municipality from a rascally gang of the "Boss" Tweed type—was walking along Canal Street one day between the years '61 and '65, when on a loaded junk cart, on its way to a dealer's yard, he recognized this bronze medallion mixed up with other waste material. He went with the wagon to the junk yard, bought the medallion from the dealer, and took it to his home, where it rested on the library table for years, up to the day of his death, when it was given to the widow of his son, Robert Giffen.

Why Mr. Giffen did not return the bronze when the municipal government was resumed by the citizens of New Orleans, no one knows. Everybody does know that he was a man of unquestioned integrity, and if he did not see fit to turn the medallion back to the city, it must have been that he felt convinced either that there was no one in the city government to whom it should be entrusted, or that he found that no official of the city wished to receive it back.

From 1866 until about 1890 the bronze remained as an ornament in the Giffen home. Thousands of people must have seen it and known of the circumstances in which the family became possessed of it. The question

of ownership was never regarded by those who knew anything of it as a secret nor was any effort made to locate or recover it by any of the administrations of the New Orleans government until the *Item*, armed with Mrs. Blanchard's information on the subject, proceeded on February 1, 1909, to recover it for the City Hall.

In fact, in the early nineties the medallion was sent to New York by Mrs. Robert Giffen with the idea of selling it, but without success. Soon after this unsuccessful attempt to dispose of it, she sold it to Capt. William G. Raoul, at that time President of the Mexican National Railroad, whose office was in New York, Atlanta being his place of residence. So soon as Captain Raoul heard that a newspaper was trying to recover the medallion, he wrote to the Mayor of New Orleans giving the history of the mask, and offering to return it to the city on receipt of the price he had paid for its purchase, or without pecuniary reimbursement, if a fitting inscription should be put on the bronze, showing the manner of its return. The latter offer was accepted. The mask has been delivered to New Orleans, and is now in the custody of the Louisiana Historical Society.

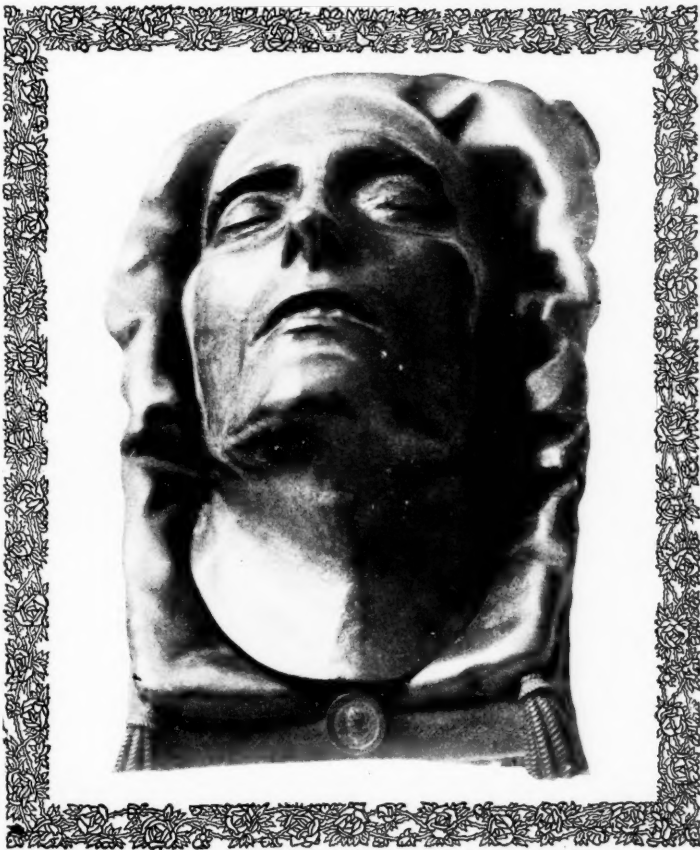
The medallion is life-size. On the front of the bed is engraved: "Le Dr. Antommarchi à la Ville de la N'elle Orleans, Novbre 1834." On the right side of the mask, below the bed line, is engraved "Dr. F. Antommarchi." On the left, just below the bed line, an engraved line reads: "Fondu—par L. Richard et—Quesnel—a Paris." On the medallion itself can be seen the inscription "Napoléon, Emp. et Roi.—Souscription Dr. Antommarchi, 1833."

From time to time Captain Raoul picked up bits of information about the bronze he owned, and others made from the same cast, none of which he knew to be authentic. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in his "Portraits in Plaster" published in 1894, says that only four bronze pieces were cast from the original model, but he does not

attempt to trace them. From what Captain Raoul could learn, he is of the opinion that one of the bronzes is now in the French Government Mint and another in one of the museums in Paris.

In 1836, Dr. Antommarchi visited Mexico, was well received there and spent several months in travel. In the days of Guadalupe y Calvo, he was fêted by Washington Kerr of Baltimore, and by the very cosmopolitan population of the City of Mexico, famous for its hospitality. At Guanecevi, not far from Batopolas, he visited Don Antonio Calleros, who was a miner, shrewd and well-educated, and an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. Antommarchi had three heavy boxes or trunks, and wishing to leave on a journey, on which he could only take two of them, he left one with his friend Don Antonio. After a rather severe attack of malaria fever, he decided to go to Cuba. He sailed toward the end of March, 1838. It was his last voyage. Dying at sea he was buried off San Antonio, the west cape of Cuba, on April 3, 1838. For many years the old box left with Don Antonio remained unopened. In fact, Don Antonio never opened it at all, but after his death, his son-in-law, Dr. MacManus, opened the box and found the fourth mask of Napoleon, along with documents attesting its genuineness. This fourth medallion is now in the possession of the widow of Captain Guy Howard of the United States Army. Mrs. Howard, whose home is in New York, has heard that there are four other medallions in that city, but has never been able to trace even one of them.

A fifth medallion is owned by Mrs. A. V. Wogan of New Orleans, into whose possession it came on the death of Major Gally of that city. The Major followed Napoleon through several of his later campaigns and went to Louisiana after Waterloo. Just how he acquired the medallion no one seems to know, but its authenticity has never, I believe, been questioned.



TWO VIEWS OF THE DEATH-MASK OF NAPOLEON

# MADAME EAMES'S VALEDICTORY

## A FAREWELL WORD TO THE OPERA-GOING PUBLIC

By EMMA EAMES



BEFORE I go, I wish to say Good-bye and Thank you, to the public that has loved and encouraged me so long, and which has made my career possible. From the moment when, on the occasion of my *début* at the Grand Opera House in Paris, the public frantically applauded me, until to-day, I have always been obliged to drive myself onto the stage. As I went on as Juliet for the first time, I did so filled with illusion and forgetting even my own personality. When the public burst into applause, I was filled with horror that it was I they were applauding; instead of elating, it terrified me. I fought my way out of that, of course, even on the first occasion; but for years to sing in concert was not only a torture but an impossibility. I could only face the public in some one else's personality. I say that the American public has made my career a possibility by sending me the wave of affectionate encouragement and pride in my achievements without which I should have been paralyzed.

I am terribly sensitive to atmospheres, and in order to do my work I had to surround myself with an impenetrable wall—an armor of apparent indifference. To be successful is invariably to be envied and to be attacked. Jealousy instead of flattering me has always pained me. It has seemed to me as easy for all to pull together as to fight one another, and kind feeling and affection and

honest emulation were the only possible conditions I could adapt myself to. I did not care to give my enemies the present of bad singing and a breakdown, which the consciousness of ill-feeling in others toward me would have inevitably caused. I therefore have held myself aloof. I have never allowed any one to repeat to me the gossip of the theatre, nor have I ever been willing to read articles in which my name was mentioned, or even notices of the opera. I went rarely to the opera myself, as the feeling that I was exposed to the public gaze in the same way unfitted me for singing in my turn. To do my work at all, I had to detach my thought from the business and routine of opera, and think only of the realization and accomplishment of the impossible ideal I had set before me. I have lived in a world of thoughts and ideals in which facts have played so small a part that in looking over my past career I am conscious only of phases and waves of thought and feeling in which events and facts are utterly submerged. I have driven myself all these years like a restless, sensitive, indomitable horse.

My great loves in life are nature in all her moods, animals, and beauty, and above all to lead a normal life. There is nothing of the gypsy in me, and my life has been nomadic in the extreme. The result of all this driving has been frequent physical and nervous breakdowns, which I concealed and overcame in silence. To be pitied is to fail to excite enthusiasm. The man with a grievance is



invariably a social leper. To me a large city is a prison, and I am always chafing with impatience to get back to my mother nature and the life

future I may sing an occasional operatic performance. I shall never again imprison myself in bricks and mortar for a season of opera, or for



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EMMA EAMES

normal and sane. Do you wonder then that I wish to give up public life? I have had it in my mind to do so for years, and had circumstances permitted I should have done so long ago.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will;

and until now I could not give up my active work. Although in the

months of work at a time. Even in the early part of my career I never signed a contract, however flattering, without being for days ill, and overwhelmed with the thought that I had signed away months of my life. For to sign a contract, or give a promise of any kind, has always meant to me that it must be accomplished at any cost, at the sacrifice of pleasure or even health. And applause and other

outward indications of success have meant less to me than the feeling that I have done well.

With an unattainable ideal such as mine, many were the evenings, in those first years, when, after frequent recalls, and the public at the highest pitch of enthusiasm, I drove home crying with discouragement. My subjective and objective mind are quite separate, and in addition to singing my opera and acting it, I was criticising myself as I went along. Instead of being driven to madness, I have put all that anguish behind me; but I now wish rest and change, and above all to live the normal life of a gentlewoman. The public has shown amazement at my desire to retire from active life at the very height of my powers and accomplishments. In America my public has been my beloved and loving friend, and I wish it to understand me at last, and my reasons for leaving it.

A word about my ideals: My voice and my body have seemed to me instruments with which I was to accomplish my work, or as Gounod once said to me, "The canvas on which one paints"—to which I add—"one's thoughts." There is the keynote of my endeavor. To be a real singing, acting interpreter. To be sufficiently mistress of the technique and expression in both arts, to be independent of them. Then to let my current of thought go on uninterruptedly to the public. The more my work ripened, the more clearly I saw that the thought wave could carry farther than voice or theatrical gesture.

It is a truism to add that the theatrical and the dramatic are as different in meaning as the words mind and body. For dramatic thought to carry one has to learn to be theatrical, as a painter has to learn to draw. The longer I sang the more I wanted to demonstrate in opera the power of the thought wave. I at last did so, a year ago, in Mascagni's "Iris," when I sang and acted a Japanese girl

convincingly, to New York, Boston and Chicago audiences, and even to the satisfaction of the Japanese. I was obliged to do almost without gesture, to change every line of figure and face. I gave the impression of a small young girl, although in the first act I wore clogs raising me three inches. I had in addition to traverse with my thought the unimaginative positivism of the orchestral leader. I tried in vain to present to his mind images of Japan, and was obliged in the end to detach myself from him, and even at times combat him, as his only idea of a Japanese was taken from "The Mikado." I say all this to prove the strength of thought, which carried even in my mute scenes. To do this means mental and nervous exhaustion after each performance. In the mentally lighter operas, such as "Le Nozze di Figaro," however, I feel as fresh as possible, because I can be more or less myself, though sustaining thoughts and moods. The exhaustion of *being* some one else all the evening is incomparably greater than even *appearing* some one else, and in that lies for me the difference between the theatrical and the dramatic. The latter word has been so misused that one pities it; in the mouths of many people, it seems to mean explosiveness and effort only.

I have been kindly reproached for not having announced my intention of leaving opera sooner, instead of waiting until my last operatic performance before doing so. My public has only to consult the files of the newspapers at the very beginning of the season, to see that I spoke of my intention then without my statement being believed. On that last evening I felt that the public did not realize it was my farewell, and before I knew it I was speaking—no one more surprised that I should be doing so than I. I could ask for no greater "testimonial" than the wave of feeling that came to me from my public after I had done.

The general regret over Madame Eames's retirement from the operatic stage was expressed in PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for April (page 115)—THE EDITOR.

# THE BREAKING-IN OF BOB HERRIES

By CORNELIA A. P. COMER

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRIT A. BENEKER



NOBODY cares to hear about the clergy nowadays. They and their affairs have quite dropped out of the honored place they once held in the story-writer's list of hopeful material. They are almost as old-fashioned as black stocks and flowered waistcoats. I admit a certain justice in this. There is more "go" in the lives of Klondike miners, or railroad men, or plungers on Wall Street, than in theirs. But they are human just the same and know the pang of life. I dare say no editor will approve the story of Bob Herries's wooing even if I write it out; and yet—there is something worth while in it, because, for all his very human failings, and even though his self-scorn was justified, Bob Herries was not wanting in the courage proper to a man.

He made up his mind to marry Isobel McNamara when he first saw her at Princeton, the year he graduated from the Seminary. Notice, I do not say he made up his mind to try to marry her.

Peter McNamara and Bob's father were college friends. Both men had the same good Scotch-Irish blood and the same strenuous, old-time Calvinistic convictions. But McNamara went West, and the elder Herries spent his brief life as minister to a country church "up-state."

The little Presbyterian church at Herriestown had passed from father

to son since the first Herries preached there before the Revolution. The family lived on broad ancestral acres in a great square farm-house—one of those solid, old brick structures firmly planted on the soil, conveying the impression that they have been there for a long time and mean to remain indefinitely. This homestead had already sheltered four generations—clergymen, Calvinists and men of substance, all of them. Here Bob's four sisters brought him up with much outward pious painstaking and much tremulous inward pride.

As a child he was limp, affectionate, heavenly-minded, fond of sitting on laps and always ready to repeat the catechism. He had a tender look in his eyes and laid indefinite plans for the evangelization of the world.

If he had remained like that I should not be telling you about him. But he unexpectedly grew up into a tall, lean, sandy-haired youth with supple muscles, a strong jaw and shrewd, though intense, eyes. He developed much more spirit than the neighbors expected, and he used his astute mind dextrously. There were years when it did not seem at all likely that he would choose the profession of his fathers, though he finally fell in line.

Meantime, Peter McNamara made money in the West; his Colorado ranch was a show-place, and his daughter was a beautiful and self-possessed young woman who went to Chicago for clothes, to New York



Drawn by Gerrit A. Beneker

(See page 354)

"I WANT YOUR LIFE TO TAKE CARE OF"

for art, to New Orleans for old mahogany and to San Francisco for bric-à-brac. She knew the resources of these United States, did Isobel McNamara. She knew what money could buy, and where, and how to make the most of it. She was, really, full of character, common-sense and good red blood; but as she was tall and slight and very fair, with a dazzling complexion and hair that was almost silver in its lightness, young men were likely to call her elusive and "spirituelle." From the first Bob Herries had some conception of her sturdier qualities. They sprang from the same root-stock, he and she, and the underlying likeness drew them together.

When McNamara met Bob Herries at the Princeton Commencement, he took a decided fancy to him. He said he wanted that young man to come West and see where men were bred nowadays, and how they lived, before he went to preaching. Bob accepted the invitation fervently and looked long into Isobel's eyes when he said he would be out in July. And Isobel turned her head quickly to one side—as a bird sometimes does if you stare at it—and then her eyes slowly came back to his again as if she could not help it. This was a good symptom; but, for all that, the first three weeks of Bob's visit at the ranch were miserable for both of them.

Bob was miserable because he was learning a great deal and learning it so very fast that the growing pains were almost more than he could bear; Isobel was miserable because she did not understand what was happening.

About a man, the first question Isobel McNamara always asked was, "Is he strong?" To her, as to most women of sturdy race, a man's strength is his best excuse for being. Force, even though wasted or misguided, seems to them the finest thing masculinity has to show for itself.

She supposed he was good—of course. Why was he entering the ministry if he was not called to goodness? If he was good and strong too, then, though she did n't like young

ministers, especially if they were lean and keen and sandy, she might manage to forgive him for attracting her. For attract her he did; but sometimes he repelled her, too. He soothed and stimulated her; he absorbed her and he exasperated her. They were always sparring and arguing if they talked together long, and they could not help talking together as fast as possible at every opportunity. When she differed with him, as she almost always did, she had a curious sensation of misery in the depths of her being; she felt like a dislocated bone that suffers and causes suffering. She thought about this phenomenon a great deal. Her whole relation with this young man was out of joint, but what ailed it she did not know. When she found out it was with disconcerting suddenness.

They rode and drove and walked together constantly, for those were the things one did at the ranch. It chanced that Bob was the only guest for the greater part of the time. He did his best to make the most of his time, but thought he achieved no headway. He was too young a wooer to guess the significance of Isobel's intensely critical attitude and of their constant sparring. He was often aggrieved, but he did not give up.

Fate finally used a trite, old-fashioned device to conclude this preliminary stage of their affair. If it is argued that a young woman so experienced as Isobel McNamara would not be likely, merely because she was terrified and nervous, to yield thus easily to the love-making of a clearly unsuitable youth, I can only say—that is the way it was. The last thing Fate considers in her matrimonial arrangements is suitability or even probability. The impossible marriage always takes place.

On the day Fate appointed, Isobel asked Bob to drive her to town to see about a missing express-box from her tailor. On arriving they went first to the stables to change the horse, for McNamara always kept one or two horses in town. From the



Drawn by Garrit A. Beneker

( See page 352 )

SHE HELD OUT HER HANDS TO HIM



stables they went to the express-office. The box had not been heard from, but the agent suggested that it might be on the train then due to arrive. If they would meet him at the station, Miss McNamara could take immediate possession of her property.

They waited in town till the train had gone through, for the horse was fresh and restless, then drove to the dingy station. The long box appeared on the platform, but the agent was nowhere in sight.

Bob got out to investigate. As he lifted the box and put it in the cart, he heard a whistle. A freight train down the yard was moving up. And just then Isobel quite unpardonably lost the reins over the dashboard. The horse trembled, then reared, plunged forward and broke away down the street—no, not quite! For Bob had hurled himself forward and made a wild snatch at the bits. He barely caught them, but he held on. The horse, in an effort to shake him off, reared until it seemed that he must fall backward, then plunged again, the man, tossed this way and that like a feather, still clinging savagely to his head. The brute struck out with his forefeet, pawing at that swaying figure. It seemed impossible that Bob could swing himself out of the way.

Isobel sat in perfect silence, clinging convulsively to the seat and staring at Bob with wide, terrified eyes. Her own danger went completely out of her mind. She was conscious of nothing but the violent struggles of the horse and that swinging figure, dogged in its every line. She noted detail, as one will in peril—the swollen muscles of the hands, the veins outstanding on the temples, the clenched, square jaw. It seemed to her hours that she sat there, watching Herries tossed to and fro in front of those cruel feet. Each instant it seemed as if he must fall beneath them; but still, somehow, as the seconds dragged their length along, he escaped. And still the horse plunged on in those long frantic bounds.

"Ah-h!" It was a sigh of relief for the moment. Bob's dead weight on the bits had at last dragged the horse over to the edge of the street. One of the shafts ran in between the stout palings put up around a young tree in the parking-strip. Caught in this way, the horse stopped, trembling.

A plasterer mixing mortar in an adjacent yard now came forward with incredible slowness, rubbing his hands on his brown overalls and staring at Herries as he came. To the last day of her life Isobel will remember how his white hair fell around his moon-like face, and the incredulous admiration in his round blue eyes as he said:

"Well! If you ain't as d—d good a feller to hold on to a horse as ever I see!"

Isobel laughed hysterically.

"If you'll pick up those reins and hand them to the young lady, and then hold his head while I jump in, I'll be obliged to you," said Herries crisply, though panting. "Here! That's not the way to hold a horse! This beast is going to feel tamer before we get home," he muttered between his teeth with a not unbecoming violence. Then he ran back to pick up his hat, jumped in and seized the reins. The plasterer loosed the horse's head, and in an instant there was only a cloud of dust to tell the way they went.

It seemed a long time before signs that the horse was subdued and tiring gave Bob a chance to look at Isobel. He found her leaning back against the seat, still white and trembling, evidently shaken and overthrown to an extent which he had not thought possible in a girl so spirited and hardy. One large tear was making its way unregarded down her cheek, and her breath came in sobbing gusts which she was obviously trying very hard to stifle. Her usual self-possession was nowhere within her reach. She looked pitiful and appealing—just helpless, lovely girl.

"Why, child!" exclaimed Bob, more alarmed than he had been by the frightened horse. It seemed ab-

solutely the most natural thing in the world to slip his arm about her waist and draw her head to his shoulder. He just could n't help doing it, and Isobel did n't seem to realize how shocking it was, nor to care that her hat fell back.

"There! There!" he soothed her; "why, dear, it was nothing to mind—and it's all over now."

"You don't know how horrible it was," sobbed Isobel weakly, "to see you dangling there from the bits. I thought you would—would be killed. And you were doing it to save my life, too."

There was silence for a long, momentous instant.

"What better could I do with my own life than that?" the man demanded, "for I want your life to take care of always."

As he kissed away the large tear with surprising gentleness, Isobel recognized with an unspeakable surprise that her antagonism, her critical attitude, her sense of a dislocated relation between them, were suddenly swept away, and replaced by a consciousness of peace, of harmony, of utter rest and satisfaction. It was certainly very strange, but it was true!

"You should n't have held on," she protested, feebly whimsical. "I did n't know young ministers did things like that!"

"You would n't be *here* if I had n't," said Bob in a deep, moved voice, and his arm tightened a little around the slim figure as he said "here."

"It was magnificent," she insisted, "the way you did it—magnificent!" and another large tear began to make its way down the white cheek.

"*That* was n't," said Bob joyously, "but *this* is!" whereupon he carefully removed the second tear also.

Isobel made no protest. She felt too sheltered, safe, too much at rest, to achieve the protesting attitude. It was perfectly obvious to her heart that Bob's arm belonged about her waist, Bob's lip upon her cheek. Thus the universe was made, and not otherwise.

Perhaps, after all, Fate knows best about the value of her trite, old-fashioned devices for throwing the young into each other's arms.

The rest of that homeward drive will always stand in Isobel's memory for a first earthly glimpse of the exquisite peace of Heaven. It was passing marvellous that she should love this youth, but it was as eternally decreed as gravitation or the moral law, and commanded the same respectful acquiescence.

Alone in her room that night, Isobel McNamara searched her soul. Excited and exhausted as she was, it was characteristic of her that she could not sleep until she had tried to think it all out. She wanted to think about her lover from a dozen points of view—to rejoice in him, to wonder about him, and, as her thoughts cleared, to wonder about herself. She had never contemplated just that kind of marriage. What sort of material was she for the helpmate of a Herries? The blood in her veins told her that the unsuitability of the union was only apparent. Of what use were her hardy and devout ancestors if she could not grapple with the peculiar problems that beset a clergyman's wife?

Her heart, apparently, was satisfied, but her keen Scotch mind was still inquiring. It asked her this—it asked her that. Bob's physical courage was radiantly proven, and she exulted in it. Any man might be proud to have that old plasterer's tribute for an epitaph! But did he have all the kinds of courage, all the strengths? Isobel still desired to know. She wanted, as all women thirstily want, to believe absolutely in her lover's might.

But no amount of heart-searching could make her think otherwise than well of her new world. When she came down in the morning she was shy, spirited, full of color, animation and the joy of life. But she had hardly glanced at Herries before she knew that she had some totally new condition to meet.

What was the matter? His square,

thin face was white and all the lines of it were drawn and hard. His habitual aspect was buoyant and assured with the cheerful assurance of the young. She hardly knew him with this sleepless, broken look. Vague fear caught at her heart.

His eyes gave hers no answer, and her girl's pride was up in arms at once. Why should he be less joyous this morning than she? Happy lovers do not wear such faces. But her tenderness was roused as well, for his look was that of one tortured.

When breakfast was over, he followed her out of doors. She sat down in a cushioned corner of the veranda and looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"What is the matter?" she demanded. "You look—you look like a drowned man!"

"It seems to me I have died and been damned since yesterday," he said. He spoke with difficulty and his voice was harsh. "There is a great deal I must say to you."

She had no key to his mood. "Do you think we have made a mistake?" her pride asked, disdainfully.

He lifted his hand with a desperate gesture. "Don't talk like that," he said. "Don't be harder on me than you must. I have made no mistake—except as I believe my whole life is a mistake. Whether you have made one or not is for you to say after you have heard me out. You will despise me, but no matter. It's right for me to tell you. It's right for me to show you my soul as I saw it last night for the first time in my life—as I suppose God Almighty has seen it all the while."

If Bob had been an older man or a wiser, he might well have evaded the racking programme he thus sketched out for himself. He might have known that repentance is most forcibly expressed in action, and that the function of remorse is to alter our lives, not to furnish material for conversation even with our dearest. Yet he was brave, if not wise. He plunged ahead with his self-revelation.

"This is about my profession," he said, "and about—you. It begins a long way back, almost at the very beginning of my life. You know about my father, and his father, and his. I was brought up to the church. They called it 'dedicated.' It could n't help being so. As a child I never thought of doubting that the Herries were of the tribe of the prophets. Of course, I thought, the Lord wanted people like me to save souls for him—wanted them badly. I was only a boy, but it makes me sick to think of my spiritual self-complacency!"

"When I went to college, my first discovery was that there were other ways of thinking about God and the world than ours in Herriestown. I met men stronger-brained than I, and, quite incidentally, they overturned my faith. But I never told of it at home.

"For a long time I did n't know what I believed, and I did n't want to know. I wanted to enjoy 'freedom of thought.' That meant floating around at my ease in a fog of intellectual inaccuracy. Like a lot of boys, I was too lazy to think things out clearly. Of course a great many other new ideas dawned on me. I altered my views of the world, the flesh and the devil. I saw that wealth and position and influence were particularly nice things, and I began to want them badly—yes, badly. I descended lower; I wanted luxurious living. When I was young and pious I thirsted to save souls. Now I thirsted for purple and fine linen.

"By and by it was time to decide on my work in life. My scepticism had moderated—the more you know, the more it does, always—but I was not spiritual. . . . You know my sisters have always made an idol of me. They brought me up, you see. I can't tell you about them. They are too good for this world and too simple. I knew it would wring their hearts if I gave up the ministry, and I shrank from hurting them, but I can't pretend that I went on with it wholly for their sakes. My

reasons were n't anything like so hallowed.

"I told myself it was n't a bad profession from a business point of view. Do you see? I had gradually come to the conclusion that I cared more for power, for influence, than for money. We are not a rich family, but then we have never been poor. There is quite a bit of property, and I thought I could forego the possibility of making a fortune. There are more good places in the pulpit than there are men to fill them. There is an opening for brains in the profession. The great masses of the churches are in a comatose condition intellectually, and most of them would be glad to be roused. There are real people in them, who want to hear real things.

"Well, I thought about it until I came to want to go on with my studies for the ministry. . . . I don't just know how I persuaded myself that it was n't wrong for me to do it. I think it was this way. My doubts were no stronger than my faith had been. I knew some theological students who were strong men, and I found out that the 'difficulties' I had been rather proud of having were no more than haunted some of the Lord's elect. I felt that if they did not go on with their work a great force for good would be lost, and that, somehow, seemed to make it excusable for me, though I did not have their hunger to help humanity. I did n't distinguish between myself and them. You can warm yourself by the fire of another man's enthusiasm until you grow so comfortable that you think the glow comes from within.

"Anyhow, with this and with that, I temporized and stultified myself. I do believe that I have the natural endowment of a preacher and persuader of men—I thought I saw in the ministry a short cut to some of the things I wanted—I really thought I could do less harm than many ministers—and I went in for it."

Herries broke off at last and lifted his eyes which he had kept fixed on the ground as he toiled stubbornly

through his hard task. Isobel turned her head aside and he could not see her face, but it seemed to him that he could feel the dead-weight of her disapproval, like a physical oppression, crushing him down. His breath came faster.

"It's a pretty thing I am showing you, is n't it?" he demanded bitterly. "But there's worse to come. I got through the seminary all right. I was thought a promising young theologian. When I came to be examined by the licensers, I bluffed them. I answered so ambiguously—I am clever at that—that they knew no more of my real ideas when I had finished than they did before. Then I boasted of it afterward to some of my friends. Nice of me, was n't it?"

"But I could n't make up my mind to take a church at once, though one was offered me. Then I accepted your father's invitation and came out here."

He stopped again abruptly. If she would only say one word, even the sharpest word of condemnation, it would be easier to go on, he thought, but her face was still averted and she was absolutely silent. He labored on:

"The rest of this is harder yet to tell, but I don't mean to shirk any of it. I think I made up my mind to marry you from the very first—at Princeton, you know. You attracted me immensely—but that was n't all of it. I knew you were your father's only child—his heir. Do you see? It fitted in with the rest of it. You, too, could help me on to the power and place I cared for. Life with you would be soft, lovely, luxurious. Of course I knew you had never thought twice of me, but I said to myself that I would make you. And I fancied your father would not dislike the idea. He thinks me made of better stuff than I am because he knew my father. . . . So, then, I came here meaning to make you care for me."

Isobel's face turned white and then turned red. She was looking at him

now, and her look scorched. "Yes? Pray go on!" she said. Her icy-sweet voice seemed to sting him as she spoke.

"It was different after I came here," he cried passionately. "Everything began to seem different. I could n't know you and not think you the sweetest . . . the dearest. I'm not a fool. How could I help worshipping you? It's my punishment—to worship you. Isobel, you must believe this. It's as true—it's truer than the rest. Last night you made me deliriously happy. I thought of meeting you this morning with a good deal more joy than I have ever thought of Heaven. The thought of you and the crazy rapture of it were the last thing in my mind when finally I fell asleep.

"I woke far on in the night. There was a waning moon shining in at my window. The air was cold with the chill of your Colorado nights. The feverish happiness was gone. Instead of it, there was a weight at my heart and a strange sense of detachment from existence. The darkness seemed to crawl and creep around me. The faint moonlight menaced me. It seemed to me I was alone in the universe. In all my life I never felt so horribly alone before. Death can't be lonelier. The world had fallen away from me. Life had slipped from off me. All my preconceptions and preoccupations had somehow dropped away. And then I saw—I saw myself as I am, as I have always been: greedy, self-seeking, unspiritual. . . . If I had had the power I could have annihilated myself then and there for a futile, shallow thing. I can't even faintly make you understand how unfit I felt to live—let alone to live and love you. It all came over me at once, and I think my heart broke at the sight of myself. I have n't any words to tell you how it was. . . . I never conceived such an enlightenment, such a scorching vision of myself. I, to have the nerve to want to be a teacher of men and your husband!

"After a long while, as I lay there writhing, it came to me that Hell is only seeing oneself as one is, and that I was in it. And, presently, I saw, too, that salvation is a real thing, and that it lies just there—in absolute freedom from oneself, in not caring or thinking about what comes to one, or what is withheld, but just in going ahead and being honest and true and loving and helping with all one's might. Of course, I ought to have realized this always, but—it's different when you see. I've only just found it out—and I don't know what to do."

He stopped abruptly. Really, there was nothing more to say. He had shown her all and kept back nothing. It was a strange offering for a man to make to his love; nevertheless, it was a costly one. He felt himself trembling in every fibre. He wondered dully what she would say, and how he could bear any more and still have strength left to make a creditable exit from her life.

Isobel sat perfectly still with her eyes on the floor. The first wave of anger, of bitter resentment, that any man should dare to tell her he had wanted to marry her in part for luxury and power, had passed away. She was thinking now, thinking rapidly and to the point. She was reviewing the whole situation, estimating the whole man and trying to estimate him justly. For she was one of the few women to whom justice with love is possible.

Bob sat before her drearily, waiting to be judged. He had made the case against himself as black as possible—which is probably one's duty in confession.

"But don't forget that I love you!" he cried out suddenly, in a curious, strained voice. "I may be the scum of the earth—but I love you—and, Isobel McNamara, you belong to me!"

"What are you going to do now?" Isobel's voice was oddly gentle. He did not understand this.

"Do with myself, you mean? I don't know. It seemed to me that telling you came first of all."



"But afterward?" she insisted.

He shook his head despairingly. "Go home to the farm, I guess. There is a place and work for me there. How dare I have any plans before I have tested myself? How can I help anybody else to live when I have only just seen what it means, myself? The future is all blind to me yet."

"And you mean to renounce—all those things you wanted, the luxury, the power, the influence?"

He nodded. What was the use of more words if he had not made her understand that a great light had come to him in the dark hours; that he had had a vision by the way as truly as Saul of Tarsus, and that he felt himself as fervently another, if not yet a better, man?

Silence fell between them. Bob sat there doggedly, expecting his sentence, jaws set, eyes dropped, hands clinched. However she reviled him, he deserved it, and he wanted to meet it—at last—like a man.

Isobel thought, and thought again. Her face changed, softened, grew exalted, but she said no further word.

When he could bear the silence no longer, Bob looked up. He stared stupidly at the light upon her face and wondered what it meant. Her voice enlightened him.

"There is one thing you—need—not—renounce—" She faltered and broke off.

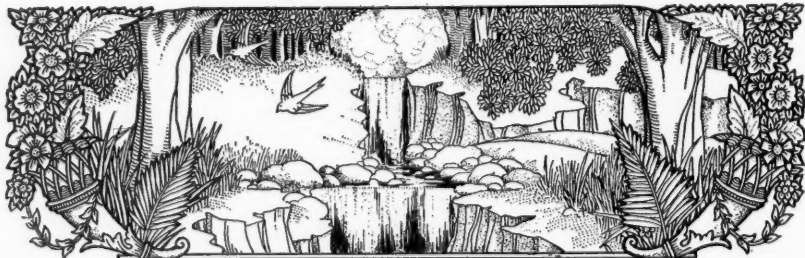
Herries sprang to his feet. "Take

care!" he cried, the words wrung from his lips. "You don't mean that! You can't mean it! Think of what I have been telling you. Isobel, for God's sake don't say it unless—unless—you are sure."

She held out her hands to him impetuously. Her eyes were grave, for she had been driven to realize with undue suddenness what all lovers must learn, that the prime function of affection is to comprehend and forgive. But young as her love was, she found it strangely equal to the test, and so her voice rang out exultant.

"I am sure," she cried, "because you are strong! Don't you see that it was very brave in you to dare to tell me? If you had strength enough for that, you have enough for anything, anything! You are strong, and I am sure!"

And if, after all, her certainty was not reasoned conviction, but only the customary blind belief of the woman beloved, and if, with his spiritual illumination from Heaven (for I believe with Bob that the Maker of Souls does not leave them unguided in their groping toward clear vision)—if, I say, with this experience, his real conversion, was mingled much of the immemorial reactive humility of the successful lover—what difference does it make? For his feet were set at last in the paths of self-escape—and they knew the joy of youth and morning as he took her in his arms.







*Florence Scovel Shinn* —

O'SHAUGHNESSY, PÈRE, OPERATED THE PHONOGRAPH

## THE CORNICES OF BOWFIRE PLACE

By HULBERT FOOTNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



ON a certain delicious night in June all Bowfire Place was out on its front steps with its phonographs, and the little street offered a kind of musical stew to the ear, compounded of many ingredients from "Aida" to "I'm Old but I'm Awfully Tough." On the steps of number thirty-three sat Miss Berenice O'Shaughnessy, with three of her regular callers; while O'Shaughnessy père operated the family phonograph inside the parlor windows. Berenice's admirers were graded below her in the order of their arrival; Chick Hudgins, the determined, who had appeared on the scene before the O'Shaughnessys fin-

ished supper, was ensconced at her feet; Willie Restorick, he of the wide smile and fond blue eye, occupied a middle position; while handsome Chris Kelleher, who had spent too long at his dressing, was obliged to content himself with a place three removes from the common divinity. Each caller had brought an offering. Chick Hudgins, who was absurdly small and thin and homely, but who possessed a man's-size bump of resolution, had laid a bunch of American Beauty roses with stems almost as long as himself in Berenice's lap. It had required no small amount of pluck to brave the smiles of Bowfire Place with this huge bouquet, which had, moreover, cost half a week's salary; but Chick had a great soul. So in his way had Willie



"BERENICE'S ADMIRERS WERE GRADED BELOW HER IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ARRIVAL."

Restorick: Willie brought Berenice a big box of candy; none of the common confectionery of the neighborhood stores, but the expensive kind, recklessly purchased at the same shop where young millionaires order sweets for their ladies fair. The best in town was none too good for Berenice thought Chick and Willie as they blithely bankrupted themselves. But Willie had not thought of the other fellows eating his candy; and during the evening he suffered acutely to see the dollar-a-pound chocolates disappearing within their coarse masculine mouths. As for Chris Kelleher, his bid to win Berenice's favor characteristically took the form of a new purple necktie—for himself; an "English square," which spread superbly over his shirt front. It had not created the effect he counted on; and Chris sat below, the picture of blushing, sulky self-consciousness.

Miss Berenice O'Shaughnessy was a highly-finished product of the metropolis: education and experience had little more to teach her. Nat-

urally, as the daughter of the promoter and builder of Bowfire Place, she enjoyed a certain advantage in the society of the street, which her own qualities would have gone far to earn her anyway. She had served a two years' apprenticeship in her father's restaurant, than which, as everyone knows, nothing is better qualified to form a girl: at the cash register she is bound to develop a cool self-possession, sufficient to carry her triumphantly through the most difficult situations that beset woman-kind. In the words of Bowfire Place, Berenice was well able to take care of herself.

Berenice was little and plump and haughty to a degree. She had a great quantity of dark red hair, a creamy skin and snapping brown eyes. The fairy Good Taste must have attended at her birth, or how should she have discovered the folly of the cheap picture hats, the cotton-backed velvets and near-silks of the neighborhood girls? Certainly not from her mother for Bowfire Place was

illuminated from end to end when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sallied forth of a Sunday. Extreme neatness was Berenice's key-note. To see her sitting there in immaculate shirt waist, marvellously fitting skirt and smooth little boots; every hair of her head in its appointed place, and no ornaments save a pair of gold bangles on one round forearm, you would have described her as the product of several generations instead of a quick-lunch room. When she spoke the spell was in danger of being broken; yet Berenice was extremely careful of her parts of speech—perhaps that was it. Envious girls had been heard to say she talked like a newspaper.

On this particular evening Berenice was as ever ostentatiously mistress of herself, carefully drawing a nice line between hauteur and affability, which kept her admirers well in hand and committed her to nothing; and yet—in spite of all the devotion at her feet; in spite of the American Beauties and the chocolates; in spite of the envious glances she knew were being cast at number thirty-three from all the beau-less stoops on Bowfire Place, which last in itself ought to have been enough to warm a normal girl's heart—Berenice was not happy. Unnoticed by her three callers, every now and then she shot a sharp little glance across and down the street towards the steps of number forty-two. Three other young men were seated here in disdain of feminine society; and occasionally a gust of manly laughter floating across the street made little Berenice wince. If you had been bold enough to ask her, she would have shot it at you that she *hated* Clem McArdle; and as a matter of fact on the few occasions Clem had called at number thirty-three, Berenice had quarrelled with him fiercely; yet if the truth were known—which it so rarely is about the girl's side of these cases—I believe the minute after she said she hated him she would have longed to pin one of poor Chick Hudgins' roses in Clem's

buttonhole and to stuff one of Willie's bon-bons between Clem's scornful lips.

All relations between number thirty-three and number forty-two were suspended for the time being; and a state of war existed between the two stoops, as you shall hear. In order to explain how it came about I must go into the affairs of Bowfire Place a little more particularly. I should state that on the lamp-post at the corner the name of the street is spelled Beauvoir; but as the householders are rather touchy about the proper pronunciation, I write it Bowfire, that, if you ever find yourself in the neighborhood, you may know what to ask for.

Bowfire Place, like the novelette in a fiction magazine, is complete in this number, which is to say it is all contained in a single block, beginning at Van Buren Avenue, where the trolley cars run, and ending at a vacant plot of ground with a sign: *only Clean rubbish may be dumped here*. It is in the vanguard of the marching city streets; all about are other waste spaces fertilized with ashes and rusty tin cans, with here and there a grimy little factory in a hollow; and on the hills, the sporadic skeletons of other rows of little houses in various stages of erection. A bird's-eye view of the neighborhood would scarcely qualify for a volume of Picturesque America; but the street itself, within its own confines, is a model of up-to-date suburbanity, if one may be permitted the word. Looking from the corner of Van Buren Avenue, the beholder exclaims: "Here at last is a real estate prospectus which has been actually realized!" Sixty-nine neat little yellow brick houses with gray stone trimmings (there were originally seventy, but one was rebuilt as an annex to Curtin's saloon at the corner) stretch away, thirty-five in an unbroken line on one side, thirty-four on the other. In all the sixty-nine there is not the difference of so much as one brick; one design served for all. In front of each neat little stoop is a neat

little grass plot (I am almost prepared to swear there is the same number of blades in each plot): and between the sidewalk and the curb, sixty-nine neat little plane trees are set out, as round and green and leafy and as much alike as the trees in a box of German toys.

The extreme neatness, the perfect uniformity, the unbroken lines of Bowfire Place exert an odd fascination on the casual visitor. Conscious of being out of drawing, he feels as reluctant to turn into that beautiful, disappearing perspective, as he would to make a smudge with his thumb on the architect's elevation. If he is obliged to enter the street, you may observe that he keeps to the mathematical middle of the sidewalk and walks as much like a manikin as possible. If, then, Bowfire Place has this effect

on a mere stranger, imagine the hypnotic spell exerted on an impressionable person by a residence in that irreproachable street. When they were completed, the houses had filled one by one with an assorted company gathered from many walks of life; and having not a thing in common, save that lurking suspicion which every landlord naturally has of the surrounding property-owners. A more various lot of souls it would have been difficult to get together; nevertheless, before the little plane trees shed their leaves the first season, the inexorable lines of the street made themselves felt. The inhabitants of Bowfire Place

developed what was almost a craze to resemble each other.

The Bowfire Place Improvement Association was the natural outcome of this feeling. While ostensibly this body concerned itself solely with the care and appearance of the street, in reality it exerted a powerful influence over the lives of the dwellers therein. The early days of the Association had not been without tempests, witness the case of the Patton family who had been boycotted and virtually driven out of Bowfire Place, because through sheer perversity they hung blinds of a garish blue color in all their windows. But little by little, as the powerful weight of Sameness prevailed, opposition died out, and at this time the dictum of the Association was absolute as to all that concerned what part of the sixty-

nine houses was visible from the street; and a housewife of Bowfire Place would no more have hung point d'Arabe curtains after bobbinet had been decreed, than she would have appeared herself in a ten-year-old bonnet. To be sure, there was one kind of exterior ornament the Association was powerless to regulate; seven of them played on old Besson, the bookkeeper's stoop, while at Miss Elsas-ser's, next door, of course there was none.

I am sure this unevenness of distribution is subconsciously deplored in Bowfire Place; but what is to be done about it?



*Kenneth Scott, Esq.*

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY SALLIED FORTH ON  
SUNDAY

As to the ruling spirit of the Association, Matthew O'Shaughnessy, the natural head, had yielded his place to his ambitious daughter, and for some time past Miss Berenice had been "running" Bowfire Place in a manner that reflected credit on her executive ability. No one had questioned her fitness for the position until two days before; that was Clem McArdle, as you have guessed, hence the state of war previously referred to.

The cornices of the sixty-nine houses, always a thorn in the side of the street, provided an excuse for a division. Each house has a flat tin cornice with a perpendicular fluted design, making very much the effect of a curly bang on its forehead; and this, with the two upstairs windows, lends each dwelling an almost human power of expression. When the upstairs window-blinds (the bottoms are fringed exactly like eyelashes) are pulled half down, the house wears an expression of pious respectability. This is the customary air of the street; and you can usually walk from one end to the other without detecting any departure from this look of drowsy dignity in all the sixty-nine brick fronts—faces, I had almost said. But if for any cause both blinds are snapped all the way up, that house appears to glare at you in horrified amazement; and when, alas!—for even on Bowfire Place housewives may be caught napping,—when one blind is down and the other up, the miserable house, from among all its dignified neighbors, greets you with a scoundrelly wink!

To return to the cornices: Matthew O'Shaughnessy in an aberration of mind had had some of them painted yellow to match the bricks, and some of them red, and the jarring color scheme had always distressed the residents. If the colors had been regularly alternated the effect would have been pleasing enough, it was thought, but the caprice of his fancy had induced the builder to mix them up; three or four yellow frizzes, then a red bang, then a yellow one, a couple of red ones, and so on. Still,

it must be admitted the question slumbered peacefully enough until two self-willed young people, of opposite sexes, each of whom longed to subdue the other, happened to split upon it, and now every one of the innocent sixty-nine families bade fair to be drawn into strife.

It was Willie Restorick who chanced to bring up Clem McArdle's name.

"He's no gentleman!" pronounced Berenice, with the suspicion of a quiver in the severity of her tone.

Her three callers were immensely gratified. At any rate there was no self-deception in *their* dislike of the scornful Clem.

"Hasn't he been treatin' you right?" demanded Chick Hudgins manfully. He was no more than half the size of Clem.

"Oh I presoom he knows no better," said Berenice with elaborate indifference.

"His father was a hod-carrier," remarked Chris in his superior way.

"What's that got to do with it?" snapped Berenice with startling inconsistency. "I guess we haven't any of us got dukes or lords in our genealogy, has we?"

Chris subsided.

"What sort of a con has he been handing *you*?" pursued Chick.

"Oh rully, it's nothing," yawned Berenice in her finest manner. "I understand Mr. McArdle is endeavoring to thwart my labors in the cause of the street. But I don't attach any importance to that. I am confident the people will stand by me; but it's so—so ungentlemanly!" Again the telltale quiver.

"What's it about?" persisted Chick.

"The cornices," said Berenice, in exactly the tone of larger politicians when they say: "Free Silver!" or "The Trusts!"

"Mr. McArdle called evening before last," she continued, "and we were discussing beautifying our street perfectly friendly, and I said it was my intention to put through a resolution at the next meeting on the twenty-third for all the red

cornices to be painted yellow to match the others. And he said in his sneery way, 'Better look out, little Miss Czarina, maybe some of the serfs are anarchists at heart and stuck on red in their decorations.' And I drew myself up and said: 'Excuse me, Mr. McArdle, but this is hardly a subject for jesting; those red cornices are simply fierce! They have been a dis—disfigurement of Bowfire Place ever since it was erected.'"

"That was a hot one!" murmured Willie sympathetically.

"What did he say to that?" demanded Chick.

"Just tried to change the subject," said Berenice. "Some hot air about my being too good a looker to go into politics," she added carelessly; but with a telltale lift to the corners of her lips.

Chick swore under his breath.

"Oh, you better believe I called him down good and plenty," continued Berenice. "I guess he won't forget it in a hurry, though he made believe to laugh it off."

"What else did he say?" Chick persisted.

"Before he went he endeavored to become insulting" continued Berenice languidly; "but of course I did not demean myself by paying any attention. He says: 'You're a great little girl, Berenice, but fudge and angel food are your long suits; why dally with politics?' He says: 'I made up my mind I would n't butt into your little graft without giving you a chance to make a deal with me. Here is the chance; better fuse while you can; I need the Association in my business.'"

"Gee! What a nerve!" exclaimed Willie, the faithful chorus.

"What did you say?" demanded Chick,

"I just gave him one look," said Berenice; "and walked into the house."

"Clem was just bluffin'," struck in Chris fatuously. "He ain't got the price to paint his roof yellow; that's what's grousing him!"

Berenice flashed on him hotly. "Well, it's his own roof," she snapped; "and that's more than you'll have in many a day, Chris Kelleher!"

You see the mischievous little archer was making poor Berenice cut strange capers to his music.

Just then a laugh floated across the street, catching Berenice off her guard. "I suppose he considers it a rich joke," she murmured bitterly. "He'll enjoy making a mock of me to the whole street!—I hate him!" she whispered.

Chick Hudgins slowly got up.

"Where you going?" demanded Berenice.

"Nowhere," he said evasively.

She pulled him back into his place. "You're too little," she said cruelly; "besides what good would it do me to make an uproar in the middle of the street?" Then bethinking herself he was the only one who *had* got up, she added more kindly, "You're a good boy, Chick; but that is n't the way to help me."

"What are you going to do?" asked Willie.

"The red cornices are going to be painted yellow!" she announced, setting her lips.

"But there are on'y thirty yellows to thirty-nine reds," objected Willie.

"Leave that to me," said the little politician calmly. "I have it all figured out. Three of the reds are behind in their payments to my father. They will vote yellow—or get. Then there's Chick's father—"

"I'll get his vote," said Chick, desperately; "though the old man is a son-of-a-gun to handle."

"That'll be thirty-four," reckoned Berenice. "I only need one more. I'll go and call on everybody. I'll have circulars printed. I'll get my father to have a piece put in the *North Side Courier* about it. I'll try to win over Father Shradly to our side. If necessary, we can graft as well as anybody, I guess. There's old Besson—he's always hard up; I'll buy his vote and as many more as I need."





"Gee, Berenice, what a girl you are!" exclaimed Willie. (In Willie's mouth her name became Boy-knees.)

"Oh, no, Willie," she corrected, with overpowering sarcasm; "you forget; fudge and angel food are *my* long suits!"

Naturally the three young men embraced the cause of Berenice with ardor. None of them was well enough versed in the ways of womankind to perceive the sure thanklessness of his part, whatever the outcome might be. All had suggestions to make for the campaign; plans were formed and promptly abandoned for better ones. Great enthusiasm prevailed, for Berenice had never seemed half so friendly and kind. They did not know it, nevertheless her eyes *would* wander down the street. Presently she said sharply:

"Who is that woman who has stopped in front of forty-two?"

"That's sixty-four," said Willie carelessly; "Miss Lorina Lonsdale."

"The play-actress!" said Berenice with curling lip.

"Clem is coming down the steps," said the ill-starred Chris with a chuckle which caused Berenice to hate him forever. "He's walking home with her."

A sharp pain transfixed Berenice's breast; and that was the end of her enthusiasm and kindness for that

night. An intolerable chill descended on the stoop of number thirty-three and the three young men were soon glad to take themselves their several ways, mystified and miserable.

On the night of the twenty-third the lodge-room over Curtin's saloon, where the Association held its meetings, was crowded to the doors; for not only was every one of the sixty-nine houses well represented; but, word having gone about that there was likely to be fun, Curtin had been persuaded to smuggle in a few of his customers from other streets. The hall was decorated with yellow bunting, a final stroke of Berenice's, accomplished without the knowledge of the other side. A few red flannel flags were hastily extemporized to nullify the effect. Another mild sensation was created when Berenice appeared in company with Father Shrady; the priest let it be known, however, that he was strictly neutral.

Father Shrady was persuaded to act as chairman. He looked down from the little platform at the excited crowd with an oddly mixed expression of amusement and reproof in his wise old face. Very likely he was revolving an aphorism to the effect that the importance of an issue is usually in inverse ratio to the amount of dust it kicks up; only he would express it in Latin. Certainly the

last few days had been exciting ones in Bowfire Place. The controversy of red versus yellow swept the street like a flame, speedily assuming a fierceness undreamed of by the two young people, who considered it their private affair. Several old friendships had been disrupted and one affectionate family was known to have been divided. The colors themselves made no special difference to anyone, though of course all affected they did; really the meat of the dispute lay in: Shall I paint, or shall you? Here was the peculiar bitterness. It was intolerable to the reds to have to spend money on paint while the yellows kept their hands in their pockets; likewise the yellows were equally determined they should not be the ones to paint.

On account of this unexpected bitterness, Berenice's campaign had not been so easy as she anticipated; with feeling at such a fever heat, it was a delicate matter to suggest to a red the purchase of his vote. She was known to hold the votes of her father's three red debtors, and to have won over old Hudgins; with these she still lacked a vote necessary to carry yellow; however, she came to the meeting with such a confident, pleased air, her followers, feeling sure she had a trick up her sleeve, took heart of grace. The reds, convinced that they held the balance of power, were insultingly confident—except their young leader, who smiled and said nothing. Clem's attitude worried Berenice; as far as she could learn, he had not turned a hand to win for his side; she was perfectly sure of her thirty-five votes, yet that smile of his struck a chill to her assurance.

Poor Berenice's confident, self-possessed air covered a sad storm of feelings. One moment she was exulting in the prospect of triumphing over scornful Clem; the next moment her heart seemed to die away within her at the thought of her temerity in daring to oppose him, and she felt ready to deliver over all her votes, if he would only speak kindly to her. She did her best to call up and count

over all her grievances against him; but what she found herself really dwelling on, were the features of his face; his coal-black hair; his bright blue eyes, which looked out so strangely from under thick black lashes, with an expression as cool and hard as ice; his scornful lips—chiselled, Berenice would have said.

A number of heated speeches were made, in which the speakers repeated themselves and each other a great many times, without having the slightest effect in changing the views of any opponent. One color then the other was exploited; but the real point at issue (I'll be hanged if I'll buy paint while you save your money) was never once touched on. An idea of the general style may be gained from the peroration of Chris Comerford's effort—a joint production of Berenice and her three aides, which was loudly applauded by the yellows. The meetings of the Association had developed a high degree of oratory in Bowfire Place.

"We are proud of our beautiful homes!" thundered Chris, "with their well-kept lawns and magnificent shade trees. The whole borough can not show the equal of Bowfire Place for elegance and style. But we are not proud when a stranger asks: 'Why are some houses different from the others? Does that mean there are contagious diseases inside; or don't the owners know any better?' My friends, what is the jarring color in that beautiful picture?"

A voice from among the reds suggested: "It's Chris Comerford's puyple duyty shuyt coverer!"

"No!" roared the red-faced Chris above the laughter which greeted this sally; "it's the cheap, scaly, bum-lookin' red paint on your fronts!" (This was not exactly as the speech had been written.)

Clem McArdle's speech was conceived in a very different vein. It was a humorous dissertation on Red, with no purpose beyond keeping the crowd in a good humor. While it was received with much laughter from the reds, the yellows, especially

Berenice, affected to consider it extremely trivial and beside the point.

Clem laid claim to no powers of oratory.

"Then there's red-haired girls," drawled Clem out of one side of his mouth, "the pick of the basket, gentlemen! I excavated from a medical high-brow I know, that it was an extra charge of oxygen makes their pompadours blush. If that is the straight goods, oxygen is sure the peppermint for mine! It's a reasonable proposition, ain't it, that a fiery thatch never covered an ice factory? You're wise that I'm a lightning tinker myself and my hobby is power. I tell you when I fall in with a bouquet of red marcelines, I take off my hat respectfully, like I do to the sign on a heavy-powered line of wire: 'Danger! High Voltage!'"

Clem looked anywhere but at Berenice while he was getting this off, but the application was none the less plain to all present. It was too much even for the loyalty of her own side; yellows and reds alike shouted with appreciation. The laughter was renewed when Berenice unthinkingly put up her hand to see if her conscious hair was in place. She blushed and frowned; but secretly she was not so badly pleased.

When the voting was reached, the tension in the room became so great that Miss Elsasser, who had lately been through nervous prostration, burst into an uncontrollable nervous giggling and was obliged to leave the

place. She was not so overcome, however, but that she retained presence of mind to give Clem her proxy before retiring. Father Shradly acted as inspector of the voting. It had been arranged that he should read in alphabetical order the names of the householders who were to rise and vote orally. This, it had been felt by the majority of both sides, would minimize the danger of treachery.

Adams, Anderson, Baker and Benjamin: each of these four arose and cast his vote as was expected of him. Besson was the next; the moment his spiteful yellow grin was perceived the reds suspected the worst. Gray little Besson was a specimen of the common type of handsome, pleasure-loving youth, fallen upon middle-age and book-keeping. He was not popular in the street.

"Yellow," he snarled.

A bitter chorus of hoots and jeers arose from the reds, presently matched by cheers and cries of

approval from the other side. Besson, then, was the nigger in the woodpile, or Berenice's one best bet, whichever way you happen to look at it. Besson's made the thirty-fifth vote, the one voice needed to carry the yellows to victory. Berenice sat back in her chair with a sigh of happiness. It was the moment of triumph she had dreamed of—yet it was not quite perfect: she was afraid to look at Clem to see how he was taking it.

When Father Shradly succeeded in establishing order the voting proceeded; but half-heartedly now, for



"SHE CLEARLY ENUNCIATED, 'RED'!"

it was felt that all was over but the shouting. "Lonsdale," he read from his list, and a dark young lady, who tried to convey an impression of slenderness in an elaborate stage costume of season before last, rose languidly and paused for dramatic effect. The ladies in the assembly primmed their lips, though Miss Lonsdale, far from being the typical siren of the stage, worked like a slave to keep her brothers and sisters together. She owned a house with a yellow cornice. When she had secured the attention of the hall, she clearly enunciated, "Red"!

A bomb cast in the middle of the floor could hardly have had a more sudden effect on the assembly. The reds sprang to their feet and shouted themselves hoarse. Remembering the late insulting cries from the other side, they paid them back with compound interest. Lonsdale made up for Besson; the reds still had a majority of one. As for poor little Berenice—let us avert our eyes from the spectacle of her discomfiture. It was not the defeat of the yellows which hurt—I doubt if she thought of that; but the smile of understanding exchanged by Clem with the actress-woman entered her breast like a barb and turned in the wound.

"McArdle," read Father Shrady, when he could make himself heard, and Clem stood up. As he was about to speak, he stole a look at Berenice and arrested his voice. Berenice was sitting stiffly in her seat, biting her lips and winking desperately to keep back the tears. He could see the round forearm with the bangles tremble. She looked so little, so dear, so piteous.

"Yellow!" said Clem, suddenly.

The crowd could not believe its ears; a gasp of astonishment swept around the room. Could it be their leader had abandoned the reds? Explanations were heatedly demanded. "Yellow, I said," repeated Clem, with cool defiance, fixing the questioners with eyes like the points of icicles.

Berenice stole an humbled glance at him. Clem smiled at her; not scof-

fingly, as he had smiled at the other woman. The ice was melted. Berenice's heart bounded in her bosom; what did she care about red or yellow, or any of the silly people on either side? She only longed for a chance to show Clem that she could be generous too.

"O'Shaughnessy," droned Father Shrady.

"Red," answered Berenice promptly. It was the finishing stroke. The meeting fell into utter confusion. Each of the opposing forces having exchanged leaders, no one was quite sure of which side he was on, and many even doubted they must have made a mistake in the color of their own cornices. Miss Lonsdale loudly demanded her vote back. When it was discovered that both the renegade leaders had disappeared from the hall, chaos was intensified. It seemed impossible that a way out of the tangle could ever be found. The meeting was fortunate in having Father Shrady in the chair.

"My friends," he said, when by a liberal use of the gavel he had succeeded in creating a lull, "let the Chair make a decision. As I understand this case, those of you who live under red roofs do not wish to change, while those who have yellow cornices are well satisfied with that color. It is therefore plain that the unanimous sentiment of this meeting is that no painting whatever be done."

It saved the peace of Bowfire Place.

Afterwards Chick Hudgins, Willie Restorick and Chris Kelleher in a painful state of bewilderment walked down to number thirty-three to see if their chief would condescend to make any explanation. They did not go in; for withdrawn into the vestibule they perceived the outlines of two seated figures, whose juxtaposition supplied the key to the mystery. Out of respect for women I decline to repeat what they said about the sex among themselves. After all they might have been worse off; for had they not the benefit of each other's sympathy?—they were all in the same boat!



## The Lounger



SINCE I last wrote paragraphs for this department the world has lost some of its brightest lights and I have lost one of my oldest friends. It has been more than thirty years

since Mme. Helena Modjeska first electrified New York by her great art as an actress. I was present at her first appearance at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, now Keith & Proc-



Drawn for "The Critic" by Robert Blum, 1884

HELENA MODJESKA AS MARIE STUART



Photograph by Scholl, Philadelphia

HELENA MODJESKA AS JULIET

tor's, but then managed by Stephen Fiske, a well-known writer on dramatic subjects—a power in his world then, though now scarcely remembered. Fanny Davenport was appearing for

the first time as Rosalind at Booth's Theatre, and I had been sent there by the *Herald*. Between the acts I dashed up to the Fifth Avenue Theatre to see the new Polish actress.



Clara Morris and Dion Boucicault occupied a stage box. They saw me standing at the back of the house—the place was crowded—and sent for me to come down and have a seat with them. This I did and it made the occasion more memorable. I am afraid that I stayed away too long from the performance which I was writing about for my paper, but I could not help it. Modjeska took hold of me as no actress had done before or has done since, and I stayed on and on. The play was "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and what a performance! "Camille" was the next change of bill; and I saw her in that hectic play twenty times in that season. In other words I saw it every time that she appeared in it. You may think the play old-fashioned and sentimental and anything that you like, but as acted by Mme. Modjeska it was glorified into a soul-stirring drama that no one who saw will ever forget. Then she gave us Shakespeare as no one else has given his immortal plays. Her *Rosalind* stands alone. I do not remember ever seeing Mme. Modjeska in a part that she did not dignify and illuminate.



It is easier for me to write of Mme. Modjeska the actress than of Mme. Modjeska the woman, my friend. My acquaintance with her began on the night of her first appearance in New York and my friendship with her continued until the day of her lamented death. She was a great woman and the charm of her personality will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to know her as I did. She had every fine quality—generosity, kindness, simplicity and a beauty of disposition that is rare. With all this she was a woman of unusual intellect and cultivation. There was always an air of underlying sadness about Mme. Modjeska, and her eyes had a far-away look, as though she were thinking of the wrongs of Poland, wrongs that she never forgot. At the same time she had a keen sense of humor,

and her laugh, though never loud, was infectious.



I remember an evening at the Clarendon Hotel, where she stayed. A young woman, a friend of hers and mine, dressed up as an Irish washer-girl, and was waiting in the hall for Mme. Modjeska when she came home from the theatre. I was in the joke, so I said: "Mme. Helena, this is the washerwoman I spoke to you about. She was too busy to come in the morning, so she came this evening instead." Mme. Modjeska invited her to come into her room, saying in her kind, gentle voice: "I am very sorry to have been so late. I did not know that you would be here." The young woman, who could imitate the Irish speech to the life, said some amusing things about it being all right, and in such a rich brogue that Madame gave me an amused look out of the corner of her eye. Then she went into another room to speak to her maid about getting the clothes ready, and when she came back to the drawing-room the Irish washerwoman was seated at the piano playing a nocturne by Chopin! Never shall I forget the puzzled look that passed over Mme. Modjeska's face. But in an instant she recognized her friend through the disguise, and throwing herself upon the lounge she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

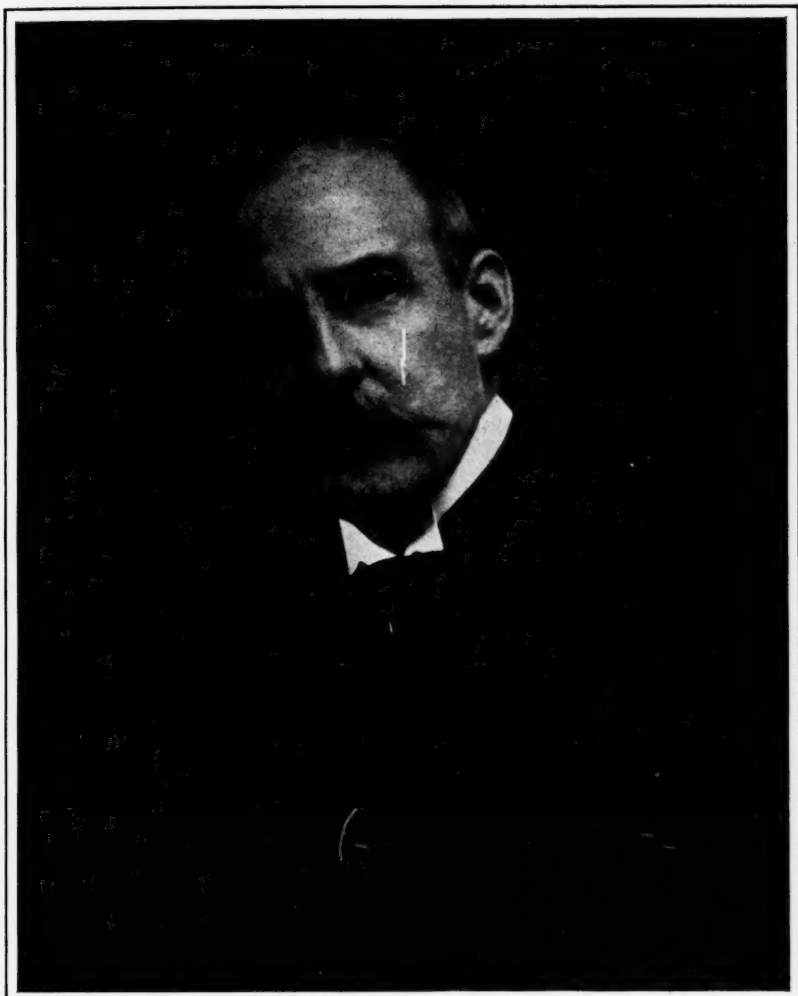


Although her face always wore a sad expression when in repose, Mme. Modjeska could be the gayest of the gay. She was exquisite as a dancer. One night there was a party of us at her rooms and she danced a Polish dance with Jean de Reszke, her husband playing the national music on the piano. Another time she danced a Hungarian dance with Francis Korbay, who lived in New York in those days. If I should tell of all the good times—of the costume parties at Chase's studio in the Tenth Street building, where Wilhelmj played the violin, and whistled as I have



Photograph by Elizabeth Bachmann

**RALPH MODJESKI (MME. MODJESKA'S ONLY SON), HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER AND YOUNGER SON**  
Mr. Modjeski is one of the most distinguished of American bridge engineers of to-day, and was formerly President of the Western Society of Engineers.  
(See PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for December, 1908, page 373)



Photograph by Zaida Ben-Yusuf

Copyright, 1900, by Frederick Keppel & Co.

F. MARION CRAWFORD

never heard any one whistle before or since, of the picnics that we had in the early spring days before the season was over—I could fill every page of this department. Just before last Christmas Mme. Modjeska and I talked over these by-gone days, as she wished to refresh her memory for her book of reminiscences, which I am happy to say was finished and

in the hands of her publishers, the Century Co., some months before her last illness. It will be an unusual book, for she has managed to put into its pages much of the charm of her own personality. One does not have to be a Pole to feel all that she has written about her country and her early life in Cracow, or to appreciate the sentiments that im-



From a photograph by Elliott &amp; Fry

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

pelled her and the little band of patriots when they came to this country, the land of the free, to establish a home in California. That State was her first love and there she died, but she will be buried in her home of homes, Poland—in the place of her birth, the old city of Cracow.



Marion Crawford I had known since he was a lad of fourteen years. I, too, was a youngster in those days. We were living in a New Jersey town and he came there to visit his aunt, Mrs. Adolphe Mailliard, a sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Although he came from Italy he dressed as an English lad, with high hat, Eton jacket, wide collar and long trousers. You can imagine the sensation that he made in that quiet New Jersey town. We had had kings and princes as our neighbors, but a young boy in

a high hat was unknown to us, and therefore much more of a novelty. From those days, which were filled with youthful escapades, I did not see Frank Crawford, as he was then called, until he was a fullgrown man and had knocked about the world a bit. His uncle, the well-known "Sam" Ward, brought him to the office of the *Critic*, then consisting of a single small room over Daniell's drygoods store in Broadway. "This lad wants to be a writer," said his uncle Sam. "I wish that you would give him a chance to learn the business." We gave him the chance, not 'only for old times' sake, but because we liked his looks. "That fellow can do anything he cares to," I remarked after he left the office. So we let him write. He wrote book-reviews, editorials and even poetry; and after that he wrote "Mr. Isaacs." You know the rest. From that on it was easy enough. He won out, and we knew that, though we had given him the chance he wanted at the time that he wanted it, he would have found it quick enough anywhere else. But he never forgot what he chose to regard as a favor. He was not the only young man who found his chance on the *Critic*; "but that is another story."



Swinburne, last of the great singers of the nineteenth century, I knew but slightly. Six or seven years ago, I had the great pleasure of spending an hour in his company at "The Pines," his suburban home at Putney, near Putney Heath, London, where he was fond of taking long walks. We had a good talk first with his friend and housemate, Mr. Watts-Dunton; and then went up to Mr. Swinburne's library. The famous poet was small; in carriage, erect and rigid; his once

tawny mane and beard were almost colorless, if not quite gray. Nothing could have been more cordial and animated than his manner. As he was hard of hearing, it was fortunate, for more reasons than one, that he was disposed to do most of the talking; which he did in a high-pitched, rather nervous voice, and with an odd trick of turning toward his old friend for confirmation of pretty much everything he said. Almost every sentence concluded with "*Didn't I—Watts-Dunton?*" or "*Was n't it—Watts-Dunton?*" or some such phrase. This was the only occasion on which I met him; and as he was (with the possible exception of Walt Whitman) the most famous poet I have ever known (Dr. Holmes and Mr. Kipling being less famous as poets than as "pro-sers"), I am not likely to forget it.



Someone—and someone who ought to know—tells me a curious story about Riccardo Martin, the popular American tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House. Years ago the young Kentuckian was studying music with the late Edward MacDowell, with the intention of becoming a composer. He had a singing voice, but it was a tiny little one, with a tremolo which made it even less impressive than it would have been without it. One day he had occasion to consult Dr. Holbrook Curtis of New York, who attends to many of the famous singers when they need the attentions of a throat specialist. The Doctor examined his vocal organs carefully, and told him that he had a splendid throat, but did n't know how to sing. He urged him to refrain from speaking a single word for three whole days. If he had anything to say, he was to write it down.

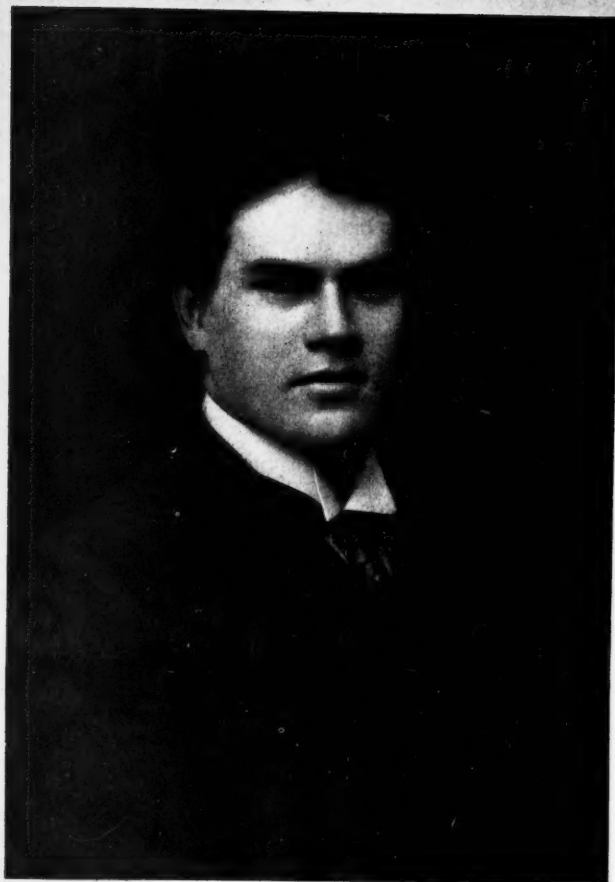


MR. SWINBURNE AND MR. WATTS-DUNTON IN THE GARDEN OF "THE PINES"

At the end of the prescribed period, Mr. Martin returned to Dr. Curtis, who examined his throat again and told him to sing. "But I can't raise a note," said the singer. "I have n't spoken a word for three days." "Do as I tell you," commanded the Doctor; and thus adjured, the patient lifted up his voice and sang—sang with a new-found power, that set the glasses and instruments on the table rattling as if a thunder-clap had shaken them! From that day to this, Mr. Martin has been a veritable *tenore robusto*. And the surgeon who gave him his voice finds him now his worst patient; for even after singing at five or six consecutive performances, his throat shows no signs of wear and tear.



It is generally supposed that Mr. Martin's first name is Richard. As a matter of fact, it is Hugh. But he began singing in Paris, and as Hugh, pronounced in French, is virtually no name at all, he took the name of an uncle, in whose honor he had come near to being christened. Richard Martin was as pronounceable in



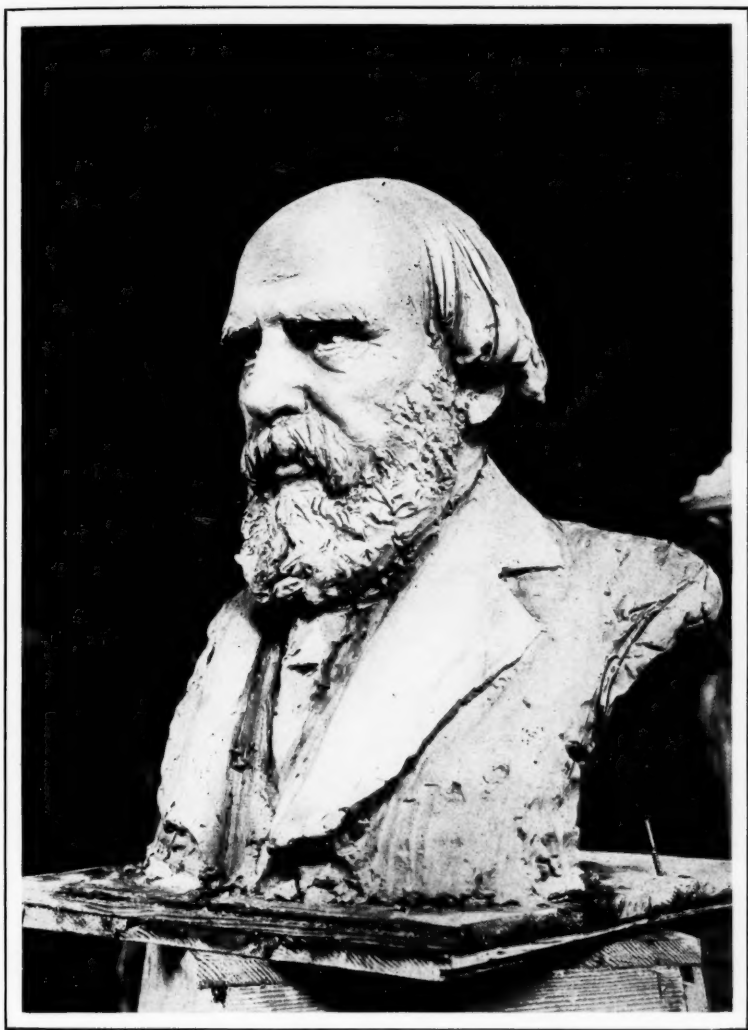
Photographed for PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE by Hollinger & Co., March, 1909

**RICCARDO MARTIN**

French as in English; but in Italy, where he sang next, they have a way of Italianizing the Christian names of foreigners; there Jean de Reszke, for instance, becomes Giovanni de Reszke; and so Richard Martin became known

as Riccardo. And the name has stuck. Curiously enough, Mr. Martin has never had occasion to sing in English; and indeed he speaks his mother-tongue with an accent. He came very much to the front during





UNFINISHED CLAY MODEL OF FINN HAAKON FROLICH'S BUST OF JAMES J. HILL

the past season, being taken as an acceptable substitute for Caruso in the great Italian's favorite rôles. His special hits have been made in "Tosca" and "Trovatore." If any other American tenor has had a finer voice, it has not been my good fortune to hear him sing. Young as he is—being still but thirty—he has a brilliant career before him.

No man living has done more to develop the great Northwest than James J. Hill, the ruling spirit of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railway companies. It is most appropriate, therefore, that a bust of this great organizer and administrator should be one of the exhibits at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, an account of



IN HONOR OF THEODORUS AFRICANUS

which was given in this magazine last month. The photograph shows the model of the bust by Finn Haakon Frolich, which is to be in bronze and of heroic size; and, although the work was not finished when the picture was taken, it had progressed far enough to show that the sculptor has succeeded in making a very striking likeness of Mr. Hill in a characteristic mood. Mr. Frolich, by the way, is a native of Christiania, Norway, but studied under the American sculptor French, and the French sculptor Barrias, and is now a resident of New York. Unless his plans miscarry, the statue will be erected on the grounds by the first of June, when President Taft is to press the button that signalizes the opening of the exhibition. This, we believe, is the only world's fair which has ever been entirely ready to

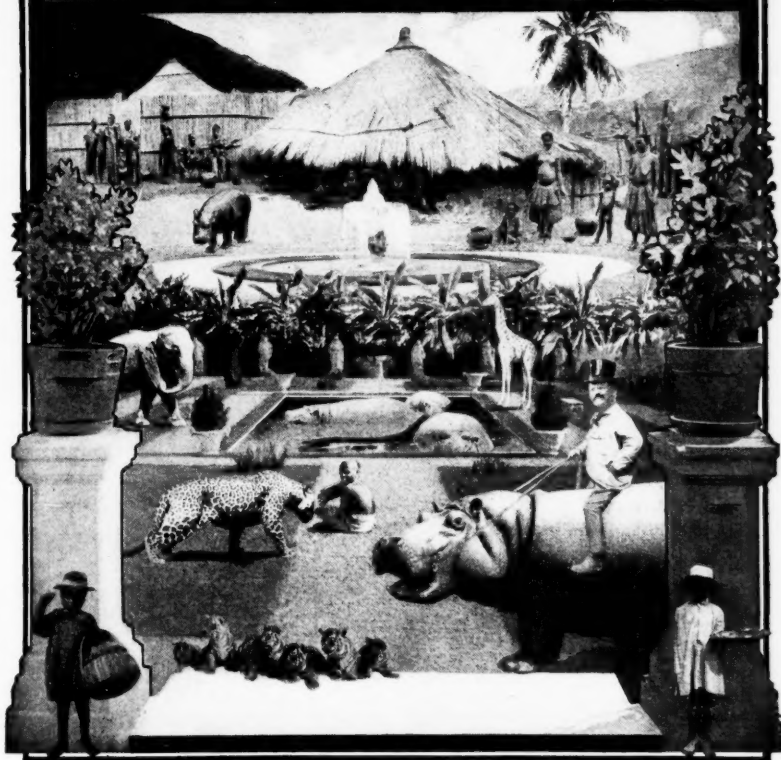
open on the opening day. The opening address, it should be said, is to be delivered—fittingly enough—by Mr. Hill.



Some time before ex-President Roosevelt sailed for Africa, Mr. Robert J. Collier gave him a farewell breakfast at his house in Park Avenue. Thirty men sat down at the table, most of whom were editors. The novelty of the occasion was not so much the speeches that were made, as a portfolio of "Advance Sheets from Africa." These "advance sheets" were made up typographically to look exactly like certain magazines whose editors were present. Wherever there was a cover design it was made in burlesque of the original, as will be seen by the example on another page. At first glance, one would think this was a cover design of *Country Life*

in America, but a soberer second glance would show that it was merely a burlesque of the cover of that magazine. The letter-press (in fact, I believe, the whole thing) was got up by Mr. Wallace Irwin, and it shows that he is a very clever parodist. Other magazines and weeklies were represented by facsimiles of their letter-press and general style. There were the *Ladies' Home Jungle*, the *Rebuke of Rebukes*, *Country Life in Africa*, etc. Each guest was presented with a portfolio containing copies of these "advance sheets," which formed a most interesting and valuable souvenir of the occasion. If all souvenirs were as interesting and original as this, they would be much more worth while than they usually are, but as a rule people do not spend as much time and trouble

# Country Life in Africa



A POSSIBLE RIVAL OF "COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA"

and money on them as were spent in getting up these "Advance Sheets from Africa."

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President Taft is said to be opposed to wealthy diplomats. He is reported as not being much in sympathy with the notion that only

very rich men can be sent to London, Paris, St. Petersburg and Vienna, and as on the lookout for men who "will be able to know an American when they see him." That is rather a dig at some of our wealthy diplomatists; whether it is deserved or not I do not know; but I do know that an ambassador to England, or France, or Rus-

sia or Austria who is not well fixed in this world's goods will have a hard time. He has to have a house, and he is obliged to entertain. James Russell Lowell was not rich, but he did not have to entertain, because his wife was an invalid. Edward J. Phelps, though a comparatively poor man, was very popular in London, but he had a hard time of it, even as a mere minister, like Lowell; as an ambassador it would have been worse. Rents for houses such as ambassadors must have, if they wish to do their country credit, are very high. It is not necessary to pay as much rent

as Ambassador Reid pays for Dorchester House, but it is necessary to pay a rent which is very high in proportion to our ambassadors' salaries. America does not want her representatives to appear at a disadvantage; yet this they are bound to do if their country does not provide them with proper houses, or give them salaries that will cover the expenses that they must be put to, to keep up any kind of an establishment. Ex-Ambassador Andrew D. White has written eloquently on this subject in his reminiscences. That our representatives at foreign courts should have to spend so much of their time in house-



Photograph by Bliss Bros., Buffalo

ELIZABETH LEAVITT KELLER

hunting is not to the credit of our country.



One might think that the last word had been written about Walt Whitman in his latter days; but in "Walt Whitman: The Last Phase," in this month's magazine (page 331), Mrs. Elizabeth Leavitt Keller, the trained nurse who attended him during the closing weeks of his life, presents a picture of her patient and his *entourage* in the early days of 1892 that is unsurpassed in vividness by any that has previously been made public. Her description of the sick-room and the extraordinary



MRS. HAROLD GORST, AUTHOR OF "THE THIEF ON THE CROSS"

litter that filled it several feet deep is as striking a bit of realism as anything ever written by Defoe. Her object is not to belittle the poet, to whom she became wholly devoted, and who fully appreciated her services, but to leave a record of his closing days which shall have the merit of absolute fidelity to fact. On another page (380) appears a portrait of the writer taken the other day in Buffalo, her present home; and some verses from her pen, entitled "Second Childhood," are here given. Mrs. Keller would be the last person in the world to claim to be a woman of letters; yet her paper of

among the best, but she is not one of the best known. There are some readers who object to stories of slum life, but I never could understand why one should object to stories of any life if they are well told; and that Mrs. Gorst's certainly are. She writes of London slum life because she knows it as few other writers do. Her characters are drawn from the life, and her stories are told with unusual dramatic skill. Perhaps she inherits this dramatic way of looking at things from the source from which her brother, Charles Rann Kennedy, inherits his. Mrs. Gorst, since her visit over here, has been

reminiscences and this unpublished poem show that she has a very natural gift of expression.

#### SECOND CHILDHOOD

When early life's  
bright path I trod,  
Instinctively I trust-  
ed God.

Then grew the way  
rough, dark and  
wild,  
But sweet Faith tar-  
ried with the child.

Then Doubt and Fear  
usurped her place,  
And by my side kept  
pace for pace.

A child again, the  
jaunt near o'er,  
Sweet Faith and I  
have met once  
more!

ELIZABETH LEAVITT  
KELLER



studying New York slum life. She told me, not long ago, that we had no slum life as compared to London, and when she drew graphic pictures of the latter, I was convinced that she was right. We have no such slums; we have no blind alleys that lead into hovels that are little more than caves, as she has found them in London—some of them under the very shadow of the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury! Mrs. Gorst is engaged on a new novel which, if it proves as thrilling as it was in the description she gave me, will put her work where it deserves to be.



With the disappearance of the Everett House and the Westminster Hotel, the neighborhood of Union Square has lost two of its most interesting landmarks. The Everett House was the first to go, and on its site stands a sixteen-story business building called by its name. In its halcyon days the Everett was the home of the famous managers and singers associated with the Academy of Music. They would pass the once familiar corner to-day and not recognize it. There is nothing to recall that homely pile of yellow brick. In its later days the Everett House was a very different place from the hotel that they knew, though it held its own more nearly than does the Clarendon on the corner above. Jack's immortal beanstalk did not grow more rapidly than did the Everett Building. From the day that the hotel was emptied of its contents to the day that tenants moved into the new sky-scraper, not more than eight months had elapsed. It seemed to grow up in the night. Its framework was built at the rate of a story a day and apparently well built. Everything was ready for its place before it was unloaded on the sidewalk. When the stone was delivered, it was hoisted to its niche and put in place without loss of time.

The work of tearing down the Westminster Hotel in Irving Place was begun on the first of March. By the time this paragraph gets into print, the foundations of the building that is to occupy its site will be laid. Charles Dickens stayed at the Westminster, and so did Adelaide Neilson and Clara Louise Kellogg; and, later on, W. D. Howells made it his home for a time, when in New York. It has almost as many memories as the old Everett House. A china and glass warehouse will occupy its site. On the corner above is a house which is said to have been the home of Washington Irving. For a number of years past it has been occupied by Miss Elisabeth Marbury and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, but the encroachments of business will have driven them out before summer comes. After they have fled, their house may be torn down and replaced by the big warehouse. So business shoves away, one by one, all the old landmarks. That once quiet street, Irving Place, is to be delivered over to trucks and drays; its sidewalks will be littered with crates and straw packing, and the voice of the truckman will rise to heaven, where the voice of the *prima donna* once was heard in the land.



In his time, Mr. E. H. Sothern has played many parts, and if in few he has reached the highest points attained by the late Richard Mansfield when that brilliant but uneven player really "hit it off," on the other hand he has never "missed it" as badly as the latter sometimes did. Few indeed have been the actors who could play Dundreary at a *matinée* and Hamlet the same evening, without the suspicion of a misfit in either rôle. Last year Mr. Sothern's most ambitious new undertaking was Don Quixote—a notable achievement. This year it is Richelieu. Needless to say, he makes a dignified, impressive and very human Cardinal. The present generation is interested in seeing this famous play of the past century,





Photograph by Arnold Genthe, San Francisco

E. H. SOTHERN AS RICHELIEU

and is to be congratulated that it can see it so well played. I refer, of course, to Mr. Sothern's own performance; the other men's parts are played in a way that added nothing to what I have heard called "the *tout ensemble* of the whole."

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The following letter from Mr. W. J. Locke is self-explanatory. It refers to a paragraph on page 116 of *Putnam's Magazine* for April.

I am greatly flattered by the surmise of

the Lounger that I am the author of the delicately written and delightful story "Margarita's Soul" now running through the *American Magazine*. I should be proud to put my name to it. But unfortunately I can't; for in the plainest terms I must state that I am not the author. I knew absolutely nothing of "Margarita's Soul" or Ingraham Lovell till the number of the magazine containing the first instalment reached me. I am not sorry, however, that the Lounger has made a bad guess, for it gives me an opportunity of offering my sincere compliments to Mr. Ingraham Lovell.



## Noteworthy Books of the Month



### History and Biography

Bruce, H. Addington.

Craig, R. S.

Garrison, Wendell Phillips,

Griffis, William E.

Lawton, Frederick.

Thompson, Francis.

Woodberry, George E.

The Romance of American Expansion.

The Making of Carlyle.

Letters and Memorials of.

The Story of New Netherland.

The Third French Republic.

Shelley.

The Life of Edgar Allan Poe.

*Moffat, Yard.*

*Lane.*

*Houghton.*

*Houghton.*

*Lippincott.*

*Scribner.*

*Houghton.*

### Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Jerrold, Walter.

Going, Charles Buxton.

MacKail, J. W.

Thomas, Calvin.

Thomas Hood: His Life and Times.

Star-Glow and Song.

The Springs of Helicon.

A History of German Literature.

*Lane.*

*Harper.*

*Lougmans, Green.*

*Appleton.*

### Travel and Description

Alfalo, F. G.

Andujar, Manuel.

Collier, Price.

Sunset Playgrounds.

Spain of To-day from Within.

England and the English from an  
American Point of View.

One Irish Summer.

Just Irish.

The Empire of the East.

The Andean Land.

*Scribner.*

*Revell.*

*Scribner.*

*Duffield.*

*Gorham Press.*

*McClurg.*

*McClurg.*

### Fiction

Anonymous.

Benson, E. F.

Chambers, Robert W.

Crawford, F. Marion.

Davis, Charles Belmont.

Forman, Justus Miles.

Gibbon, Perceval.

Henry, O.

O'Neill, Rose.

Oppenheim, E. Phillips.

Rice, Alice Hegan.

Stringer, Arthur.

Tracy, Virginia.

Warner, Anne.

Webster, Henry Kitchell.

Whiteing, Richard.

The Inner Shrine.

The Climber.

Special Messenger.

The White Sister.

The Lodger Overhead.

Jason.

Salvator.

Roads of Destiny.

The Lady in the White Veil.

The Governors.

Mr. Opp.

The Gun Runner.

Merely Players.

In a Mysterious Way.

A King in Khaki.

Little People.

*Harper.*

*Doubleday, Page.*

*Appleton.*

*Macmillan.*

*Scribner.*

*Harper.*

*Doubleday, Page.*

*Doubleday, Page.*

*Harper.*

*Little, Brown.*

*Century.*

*B. W. Dodge.*

*Century.*

*Little, Brown.*

*Appleton.*

*Cassell.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

